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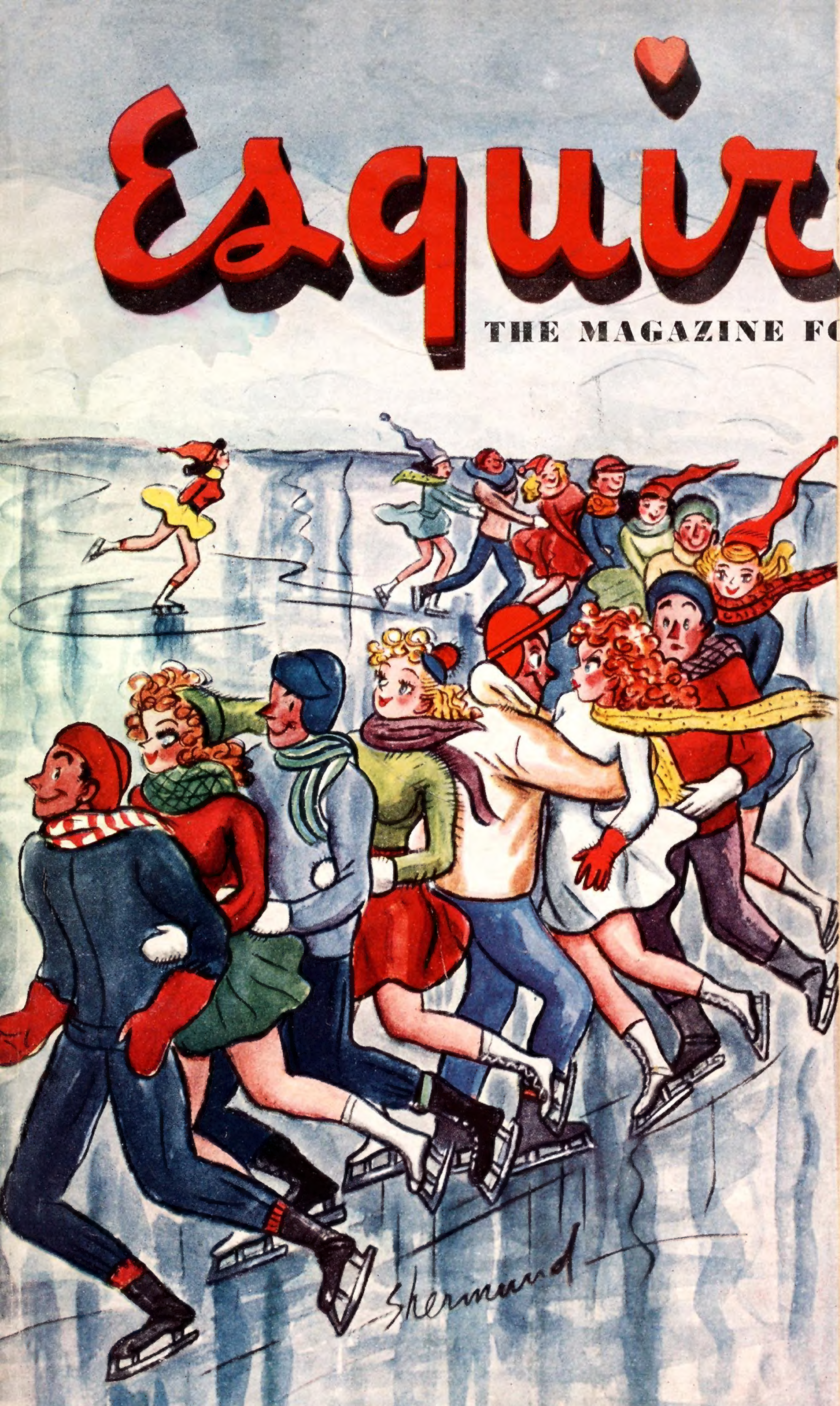

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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A Special Jazz Section featuring
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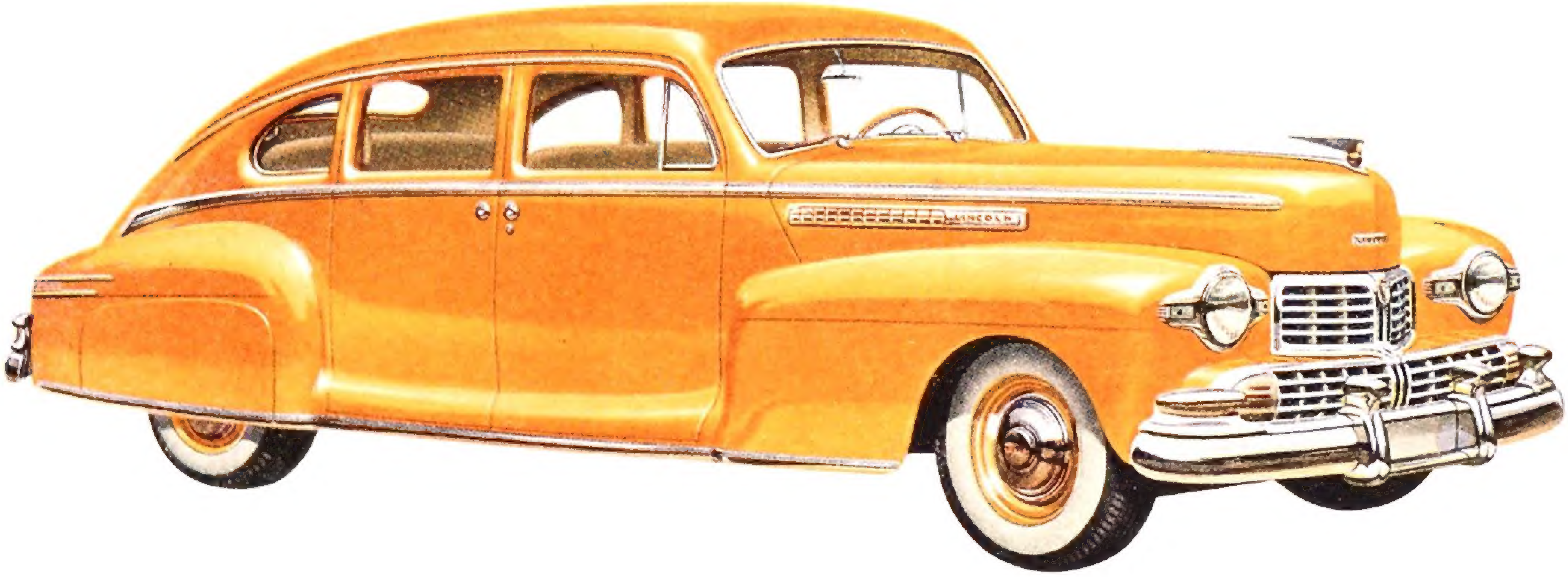

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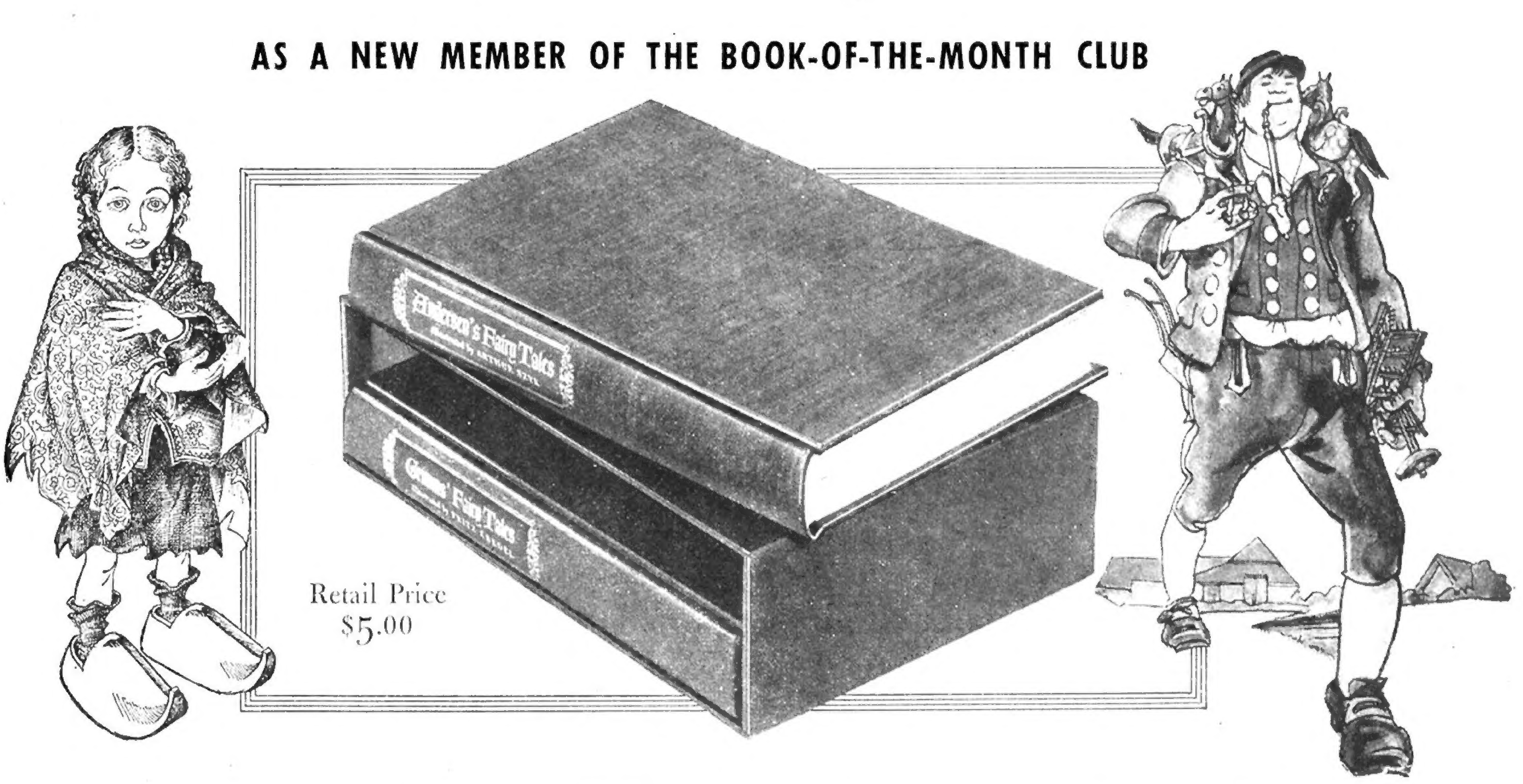

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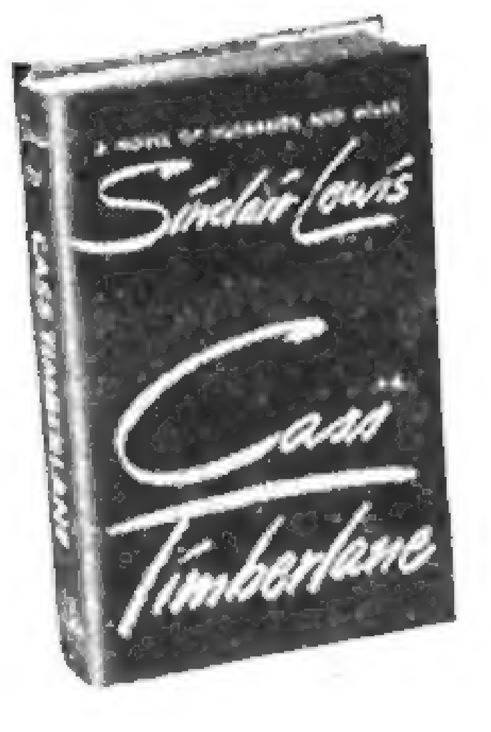

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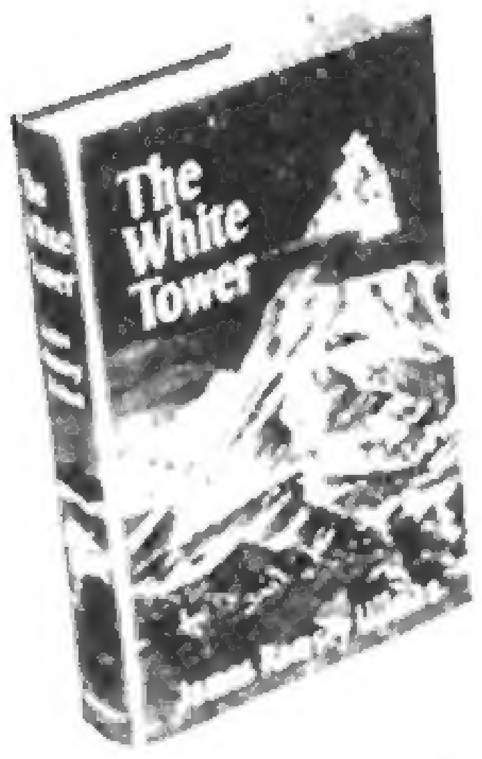

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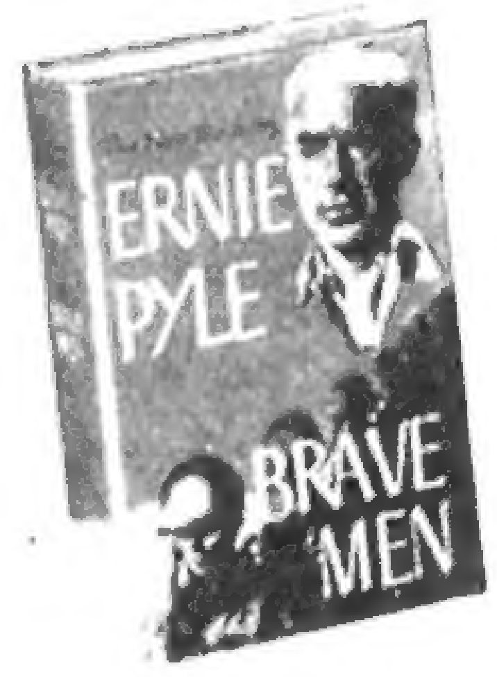

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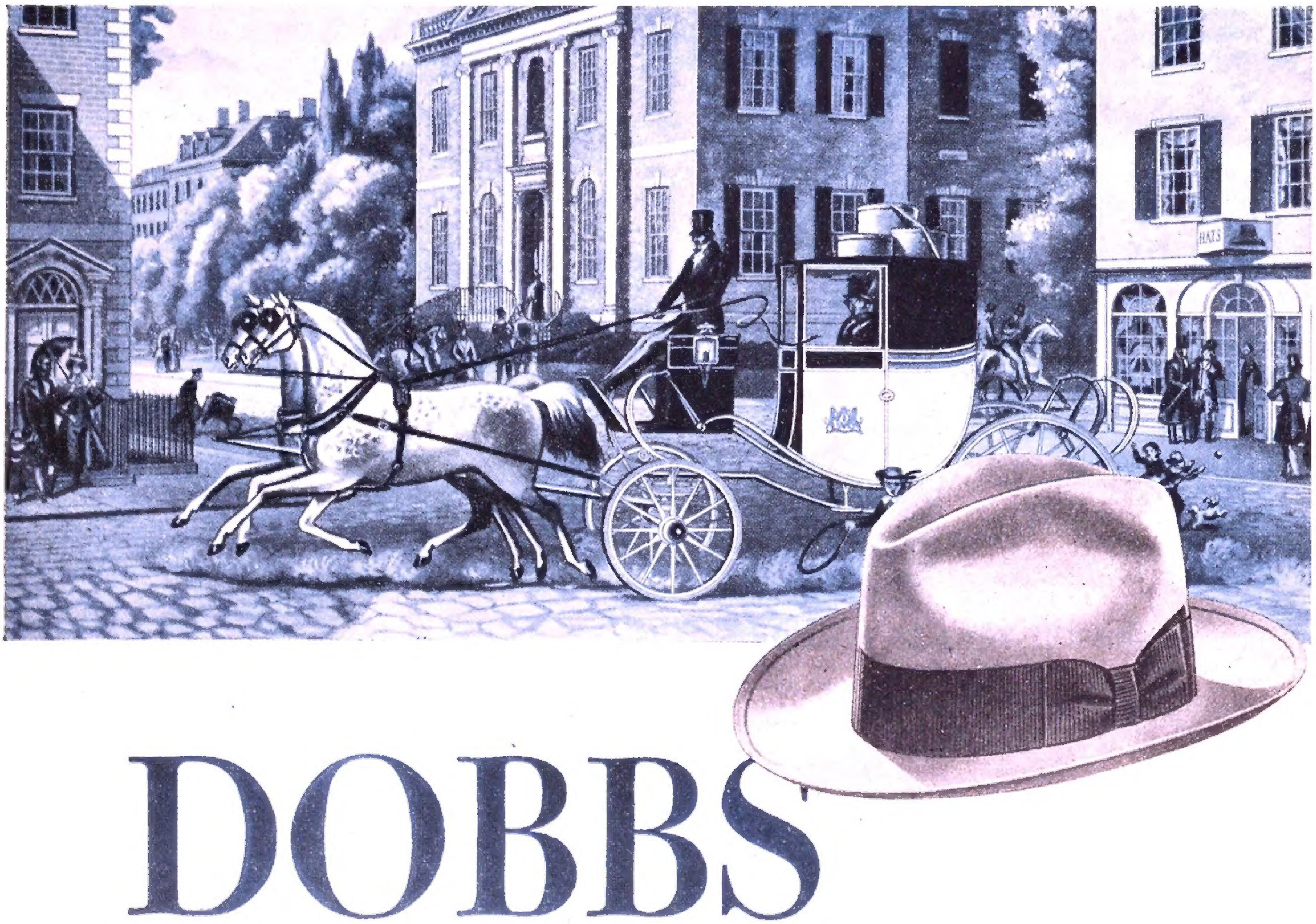

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Jazz Festival

Once again, as it must to every February issue, the time for our special jazz festival, in words and music, has arrived. The lyrics comprise: *Jazz for the Layman, Chicago Jazz History, Dancing American, Esquire's All-American Jazz Band 1946*, and a pictorial puzzle, *Knights of the Night*. The music consists of a concert about which, in case you happen to read this before the event, we'll tell you more in a moment.

Whether you're a fan or a potential convert to jazz, we'd like particularly to call your attention to the above-mentioned jazz section in this issue. The historic pictures of early Chicago and the portrait gallery of some of this year's poll winners will help to amplify your interest in this lively American art.

The concert this year is in New York, where we set a precedent in 1943 by giving the first jazz evening ever held at the Metropolitan Opera House. We decided to slant this year's show for the benefit of the radio listeners who, according to our unofficial statistics, outnumbered by several thousands the spectators in the Met that year, or in the Los Angeles Philharmonic last year. To make it strictly a radio show, we're holding it in an ABC studio in New York, the network having allotted the hour from nine to ten p.m. EST on Wednesday, January 16.

Woody Herman, whose band has been the musical hit of the year, will perform with his entire group, including poll winners Bill Harris, Chubby Jackson, Frances Wayne, Pete Candoli and Ralph Burns.

Duke Ellington, the musical hit of this and any other year, will match his superlative orchestra against Herman's aided by Johnny Hodges, Billy Strayhorn, Lawrence Brown, Harry Carney, Oscar Pettiford and Jimmy Hamilton.

To complete our musical line-up, the country's foremost small-jazz group, the King Cole Trio, will be on hand, featuring Oscar Moore.

Tying it all together will be the man we've always wanted to have on a jazz show, Orson Welles. Knowing that Orson was a great admirer of Ellington and a sincere jazzfan, we were doubly happy to enlist his aid.

Supervising the concert is Leonard Feather, who currently furthers the cause on a Sunday afternoon broadcast over NBC, with many of our poll winners as his guests.

We're glad to know that our stumping for jazz, both here and in our annual jazz books, has been provocative, has helped to stir up interest in promising young musicians, and in people with a gift for appreciation. For what Walt Whitman said of poetry applies very well to jazz: to have great music, there must be great listeners, too.

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Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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T.M.REG.

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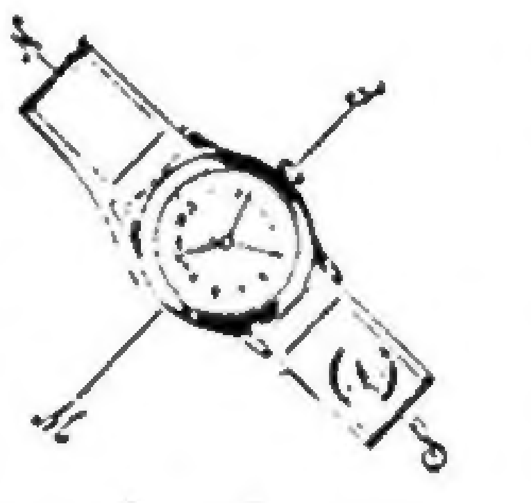

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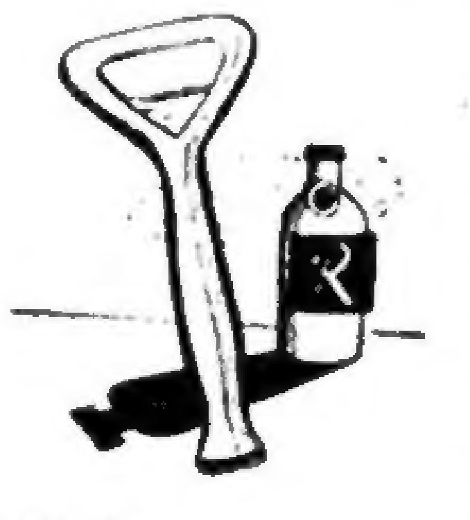

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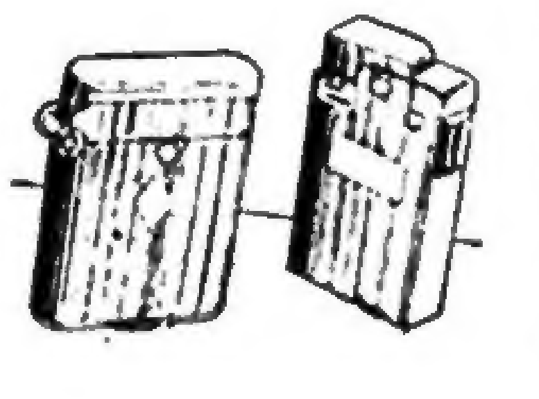

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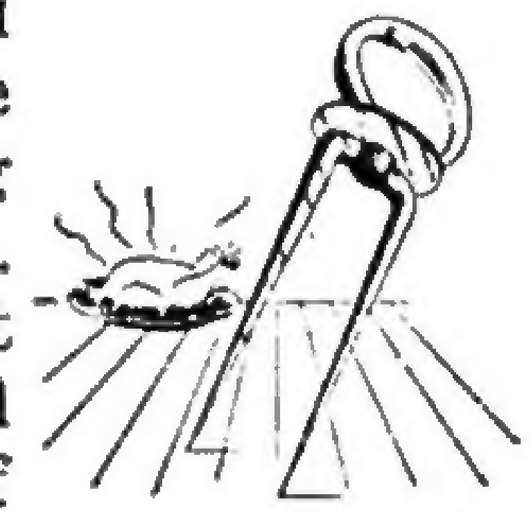
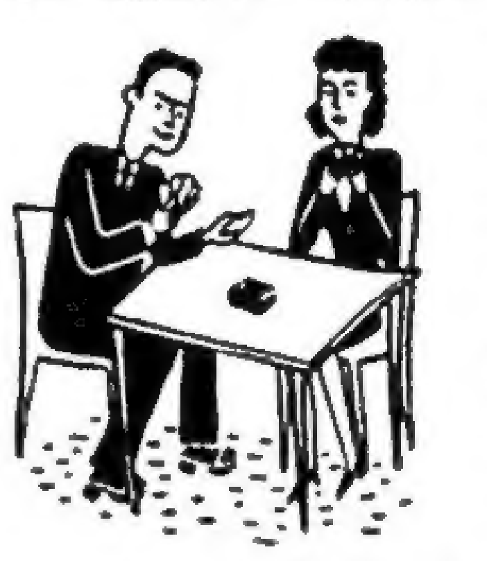


NON-SKID CARVING. Ah, that hushed expectant moment when every eye is fastened hungrily upon you as you prepare to make with that big carving knife. The shame of it all when ye fowl or roast skids off the platter and on to the little woman's best damask cloth! Fortunately, you can guard against such mishaps via a honey of a carving aid, the joint fork. It's an exact replica of a 19th century English fork, and a beauty. The long, tapered tines plunge securely into fowl or meat, the well proportioned handle can be grasped confidently with a heman grip. Of course there's a sturdy guard to forestall slips.



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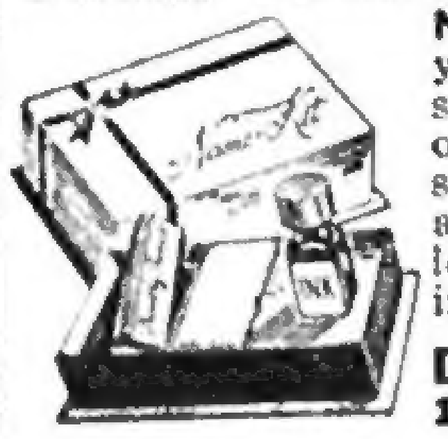

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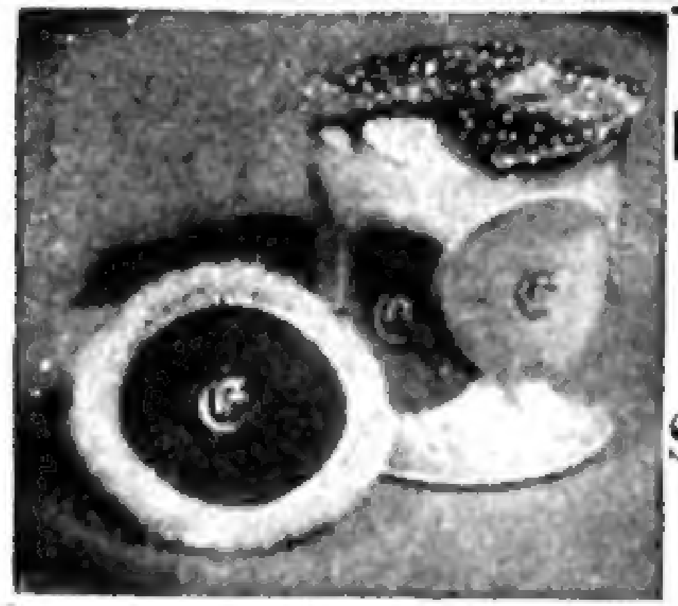
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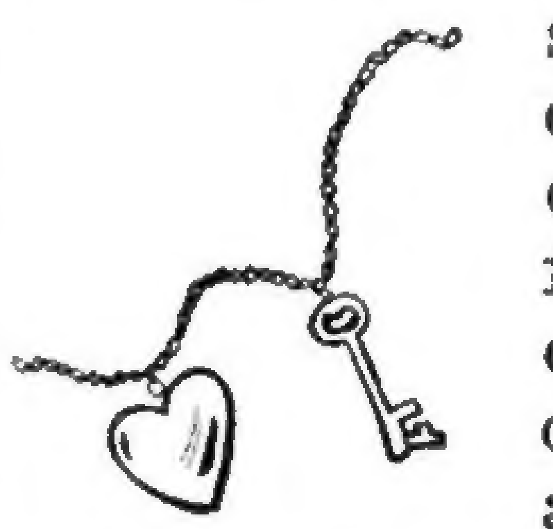
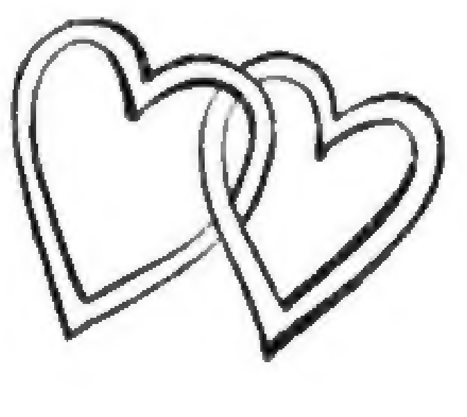
Talking Shop with Esquire

TO YOUR VALENTINE. St. Valentine, that old "hearts and flowers" fellow, will with us again as of Feb. 14th. Here's your chance to make with the drippy sentiment, to loosen up on the heart strings . . . likewise the purse strings. Suggestions herewith.

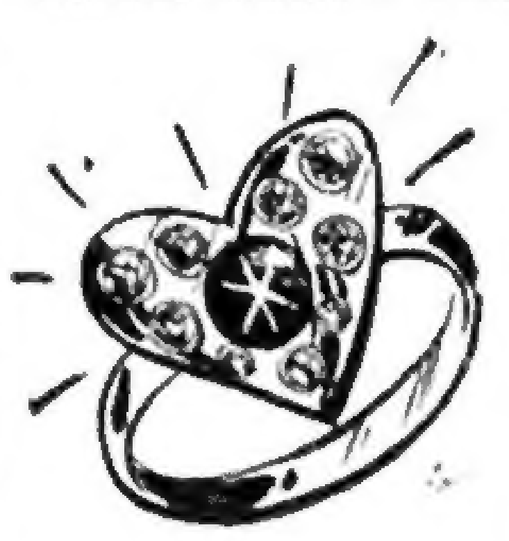
HEART OF GOLD. One of the most charming little tokens we've seen, is a slender, 14 kt gold flexible snake chain bracelet from which dangle two perfectly made precious gold charms, a heart and a miniature gold key. You can have any message up to ten letters engraved thereon for free. "My Darling", "Just for Us", "Always Yours" and that old standby that she never wearies of hearing, "I Love You", or any other bright thoughts you may have. You might even prefer to have just her initials and yours like on the old oak tree . . . "J.F. loves B.W." Remember?



MORE HEARTS. Also in 14 kt. gold, a heart pendant, ¾″ across, 1″ deep, with a key in bas relief across its plain gold surface. Or a double heart brooch in gold, the two hearts entwined in an outline silhouette. Then there are heart-shaped handkerchief cases in quilted satin, lace edged. Or square cases appliqued with a red heart and inscribed with "To my Valentine" (inexpensive).



JEWELLED HEART. One of the most unique valentine gifts is the jewelled heart ring . . . the real McCoy. 14 kt. gold, with a ¾″ size heart solidly jewelled with 7 precious stones. A real star sapphire in the center, and worked in skillfully as a border design, multi-colored gems which spell out "dearest". Frigsample: "D" is for diamond (Beryl), "E" for emerald, "A" for amethyst, "R" for ruby, "E" for emerald, "S" for sapphire and "T" for topaz. If that isn't an ingenious concoction we never saw one! And this scintillating sentiment can be had for surprisingly little dough.



WOO-SOME TWO-SOME. Somehow or other, each month, we seem to wend our way back to the boudoir. This time it's a real valentine nightie, with slip to match, if you so desire. Out of the black and into the red. A *blush pink* nightie (sheer, of course) with two red hearts emblazoning your initials and hers, embroidered up yonder . . . you know where. As this sprightly bit of decor has to be handpainted on, allow at least three weeks for delivery.

PURPLE HEART. Women designers can think of the darnedest things. Only a dame could conjure up one of the cutest brainstorms these old eyes have seen in many a day. A heart of purple felt, embroidered and blazing with multicolor sequins. Item to be worn over her heart, pinned on her sleeve (yes, fellows, so help us, Hollywood stars have been seen in "sma-ht" spots actually wearing jewelled hearts on their sleeves) or even used as a hat ornament. If you think she wouldn't care for the deep purple touch, then get her one in shocking pink, black or in delicate pastel colors. Size of hearts, 2½ inches in diameter.

BOWKNOT COMBS. Here's another cutie. Small comb with top decorated with a graceful bowknot done in gold plated sterling. Get her a pair of these.

Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

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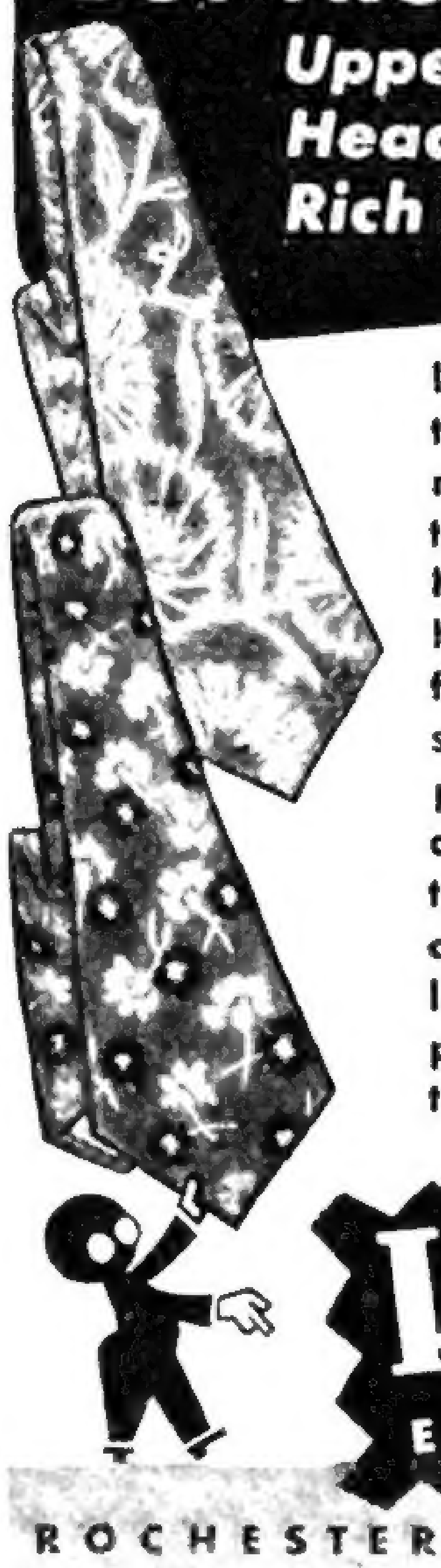
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LUSTY WIND FOR CAROLINA

By Inglis Fletcher

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China to Me
EMILY HAHN

You might not have done the things she did, but you will certainly enjoy reading about her escapades!

EMILY HAHN started out with her sister on a world tour. All went "strictly according to plan" until their boat docked at Shanghai. The moment Emily Hahn stepped on Chinese soil something happened to her. She herself couldn't explain it — the mystic enchantment of that noisy, cluttered Oriental city—the strange feeling that here lay her destiny. Instead of going on with her sister, she stayed in China—stayed eight years and lived through the most astonishing series of adventures ever to befall an American woman.

This is the story of those eight years—how she "married" into a Chinese family, part for business, part for deviltry, and later owed her life to this weird "paper" transaction—how she bought a gibbon named Mr. Mills, outfitted him in diapers and shocked the dowagers of Shanghai by bringing him to society tea—how she won the friendship of the three famous Soong sisters, ruling family of China—and, finally, how she determined to have a baby even though she wasn't married—and did. Her daughter, Carola, was born just a few weeks before the Japs took Hong Kong, and the father, a British officer, was taken a Jap prisoner of war somewhere in occupied China. This witty and exciting best-seller will be sent you now as your first Dollar Book Club selection for only $1.00.

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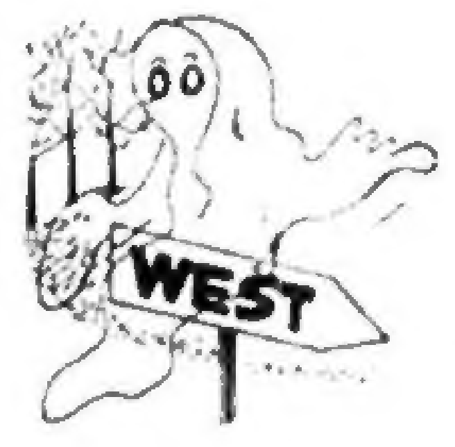
The Sound and the Fury

the ghost goes west

With regard to the story which MacKinlay Kantor relates, called *Dear Old Ghost of Mine*, I want to hasten to verify this. I had exactly the same experience, in this same room, which I easily identify from its description. My story, however, is a trifle stranger than that told by M. K.—that although I slept in that room and all the same things took place—*I was never in England.*



S. Katz

New York City

altercation over Moffitt

(I)

I don't know who Jack Moffitt is, where he comes from, or what he has to do with the movies, but I know that he writes easily, if the article in the December Esquire is any indication of his ability.

I also know that he is not a critic, but an apologist for the heavy spending which has destroyed virtually every vestige of good taste and artistry in the movies of today.

The opening parts of the article were insulting to anyone with an ounce of intelligence. The attacks on the critics and writers were completely unjustified and bespoke a starry-eyed adolescent's work. I get the impression that Moffitt is just too, too taken with movies; that all that money, in his opinion, was *spent*, and therefore nothing but good entertainment could result. Another indication of his purely commercial attitude can be gathered by his statement—"I will consider myself a success as a critic if I recommend pictures that turn out to be successes."

I will consider Moffitt a success as a critic when he learns the difference between prostitution and honesty. As he stands now, he's ridiculous, the mildest word I can think of for him.

Richard B. Gehman

Oak Ridge, Tennessee

(II)

Hurray for Jack Moffitt. At last I've found a movie critic that seems to enjoy movies. It's too amazing to be true.

How such critics as the *New Yorker's* Wolcott Gibbs ever became movie reviewers I'll never know. Obviously they don't like movies. At least that's the impression they give me.

Why is it that 99 per cent of these movie critics expect every motion picture to be something out of George Bernard Shaw? Couldn't they just sit back and relax while Rita Hayworth or Esther Williams make the customers happy?

I nominate Jack Moffitt for a special academy award!

Robert L. Emmet

Cornell University,
Ithaca, New York

reviewing a miracle

There is a fallacy in one incident of Bill Stern's recent article, *The Real Miracle Men of Sports.*

Regarding Ice Skater Everett McGowan going to trainer Ralph Cressler for a supposed paralysis of the back. Ralph Cressler immediately diagnosing the case as calcium concentrating around the bones, which by the way is difficult to diagnose without X-rays.

Whereupon Cressler tells McGowan that he is going to break his back to cure the paralysis. Any embryo intern could have told the author that paralysis would have been the end result of a broken back, such as Cressler undertook to create. This condition is due to a pressure on the spinal cord or the nerves. Any complete severance of the spinal cord would result in death within minutes.

What Cressler did was to give McGowan a very crude Chiropractic adjustment to move the vertebrae which were pressing on nerves, causing his condition.

The Indians, many years ago, used to walk up and down the spine of any of their tribesmen that were sick.

All these methods are radical and outdated. Today any modern scientific Chiropractor can remove nerve pressure by the use of his hands alone . . .

Irving J. Appell, D.C.

Brooklyn, N.Y.

hail

Has poor Mr. Harbord nothing better to do with his time?

Noel Coward sings "strangely" ON KEY, is a *great* actor, writer, playwright, "song smith," and seems to lend a touch of magic to everything he's connected with. Would that you and I could say the same for ourselves.

Let us not be childish, Harbord. "MUD SLINGING" should be something of the past.

He "charms" us still, and you know it!

Robert Israel

New York City

. . . and farewell

I just finished reading the current Esquire, and I think your sketches on Anthony, and Noel Coward, are particularly good. I dislike both men, and so do many other people. Your drawings expressed the reason very vividly. Congratulations, and I hope I may see more of your work soon.

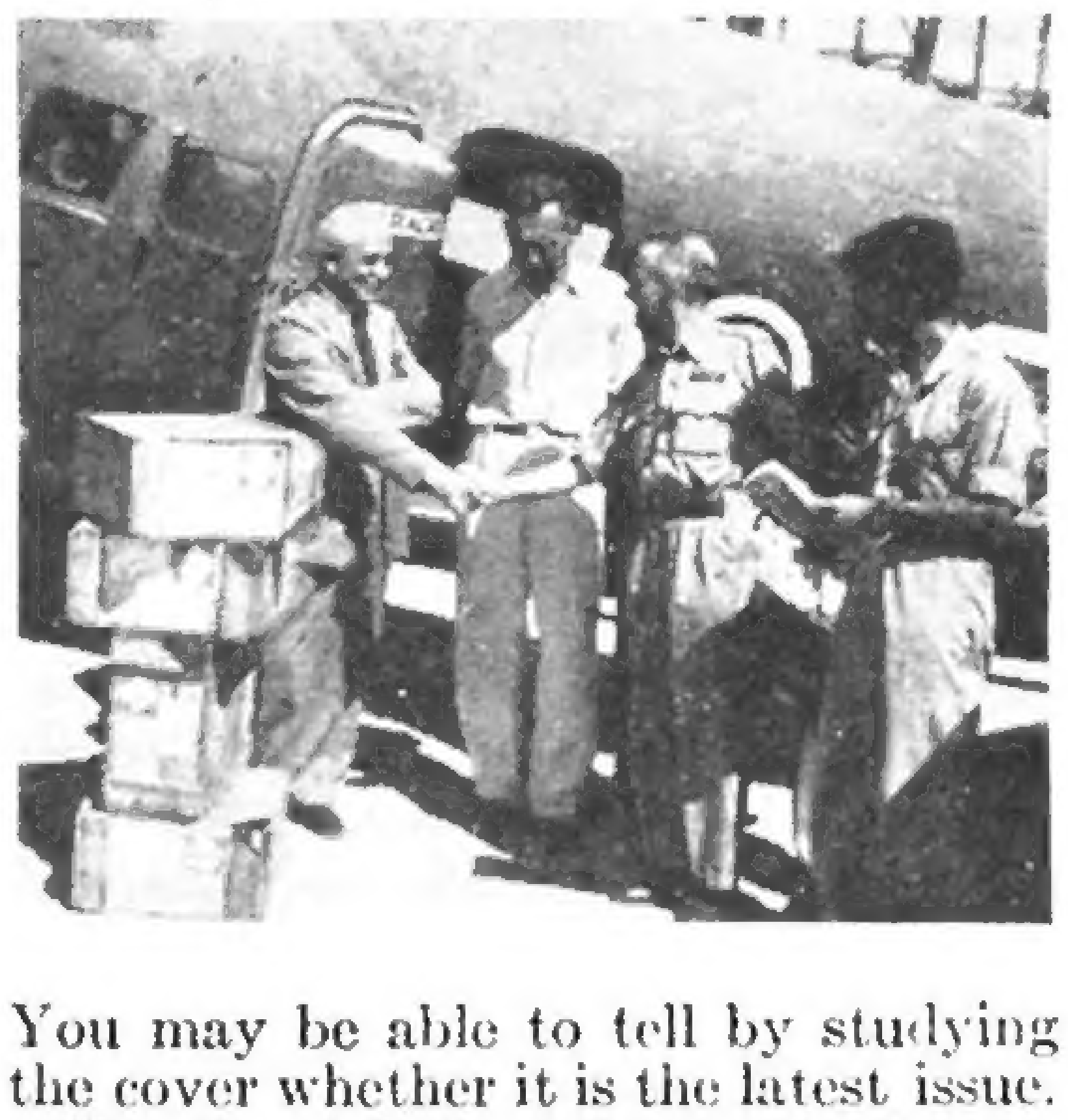
Howard Mendelsohn

New York City

Bashkimi forever

I think you may be interested in this photograph which we have just received from Albania, showing the arrival of UNRRA's first shipment of anti-typhoid vaccine—also showing that Esquire, like UNRRA, really gets around.

The anti-typhoid vaccine was flown in, but whether the copy of Esquire came in on the same plane (perhaps with one of the crew), we don't know.



You may be able to tell by studying the cover whether it is the latest issue.

Reading left to right are the former Air Vice Marshal Saul; Deputy Chief of the UNRRA Albania Mission; an Albanian Ministry of Health Official; D. R. Oakley Hill, Chief ot the UNRRA Albania Mission and (reading Esquire) Peter Marko, Editor of the official Albanian newspaper *Bashkimi.*

The Albanian Government signed a relief and rehabilitation agreement with UNRRA on 2 August, 1945, and much needed relief supplies of every sort are now being shipped into the country by UNRRA.

William H. Wells
Chief, Visual Media Branch

Office of Public Information
Washington, D. C.

persistent voice from Muskegon

An unhappy situation has manifested itself. Paul Gallico, according to his December department in Esquire, has found that he can turn his radio off when he gets sick and tired of it. But, alas, no one has discovered a way to shut Gallico up. The main conclusion I have reached, after reading his articles for several months, is that Gallico is satisfied with nothing and no one but himself!

But Jack Moffitt's new department on motion pictures provides a refreshing antidote for Gallico. Moffitt, so far, seems to be the most entertaining reviewer you've had in some time—and a keen analyst as well! Moffitt, Nathan, Seldes, and Sinclair Lewis are reason enough for reading Esquire; and we might as well let Gallico go along for the ride as long as you have a few extra dollars you don't know what to do with!

Bill Bennett

Radio Station WKBZ
Muskegon, Michigan

a mine of misinformation

"O! lost, and by the wind grieved, ghost". . . come back again and face your faux pas, Sinclair Lewis.

It was Virginia Woolf who wrote *Whistle Stop* and not, as you said, Maritta Wolff . .

Fie! and at ten paces banana cream pie. "— — Arrowsmith, that great book by Upton Sinclair." See what I mean?

Yes, Virginia Woolf is one of our few feminine literary writers, as you said. The woods are full of authors . . . but writers—

She's pretty, too; University of Mich. '39— or was it '40?

By the way, Mr. S.—who is Maritta Wolff?

Now—I can sleep.

Frank Smith

Danbury, Conn.

variation of the blue room snap roll

Whether it's the impulse to see my name in print or to add my contribution to some of the ridiculous rebuttals which froth up S&F from time to time I don't know.

But I felt my motivation ridiculous enough to add some to the Cabell-Naparstek-rum-wine combo project in its editorial prime in October S&F. I agree that it's silly for anyone to claim discovery of any particular beverage formula, alcoholic. Back in 1941 a friend and I unearthed a variation to thrill our jaded young appetites.

This was in Baltimore. The bartender was professional and we were seeking a new drink. After considerable discussion he admitted that he had not had a call for such a drink in years, that he had almost forgotten about it and couldn't recall the name. We named it for ourselves: the Ellis-Smith cocktail.

Of course we used sparkling burgundy with the rum and fresh lemon and sugar, made in a—"daiquiri machine," although not as thick as a frozen daiquiri.

But what is most in contrast to the S&F version is its effect. We find our arms still very much on although we haven't spoiled the character of the drink with the likes of beer. Made right, it's an all-climate thrill, good for a whole evening or week end. The effects are not violent in the least, although affect you they do, on land or sea; so far they haven't been proved in the air.

The most important thing is the rum. Good light rum is best; anything can happen with ersatz ingredients common these days. We consider our formula a classic and tolerate no second-rate ingredients. We didn't invent it, but it's nice to know that there are some others who have taken up the rum-wine combo. We can now stare down bartenders of limited experience with a firmer gaze.

Edwin S. Smith
1st. Lt. AC

Baltimore, Maryland

Hail the Day!

With this issue Esquire begins its paper reconversion.

Early in 1942 we began cooperating with WPB's paper-saving program by adopting ABCD paper—the lightweight stock which, despite tonnage curtailments, enabled our show to go merrily on.

But now that restrictions have been lifted, the rich-toned paper which you have always linked with the essential character of Esquire is coming back . . . gradually, to be sure, since it will take the paper mills some months to accelerate their production to prewar level.

A portion of this month's issue has been reconverted. And along with this return to former quality comes an increase in the number of our pages. Moreover, we can promise that in the not-far-distant future, we shall be able to print every copy of Esquire on the fine coated paper which has always distinguished the magazine for men.

Continued on page 171

Almost human, these new refrigerators!

YOU MAY FIND it difficult to believe that even a glittering new postwar refrigerator is capable of suggesting that its owner serve the *one* finest whiskey ever bottled.

But if you take the subtle hint revealed in this ice tray, what a popular host you'll be!

For there's no whiskey in the world exactly like Four Roses — so *distinctive* in flavor, so richly mellow *in its own special way*.

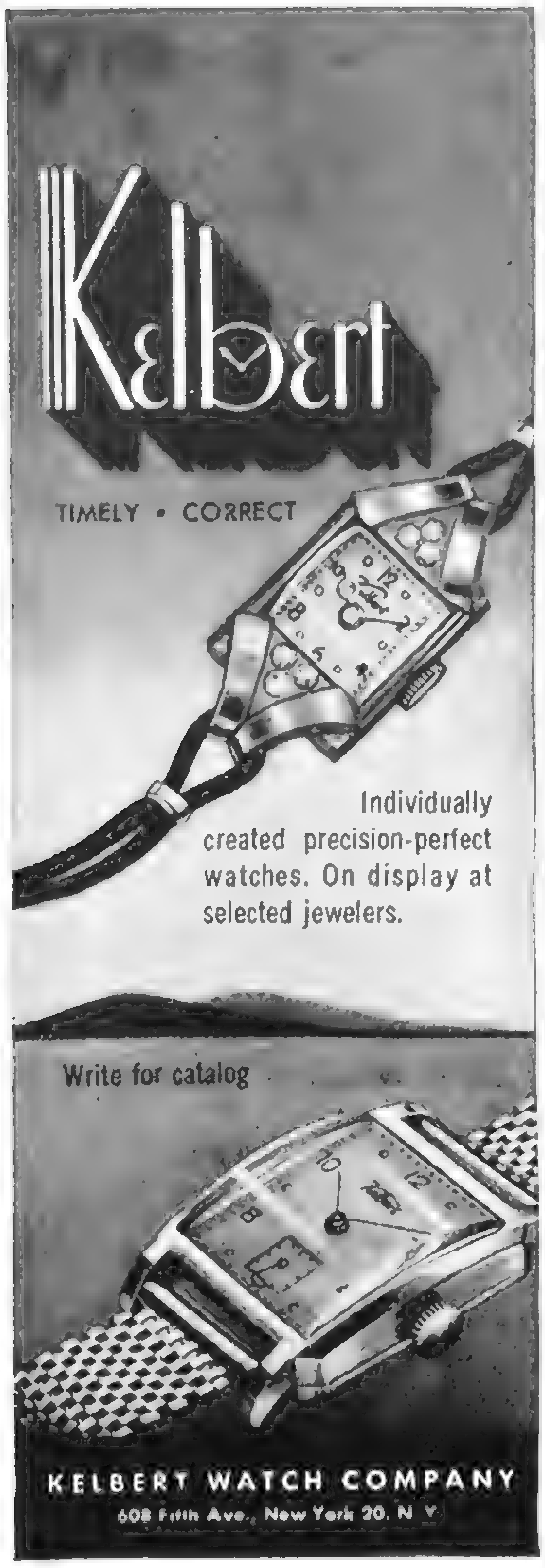
That's because Four Roses is not just a *single* fine straight whiskey, but an exclusive *combination* of specially distilled, straight whiskies — each magnificent in its own right.

Just try it — won't you?

FOUR ROSES

Still the same great whiskey as before the war

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies, 90 proof. Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York City.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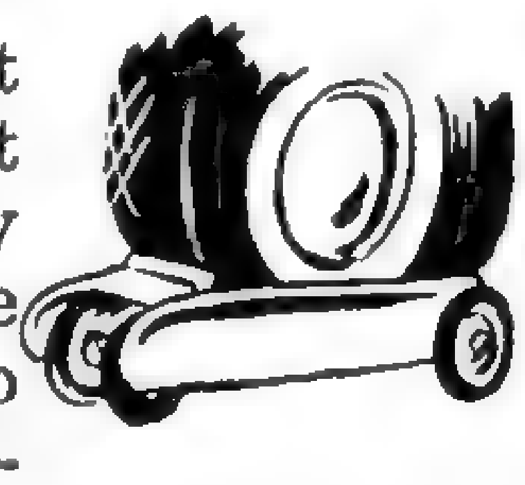
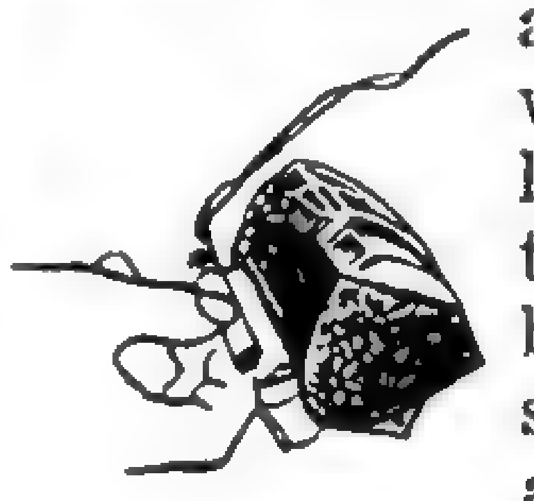
Talking Shop with Esquire

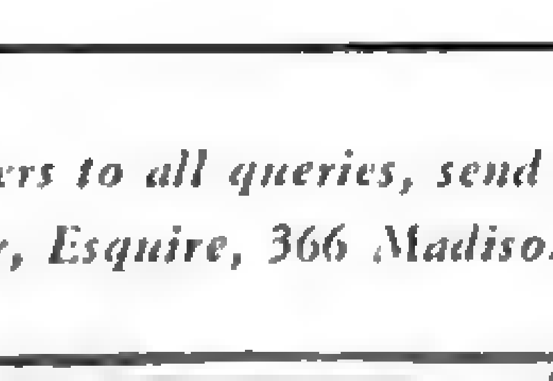
THAT CAR OF YOURS. It has been a long time since we offered any auto suggestions, but here goes. Tire situation being as it is, it seems that about one out of every ten cars on the road is jacked up for repairs. Instead of wrecking precious tires by driving on "flats", you merely take a nifty gadget from your luggage compartment, run your ailing wheel up a ramp into a self-locking "cradle", and drive safely to the nearest gas station. The little cradle runs along merrily on small wheels. Built of steel, it's rugged enough for heavy cars, yet light enough, (30 lbs.) for a "frail" to handle.



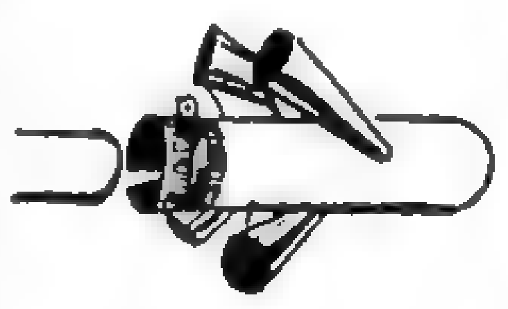
KEEP THE DRIVER HAPPY. Chain smokers who must also keep both hands on the wheel will relish an automatic lighter which delivers a lighted cigarette to the driver. Can be attached to the steering wheel in about 2 minutes flat. Comes in black with chrome trimming.



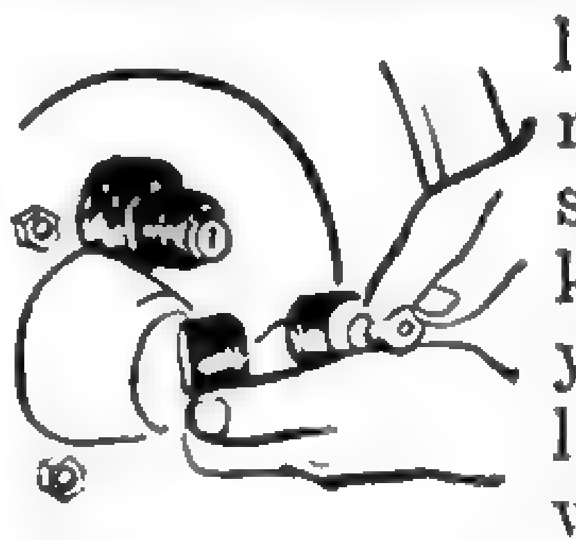
BACK SEAT DRIVERS will be less obnoxious if you can lull them to slumber by means of a horseshoe shaped pillow. Your mother-in-law's neck will fit right into the groove, of this fine hair pillow. Weighs only 4½ ounces, has a removable, washable cover of sturdy twill. (Good item to send overseas, too).



GAS SAVER. If you're interested in getting more gas per gallon (and who isn't) there's a gimmick which can be attached to the end of a car's exhaust pipe. The device creates suction, and like a vacuum cleaner, draws the carbons, oil and moisture from the muffler. By thus eliminating wasteful "back pressure", motor gets more pep and power, and supposedly, better mileage. The material? Non-rusting aluminum.



TIRE CROOKS BEWARE. Ever seen tire locks? Simple to install; you must remove one wheel nut, place lock over the bolt, restore nut to position, turn the key, and presto, your wheel is locked on. Fits all wheels and comes with set of 4 locks.



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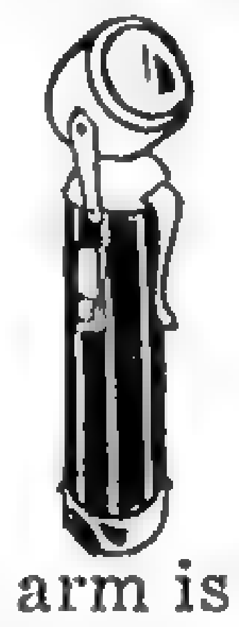

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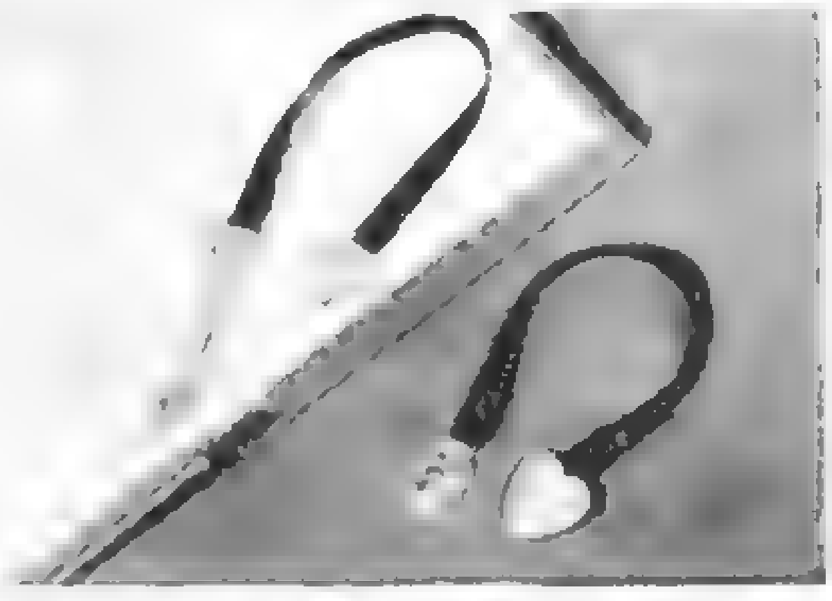
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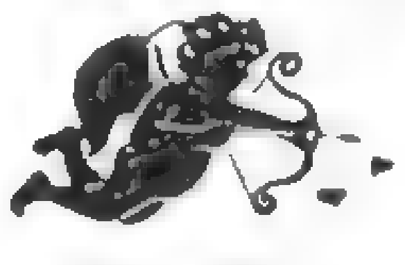

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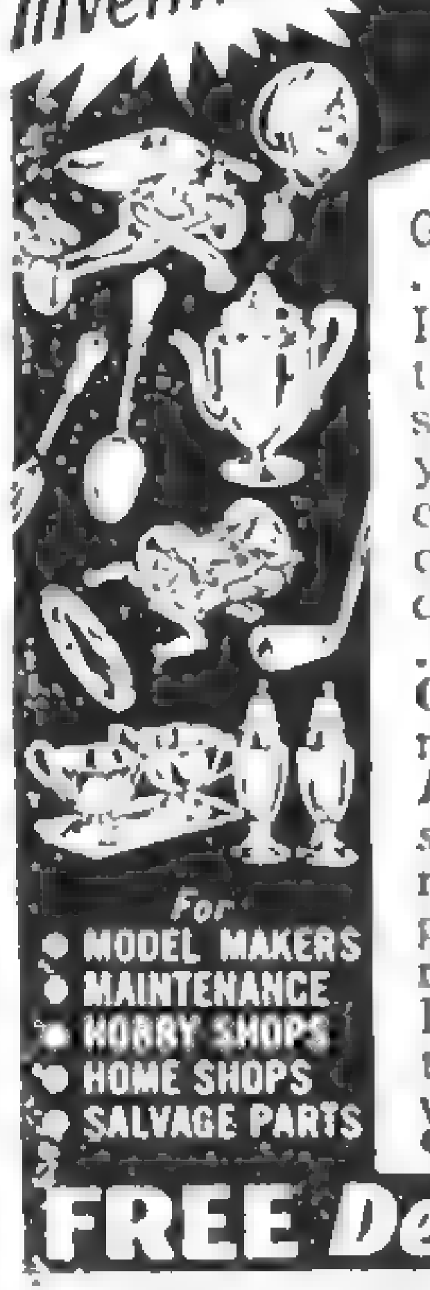
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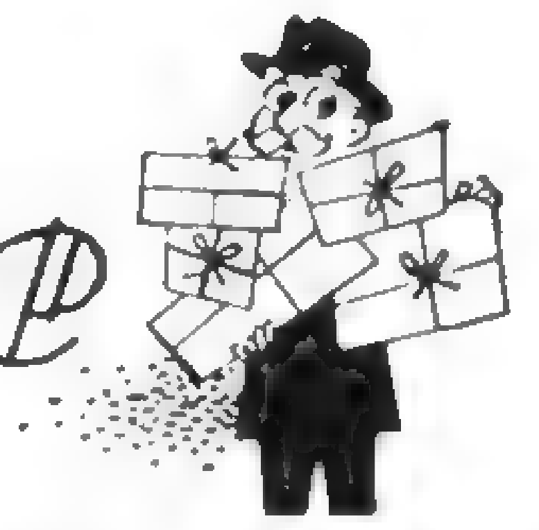

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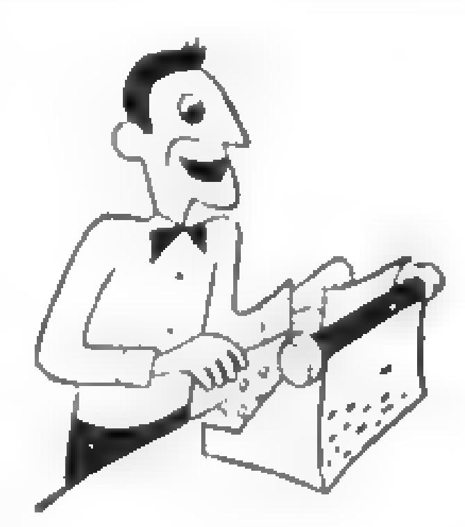

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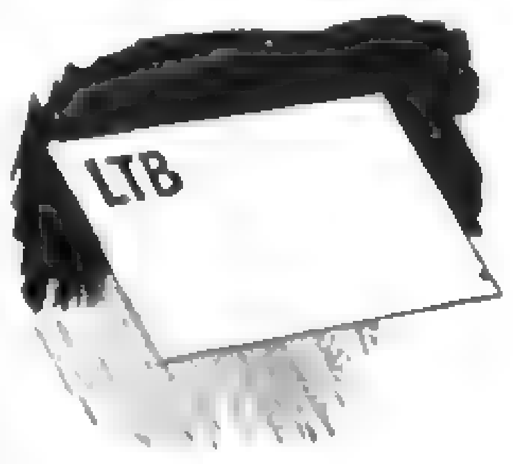

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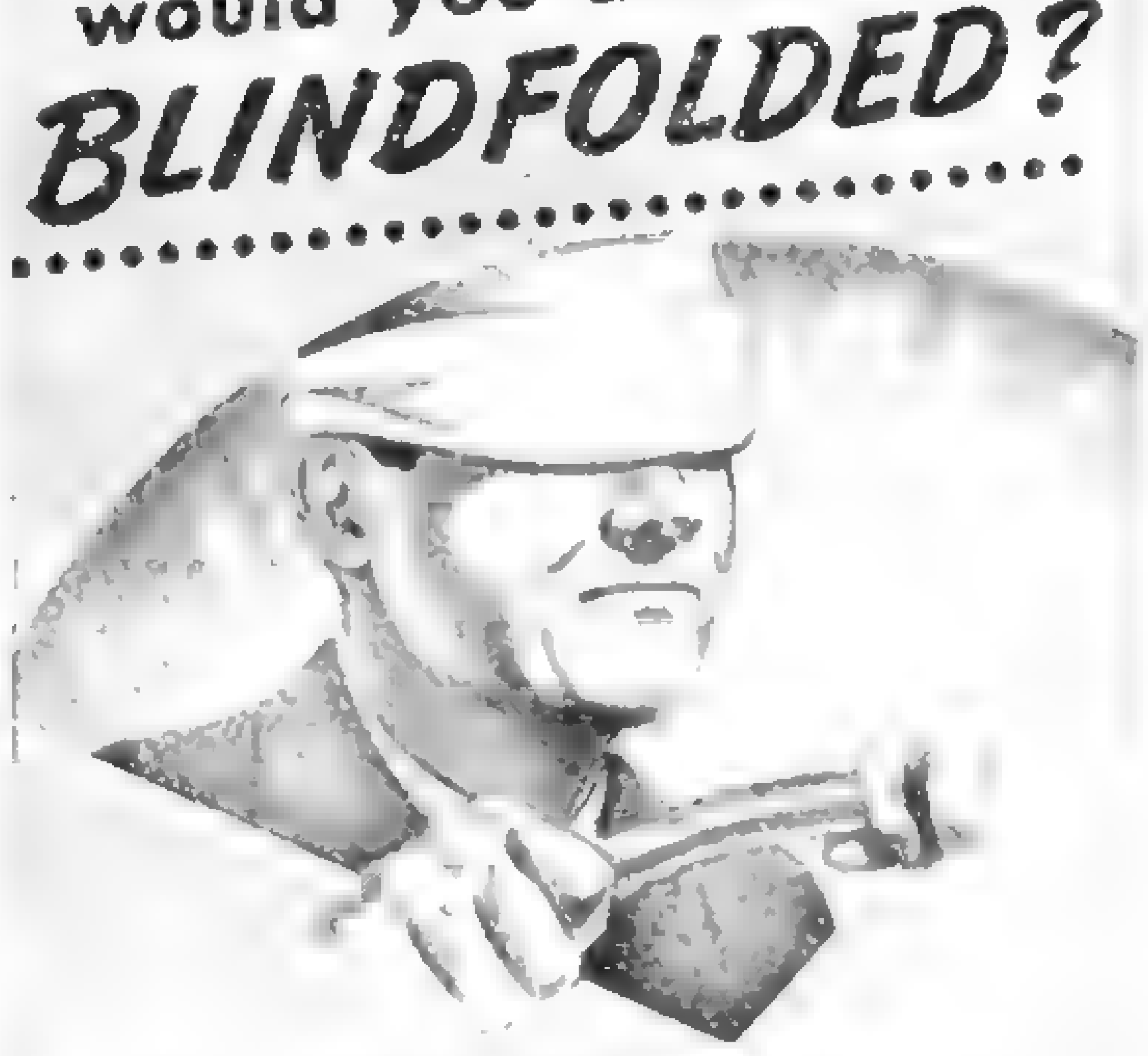

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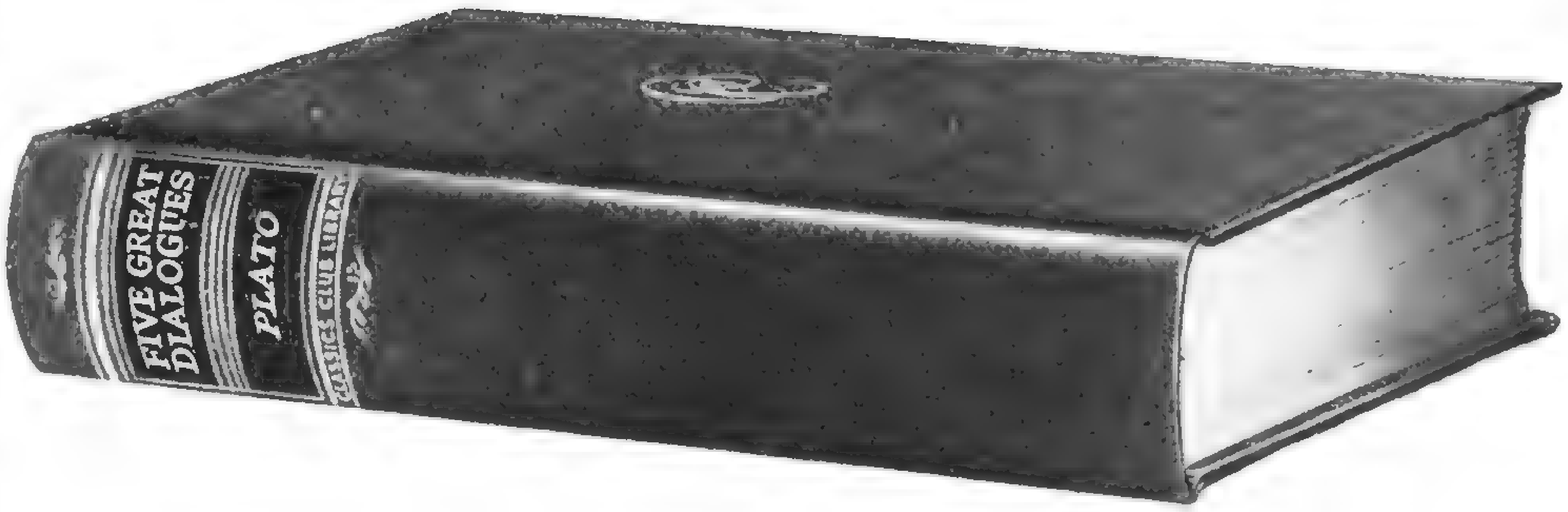

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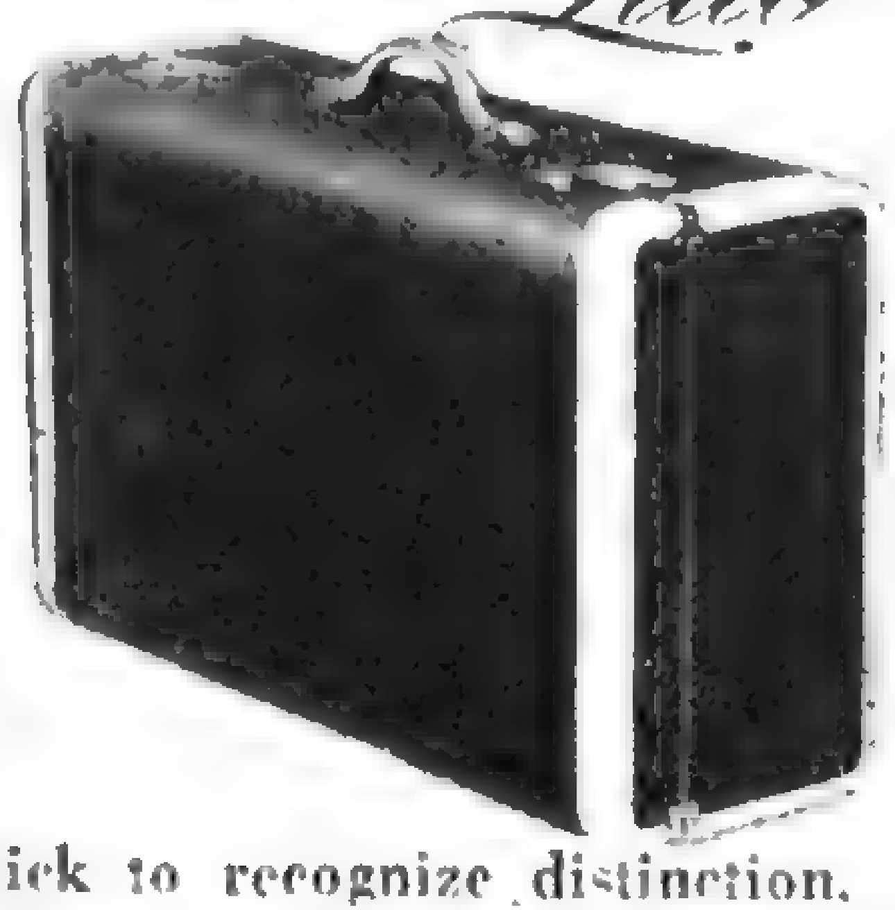

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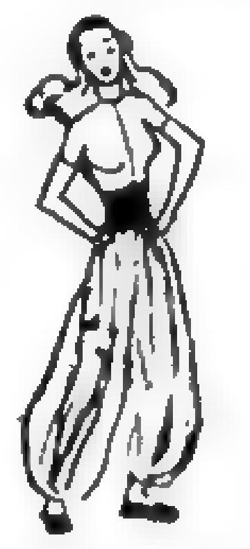
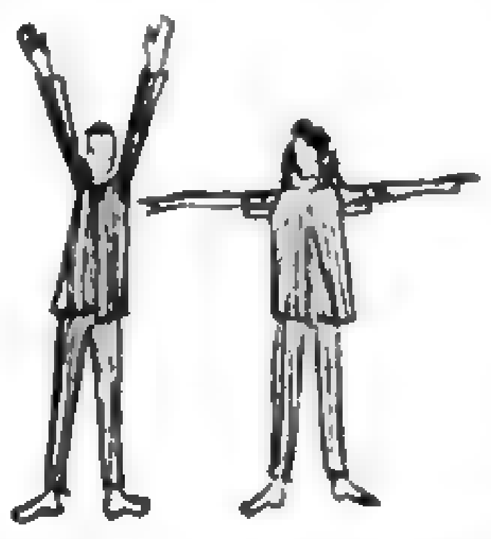
Talking Shop with Esquire

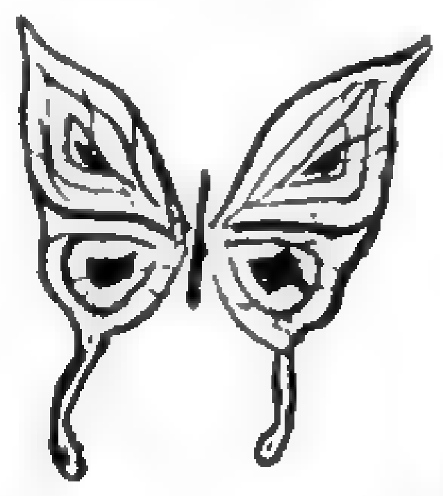
"IN MY HAREM". For a coupla years now you fellows who have been feasting your optics on Esky's own Simms Campbell's harem cartoons, have been writing us asking where you could buy harem pajamas for your sweeties. Up until now, no designer has cared a whit. But here's news . . . yes sir . . . actual lounging pajamas with those baggy, doubled under at the ankle trous, just like the lovely spouses of the sultan wear. There's one outfit with black linen harem trousers, a white blouse fitted tight with a prim coolie neckline, and a dashing rose colored sash to bind her slender midriff. Another style is done in shantung with pants cuffed at the ankle with a bicycle clipped effect. The top sports a blue peplum jacket with a slight bustle to the stern. Final creation, done with conservatives in mind, no doubt, offers trousers that can be worn as regular slacks, or tucked up, harem fashion. Bright turquoise peplum jacket goes with this, which can be worn with frocks as well.



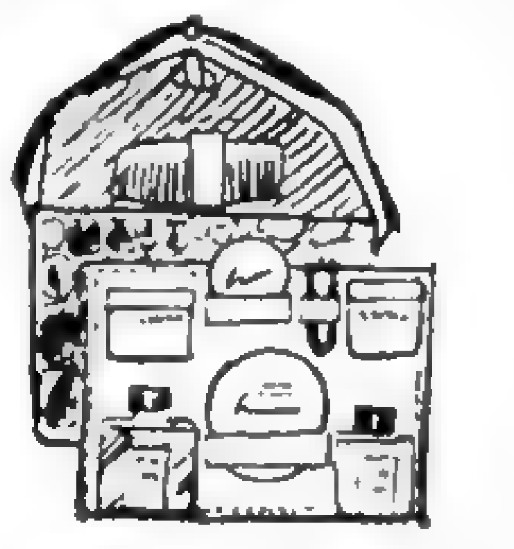
MR. AND MRS. Before the war, we were treated to quite an epidemic of so called "Mr. and Mrs." fashions. Slack suits made alike, bathrobes, towels, cocktail glasses inscribed similarly. Well, mammy and pappy are back together again, this time with "Mr. and Mrs." sleeping pajamas. And we use the title advisedly. The "Mr." version comes with long sleeves and a high, convertible neckline. The "Mrs." pajama has short sleeves and follows the same masculine silhouette including the pocket where "Mr." and "Mrs." informs the happy pair which is which. Washable rayon in natural or light blue, adjustable waistbands, U-shaped crotch (pardon us) which is purported to be thus designed to better follow the natural curve of the posterior (most pajamas are cut V-shape it seems).



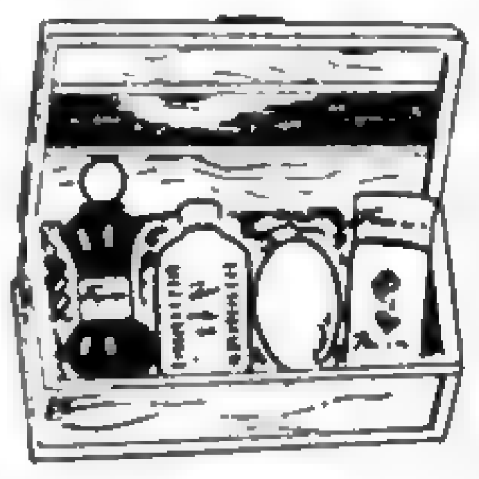
OCEAN TREASURE. Mother of pearl butterflies for her hair, or to pin on her coat lapels or dress. These realistic butterflies are carved to give a singularly life-like illusion. The mother of pearl comes from East Indian waters, and could be called a semi-precious material, because it is made from nacre, which is also the base of real pearl. The tonal variation of the white nacre gives a charming, irridescent effect. If you want to tamper with nature, you can buy your butterflies tinted light green, turquoise, orchid, pink, brown or even vivid fuchsia.



VALENTINE KIT. Again the two-timer utility idea. She'll really go for one of these valentine red cosmetic handbags in simulated alligator leather that manages to look pretty much like the genuine reptile. Bag has a washable, waterproof lining and a metal spring lock. When the removable sliding tray of cosmetic and make-up items is removed, the kit may be used as a regular pocketbook. The tray contains such femme luxuries as powder, lipstick, rouge, comb, face cream, lotion, "petal tint" liquid foundation. Size of kit: 9"x6½"x2".



FORGET ME NOT. Again she gets a dual use item. A beautiful box made entirely of mirrors, designed to hold cleansing tissue after its fragrant contents are used up. Comes complete with Forget Me Not cologne, bubbling bath, bath soap and talc. Another two-in-one in the cosmetic line appears as a lovely crystal clear lucite box to be used as a cigarette container when Milady has removed the three little bottles of choice perfume familiarly known to every discerning woman as "Blue Grass" perfume, "White Orchid" and "Mille Fleurs".



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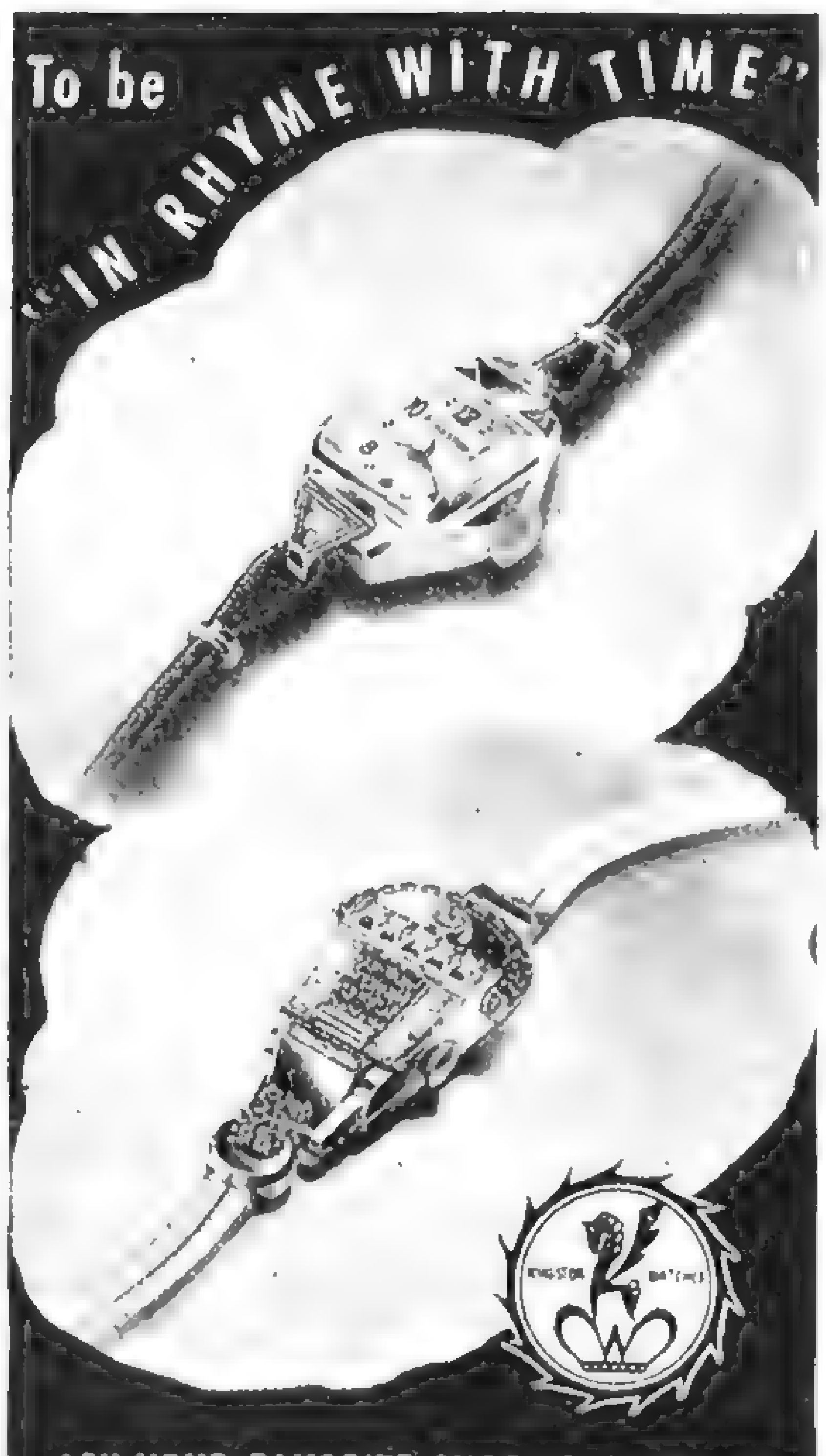

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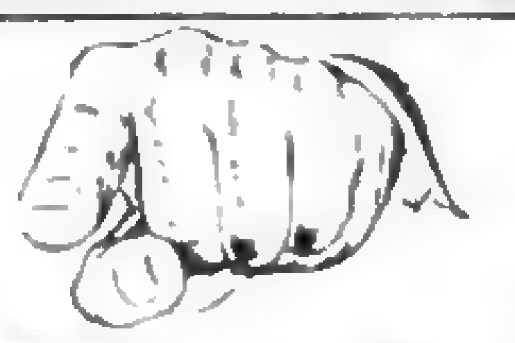

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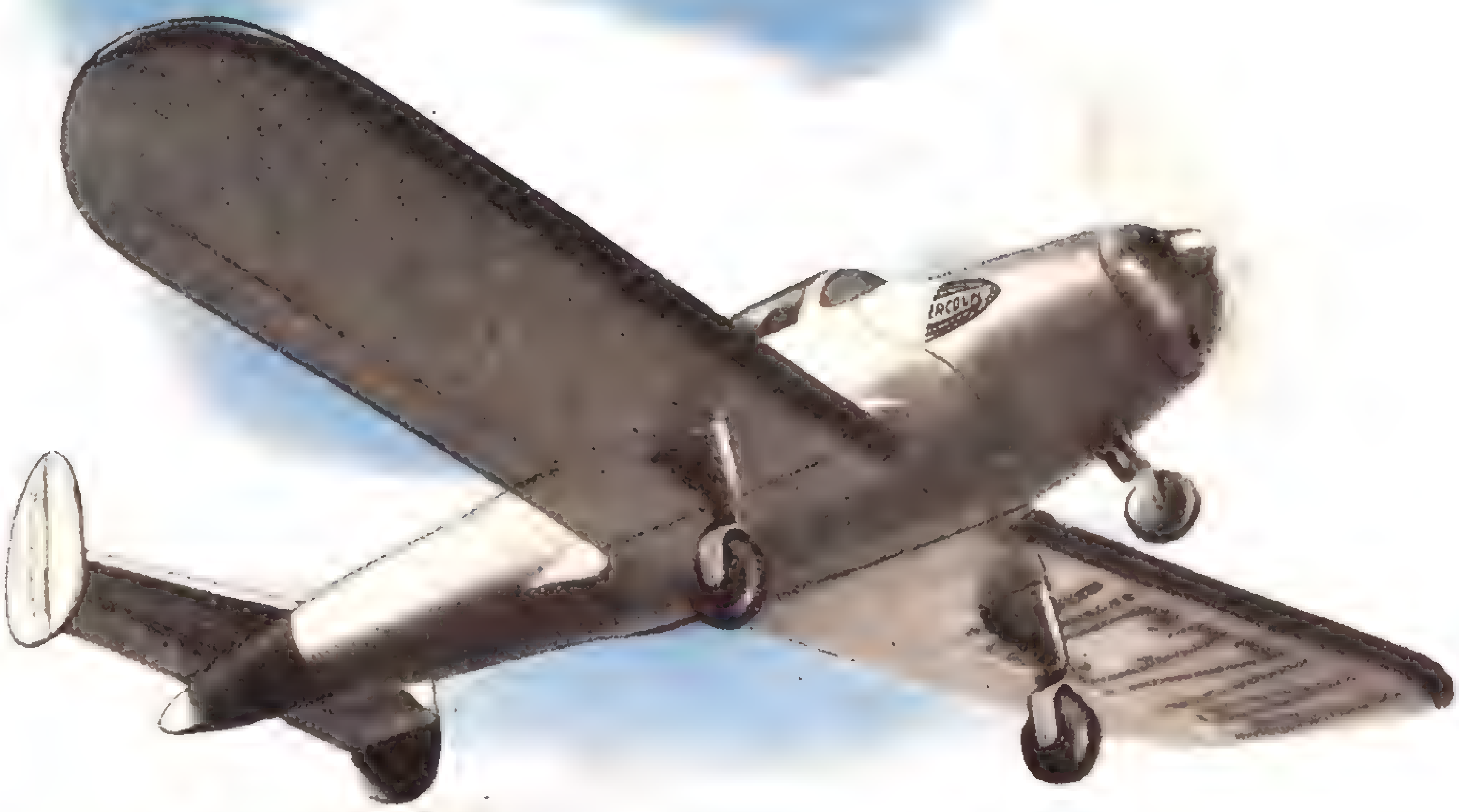

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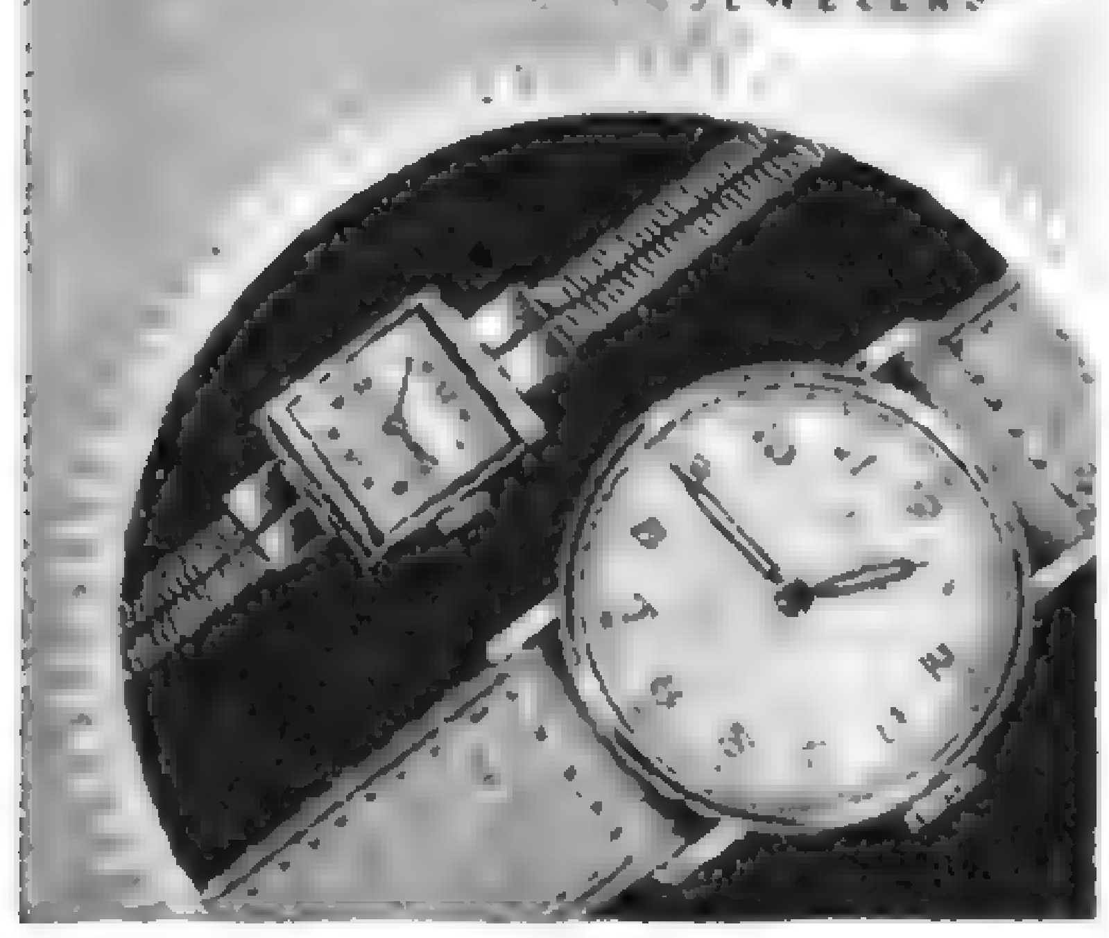
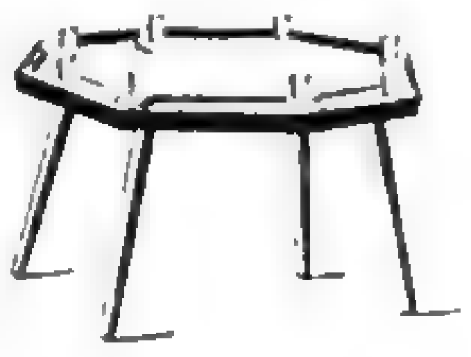


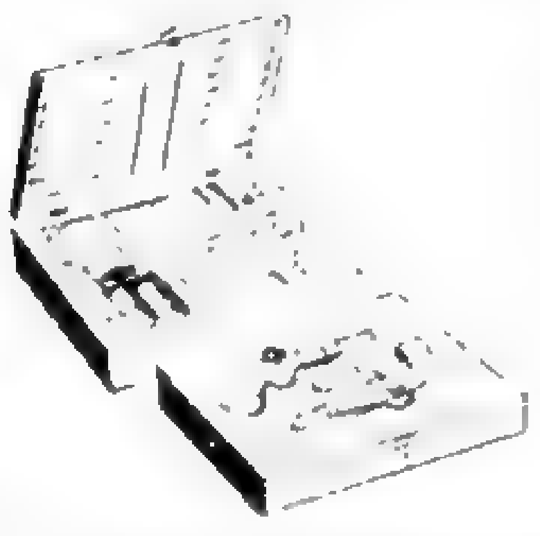
Adolf Schwarcz & Son, 580 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 19, N. Y.

Talking Shop with Esquire

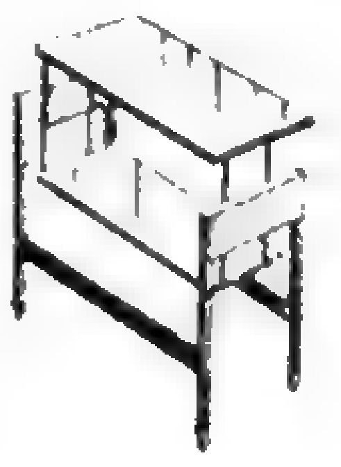
DRAW, STUD OR STRAIGHT? Also with the small apartment or house in mind, a manufacturer has designed a portable card table with an octagonal top. Table will seat eight comfortably, provided, of course, that the players are of average poundage. Top of table sports a green felt playing surface, and around the periphery of same there are eight chip compartments, eight non-spill glass holders and even ash trays, each fitting neatly into a slot so that nothing overturns when a winner excitedly drags in his chips.



DUELETTE. A nice luxury item destined to keep married couples entertained during those long cold winter evenings. The answer is a handsome walnut case, an exact replica of an old dueling pistol chest, even to the brace of decorative pistols on the lid. Inside this interesting exterior, you'll find a series of two-handed games, checkers, dominos, plastic chessmen, regular dice, poker dice, backgammon doubler, dice cups, playing cards, etc. Oh yes, there's even a presentation plaque in 22 K gold plate on the lid of the box, upon which you can have name or initials engraved.



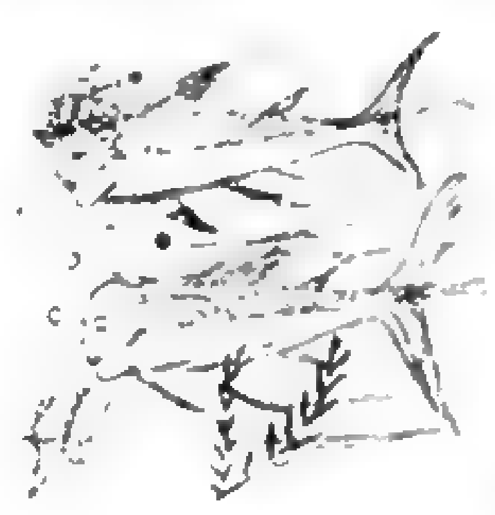
FIVE IN ONE. Seems to be more and more of a tendency to make *one* object serve in several different ways. The five-way table, for example. You start out with a simple table, and by means of various mechanical adjustments, change it into an item which becomes a tea wagon, cocktail table, typewriter table, plant stand or for books and radio. When fully opened, and used as a regulation card table, it runs about 28″ square and 28″ high. Now then, to turn it into a tea wagon for serving, simply adjust its automatic levers, and you have two shelves one above the other. For typewriting you collapse the levers and you have a narrow table of the right size and so it goes. Fun for all. Made of birch with a hand-rubbed mahogany finish.



YOUR HOROSCOPE ON A TILE. Those of you who nurture an astrological turn of mind will rejoice in a series of table tiles (tea tiles and what have you, to keep hot dishes off your best mahogany table). As we were saying, each tile sports a colorful cartoon with appropriate four line limerick giving the characteristics of persons born under each of the signs of the zodiac. For example . . . a Pisces gentleman, born February 19 to March 20, will select a tile embellished with two raffish looking fish, and the following immortal lines of poetry:

"Oh the very clever pisces
They can meet all kinds of crises
But you know, sometimes a fish
Ends his days upon a dish."

Let that be a lesson to you.



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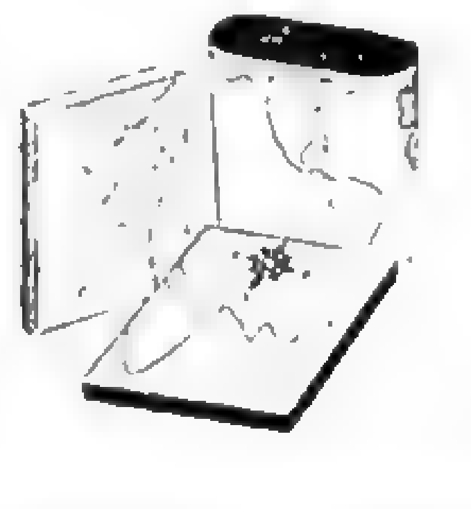

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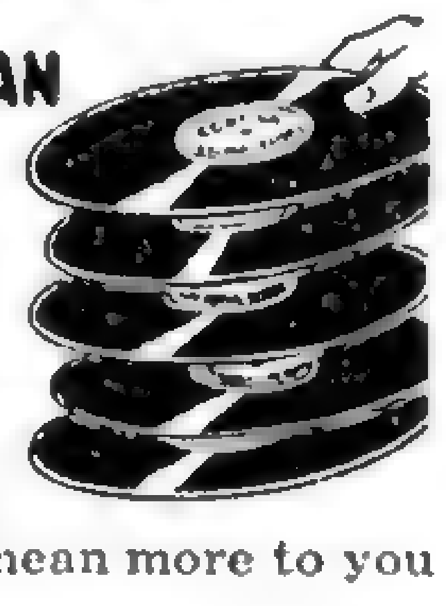

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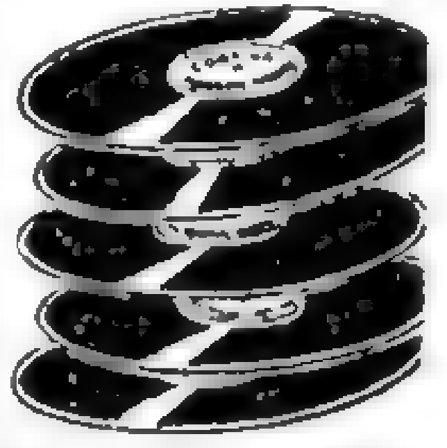

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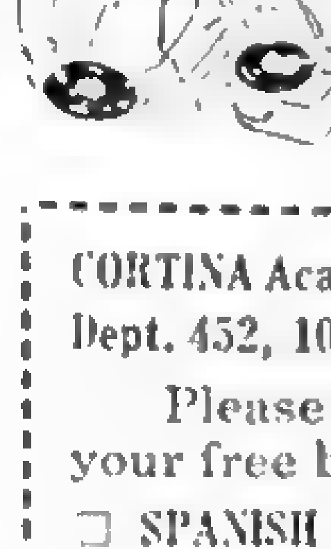

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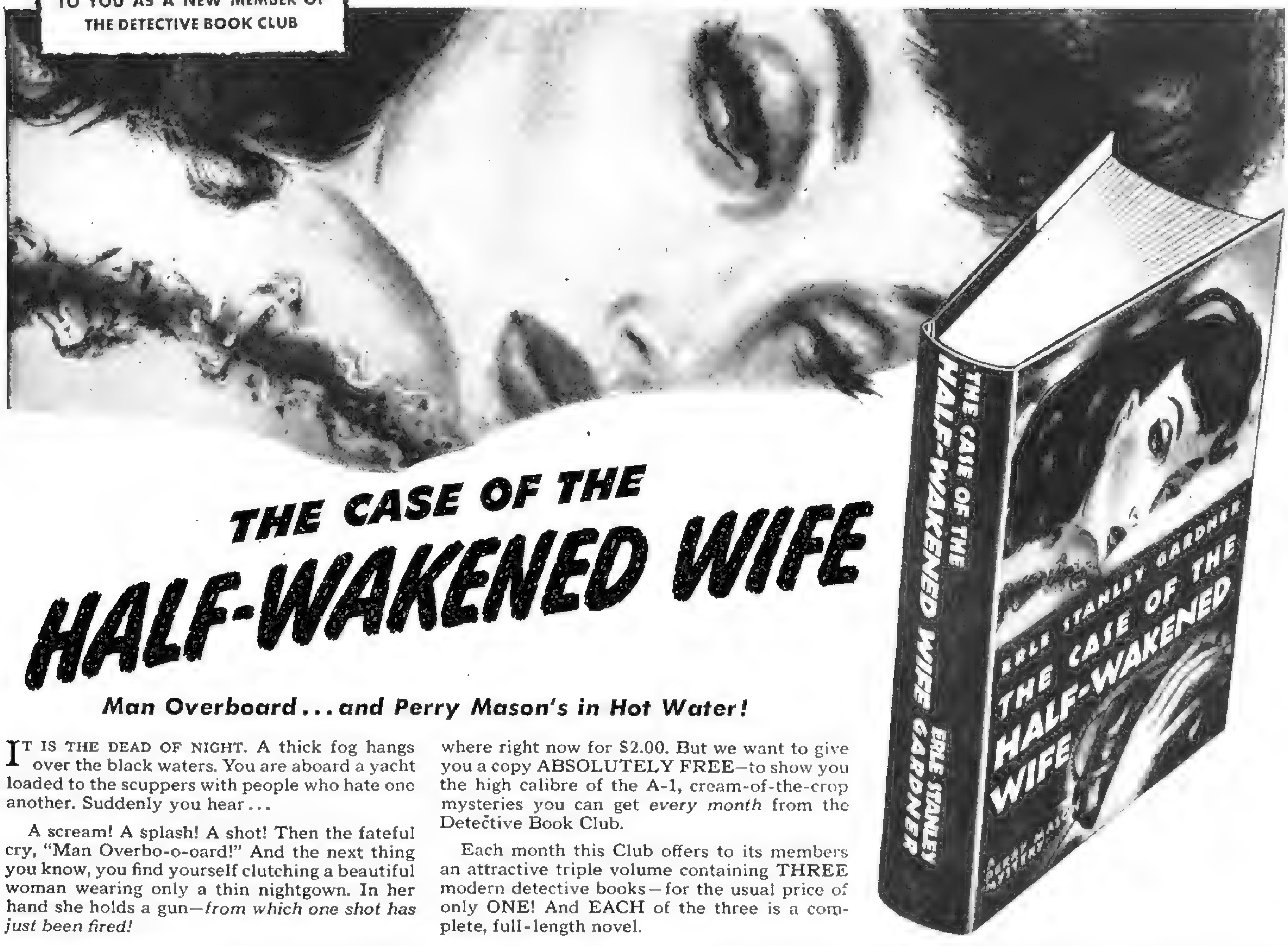
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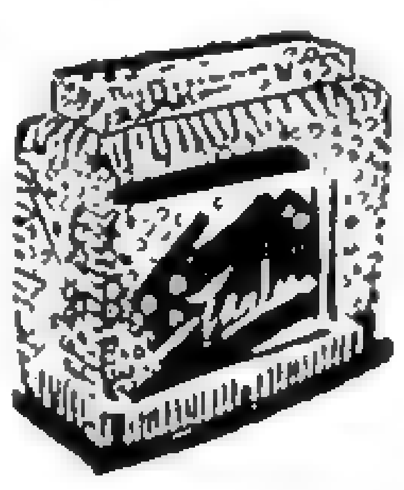
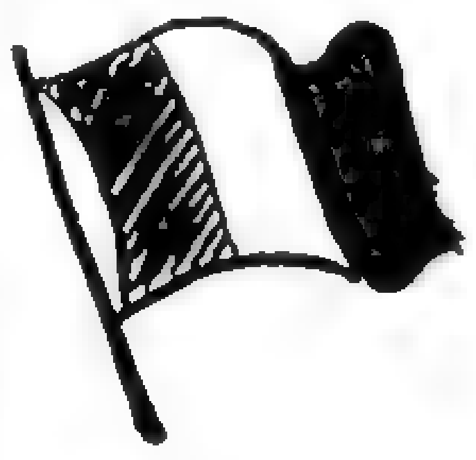
Talking Shop with Esquire

VALENTINE PERFUMES. A sure-fire gift for a valentine or any other occasion, is, of course, perfume. Since the war, a whole new crop of scents are making their fragrant debuts. The most elaborate as to packaging to appear to date, is an elusive, expensive smelling scent called "Taglio". The entirely new shaped, stunning crystal oblong bottle is set in a beautiful frosted showcase with a clump of jewel-flowers, sous cloche.

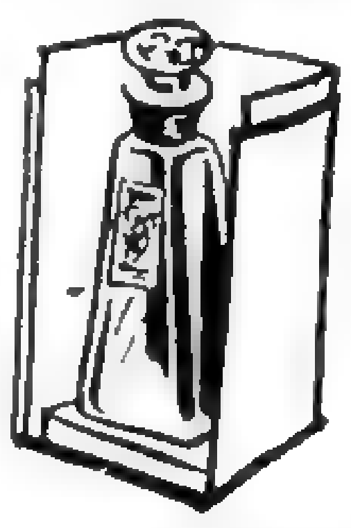


FIRST FRENCH PERFUME. First real French perfume actually brewed in France arrived on this side of the pond not long ago. An event which will sharpen the desires of American ladies. The soul-satisfying fragrance has been named "Frenzy", guaranteed to excite the senses of the unwily male.

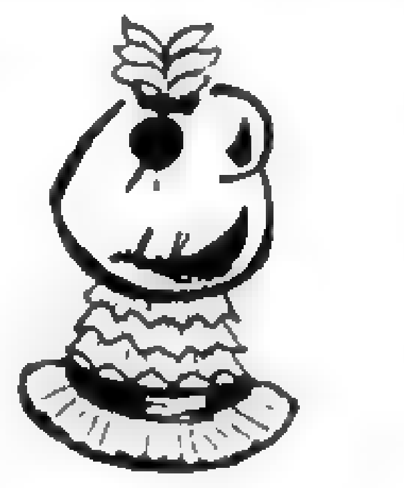


"WILD OAT" . . . feminine style. We didn't know gals sewed 'em, but that's what it says here. A new perfume actually called "Wild Oat" . . . guaranteed to lure the hunter with its haunting, sophisticated scent. Liquid Sa-shay and bath essence can be had in the same color.

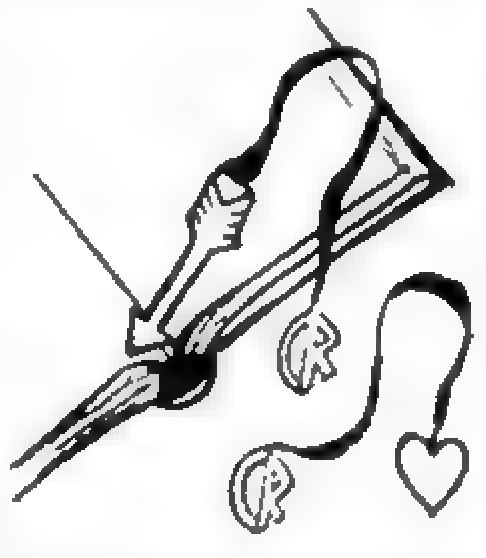
"PERHAPS". Here's one designed for those indeterminate ladies, who, like the immortal Jenny "couldn't make up her mind". This particular perfume, called "Perhaps" is for the woman of many moods. Not yes. Not no. But maybe.



IT'S A NATURAL. The light hearted fragrance called "Chi Chi" (pronounced she she, and meaning verra verra) has been created, the maker tells us, to be worn by the woman in love. As a perfect valentine follow through, the hand-blown glass bottle is a work of art. Top of bottle is a glass replica of Cupid's familiar trade-mark, the ever appealing heart and dart, mounted on a pedestal-like base of lacy-looking etched glass. Hya, Cupe!



VALENTINE BOOK MARK. What next, what next! Sterling silver book marks for valentine gifts. One de luxe marker has a sterling heart-shaped spring clip which fastens on to the book to mark the page. It is attached to a black ribbon which bears on its other end, a two-letter monogram disc.



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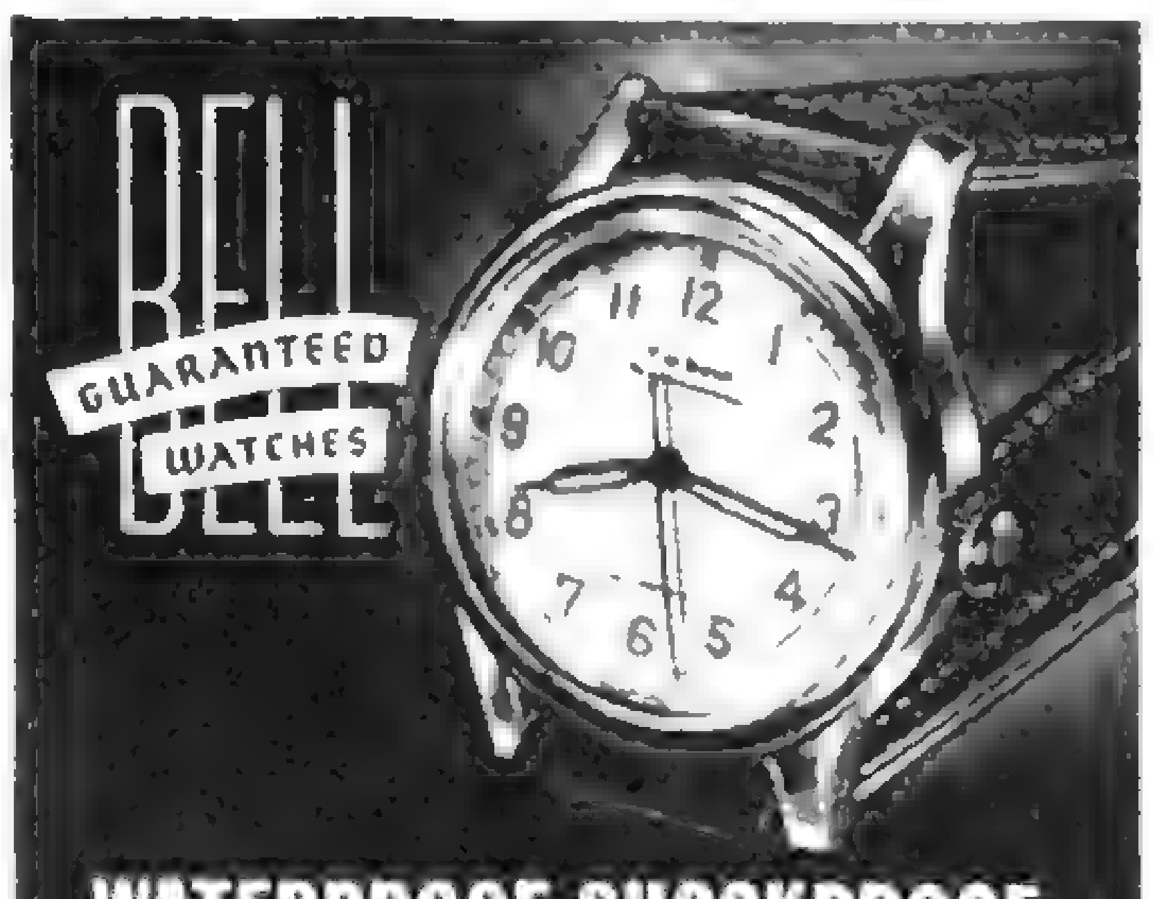

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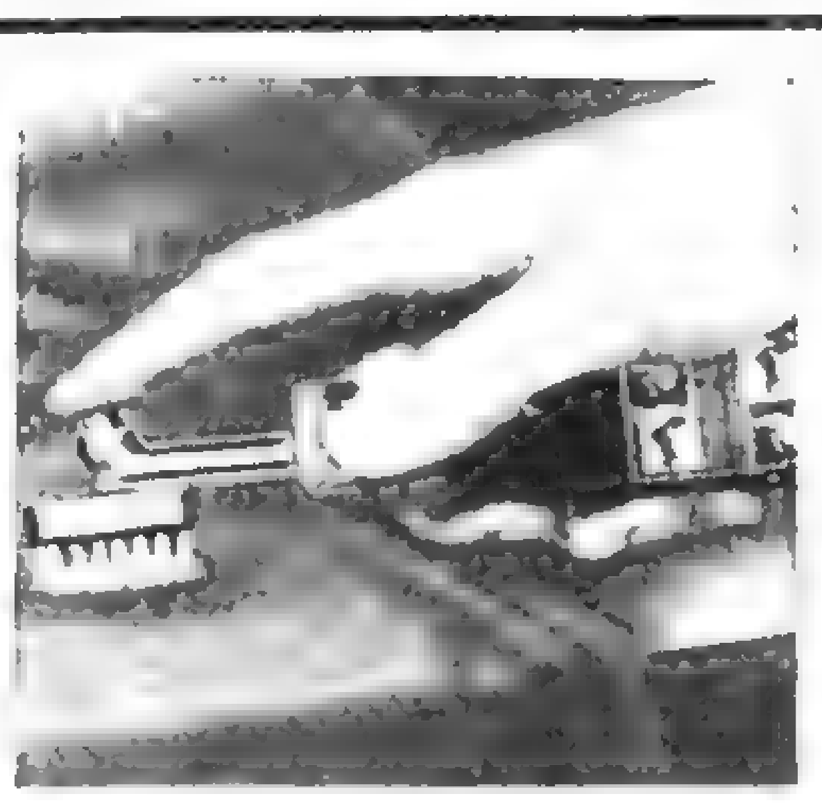

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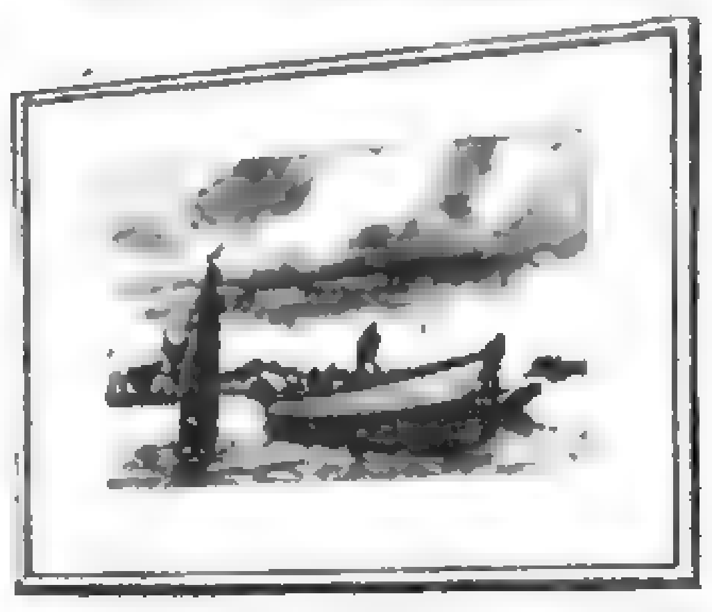

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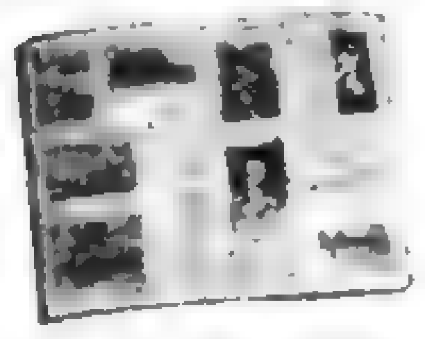

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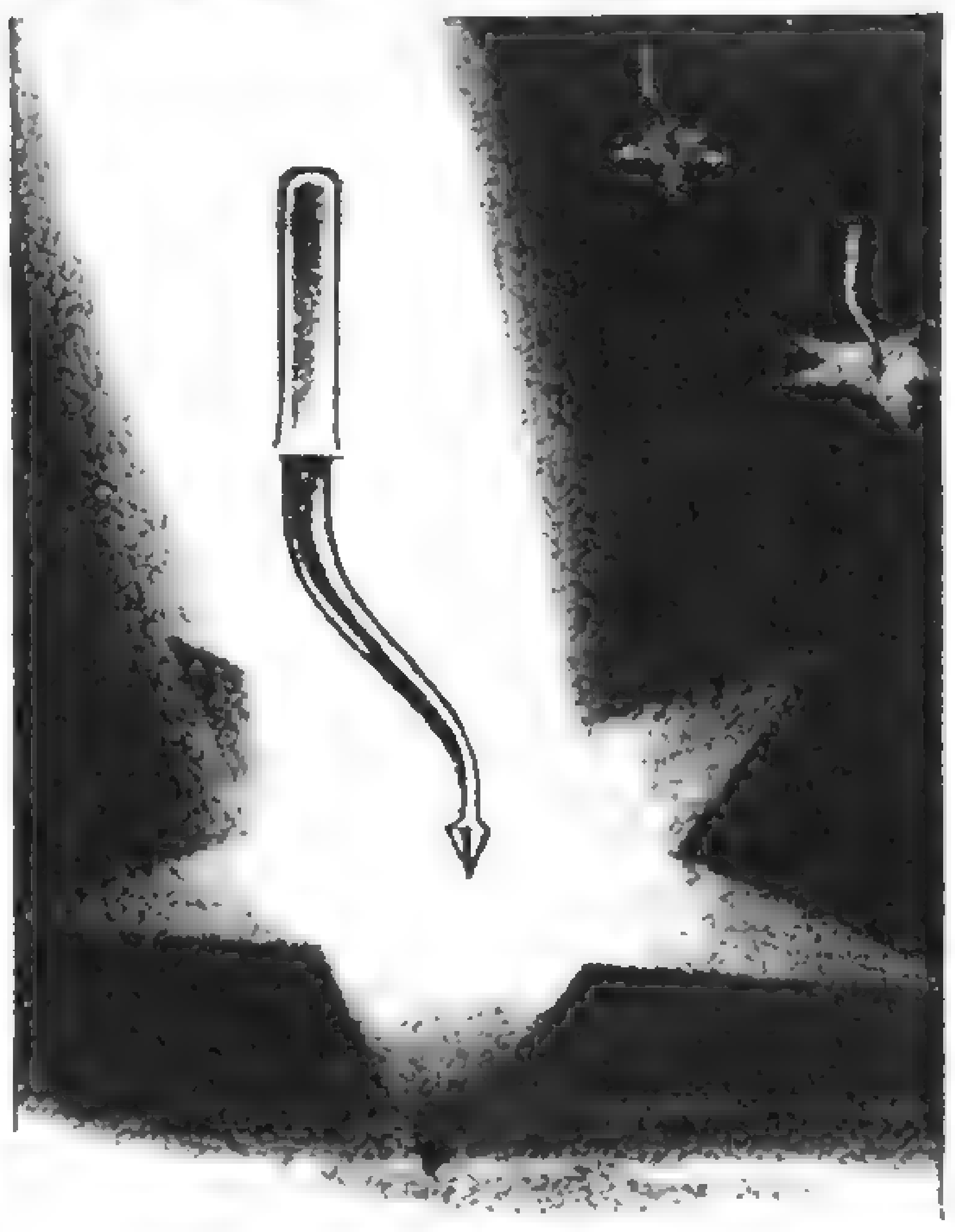

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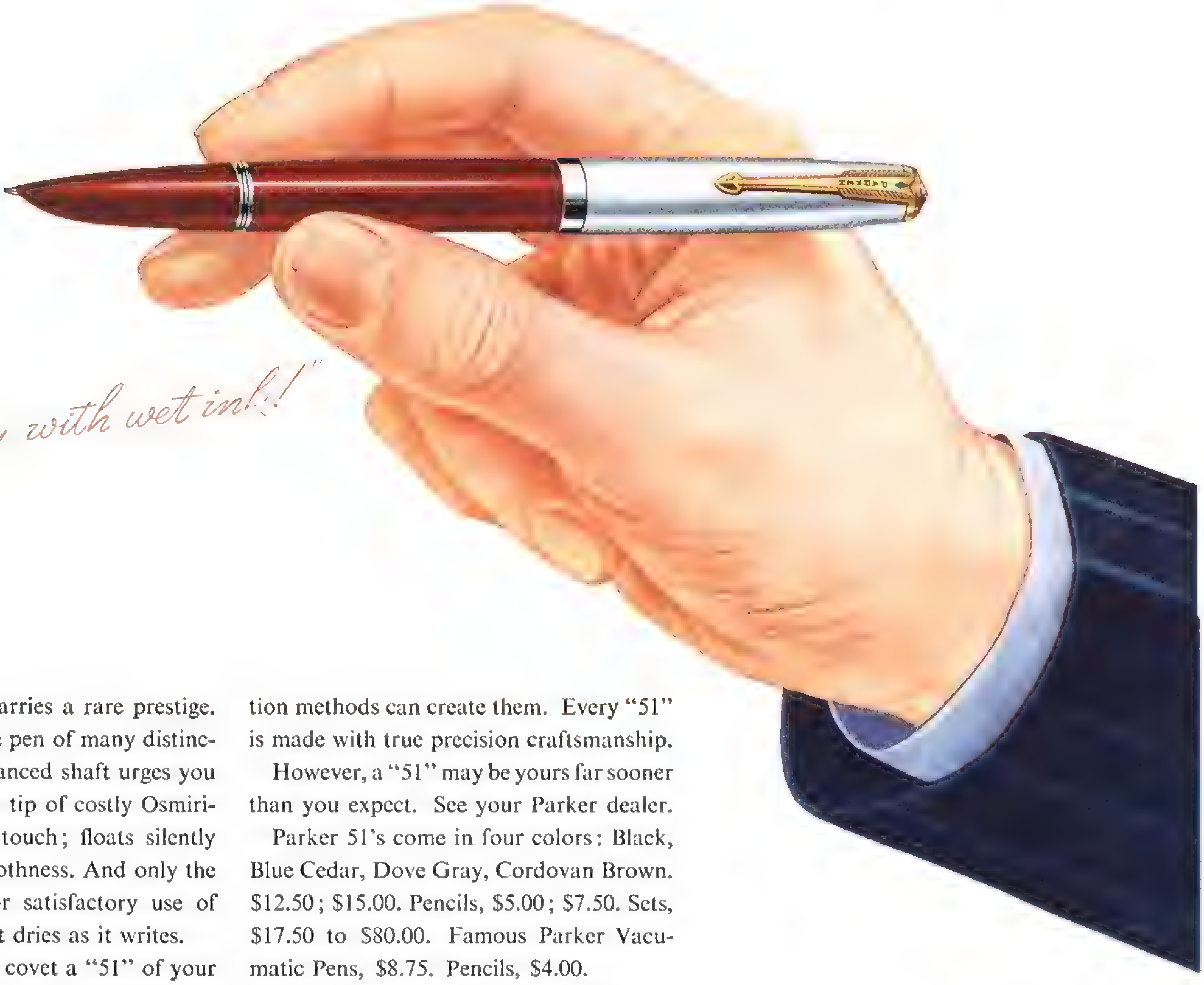
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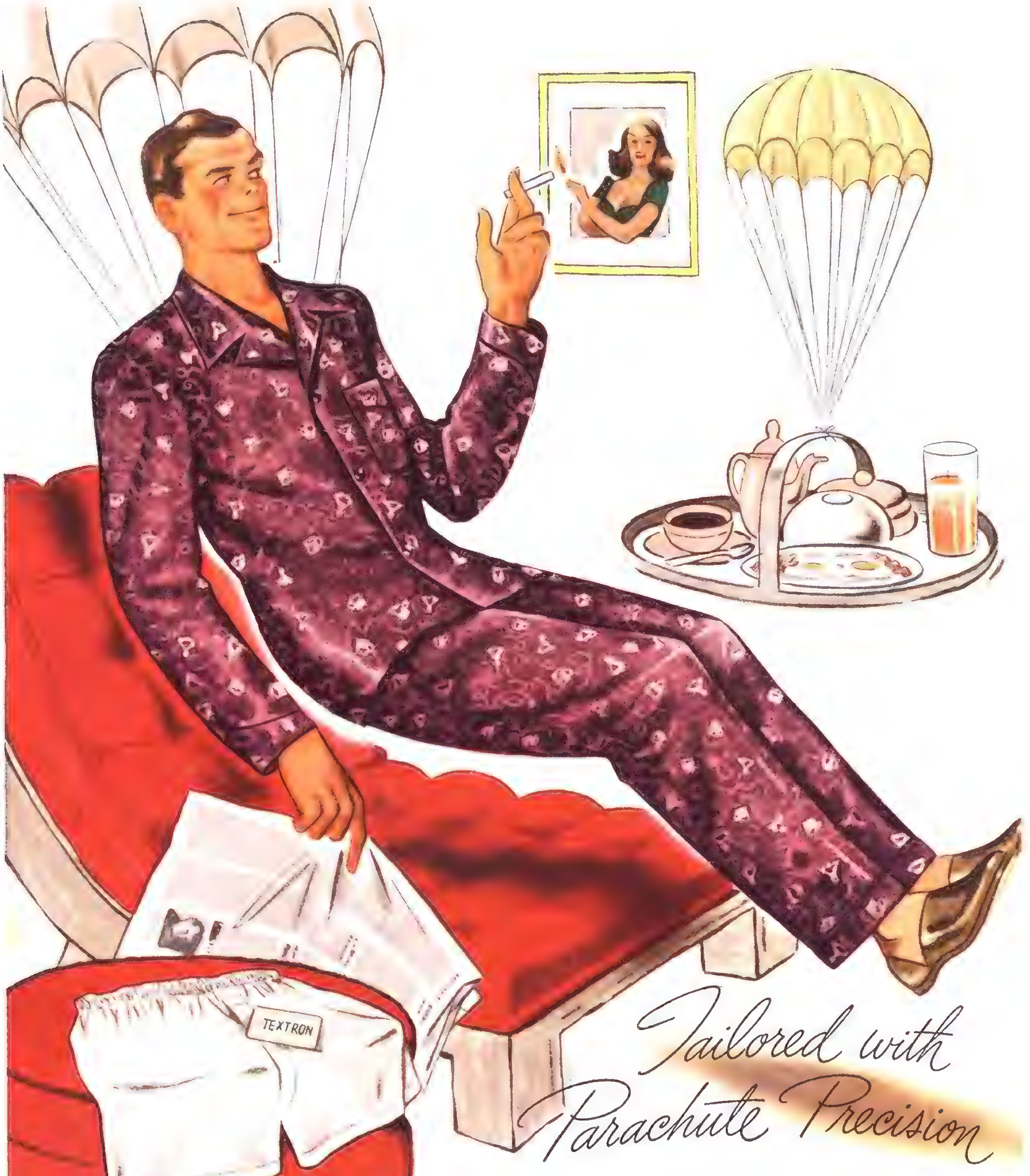

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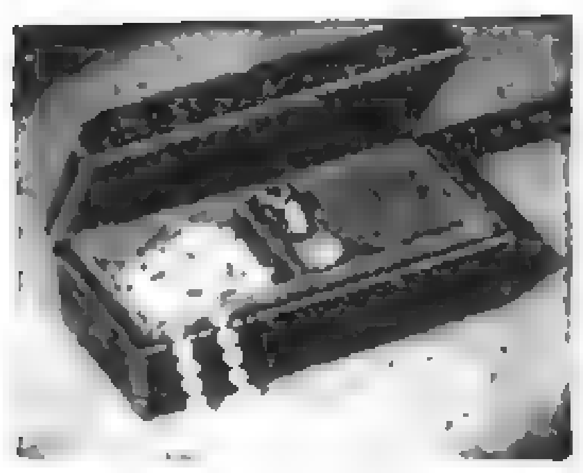

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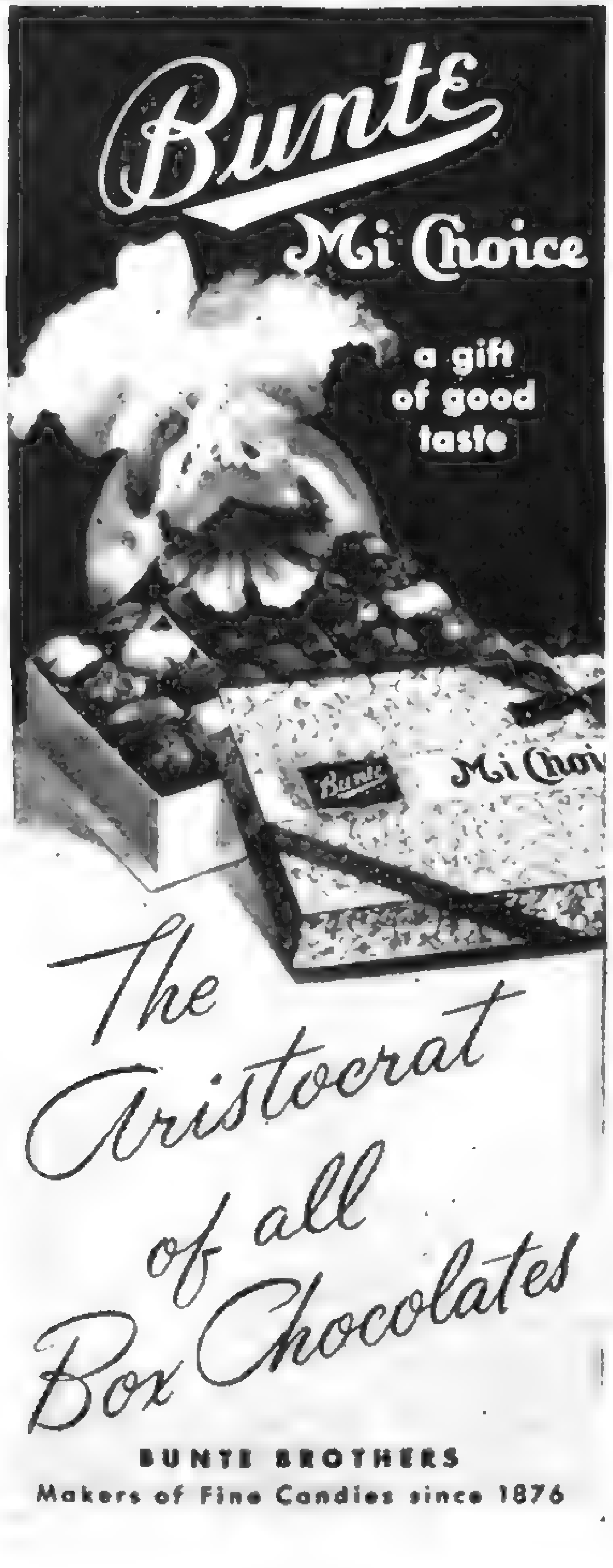

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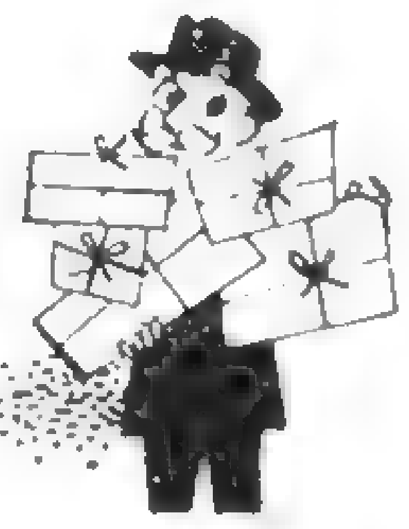
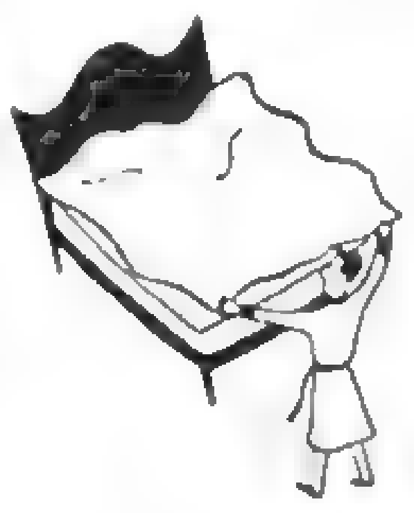
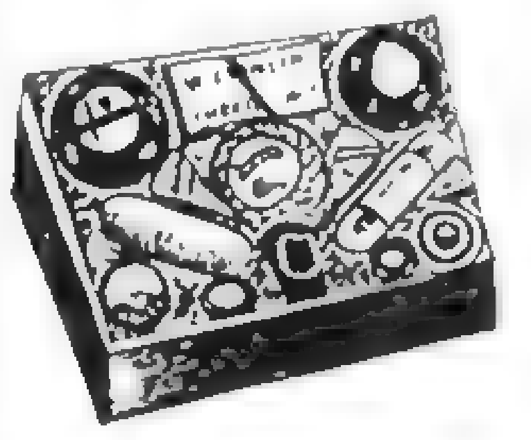


COLD FEET. Nothing as disconcerting as the touch of a cold, clammy foot. You can do a lot for yourself and your bedfellow by supplying yourself with some bed sheets of flannel weave cotton. Put 'em on on top of the regular sheets to insulate against cold air circulating under the bed and through the mattress. Come in regular sheet sizes for single or double beds.



"ON WISCONSIN". One of the best bits of news since the post-war period began is the fact that cheese is back with a bang. No ration points. All of its rare old flavor. If you've tried to pry yourself into any cheese store, fight your way to the counter and try to get waited on, you'll welcome this easy order-by-mail way of getting some of the country's finest cheeses. Yep . . . Wisconsin cheese in all its glory. A gift box containing about a dozen different taste sensations. A pair of apple red Goudas, a generous chunk of mild, mellow, natural cheddar, aromatic hickory smoked cheese, soft, creamy golden crusted camembert, sweet, pungent blue cheese wedges.



GIN RUMMY CAKE. Well shiver my timbers, imagine a cake made of gin and rum! Sure thing, potent fumes of your favorite beverages reach your nostrils as you cut into this loaf style delicacy. Of course it contains a few other items such as spices, pecans and raisins plus the usual cake ingredients such as flour and eggs. You can also get another tasty morsel with whiskey flavor. Made from an 1860 recipe (they didn't spare the horses in those days) there's said to be a quart of quality Bourbon to every six pounds of batter. Don't crowd, gents.

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Ranger

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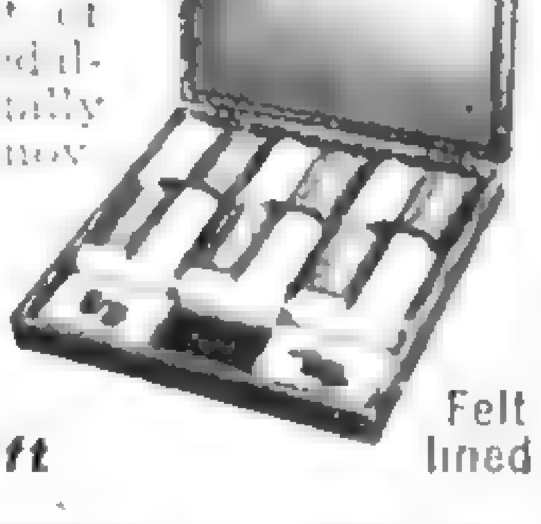

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Painting the Town with Esquire

BY WAY OF humoring its carriage trade, the Hotel Gladstone (East 52nd, within an olive's throw of Park Avenue) has broken out a handsome green-and-gold Victorian Room for opulent eat sessions, with oyster white leather chairs, wall banquettes, and tableware of the choosiest. Functioning for luncheon, dinner, and supper, this well groomed spot, possessed of a cheery cocktail lounge, keeps abuzz till 3:00 A.M., piano tinkles bridging any gab gaps. Brad Hammond, uncanny rememberer of names and faces, does the affable at the door. Flavor-inspired Charles Rollet rules the skillets. Service is under the suzerainty of Theodor Szarvas, a classic.

THAT OLD COLONIAL custom, a glass of Madeira with nibbles of walnuts between sips, has been revived at the Men's Bar of the Ritz-Carlton most revivingly . . . Dapper demon restaurateur-impressario Anthony Mele, toting the admired-chowed Restaurant Théodore on one shoulder and the furiously successful Ruban Bleu supper boite on the other, has finally hired a Managing Director to assist him—Lt. Anthony Mele, Jr., outa the South Pacific into a dinner jacket. But neither Senior nor Junior can figure a way to get you in on the entertainment by jivy Maxine Sullivan, sultry seductress Monica Boyar, chummy Whispering Jack Smith and such, when the Ruban is already replete with customers, as is chronically the case these nights.

ICE impersonates sidewalks of old New York at the whirly-girlie skate show *Belles & Blades* in the Hotel New Yorker's Terrace Room, with Johnny Long maestroing and Joan Hyldoft as petite queen of the occasion . . . Ankle activities at Central Park's Tavern-on-the-Green have the benefit of the music of Walter Perner, which causes couples to sing along with it softly into each other's necks . . . Scandinavian vitamins flourish profusely in the knotty paneled premises of the Three Crowns (12 East 54th), where the smörgasbord table, souvenir of the Swedish Pavilion at the New York World's Fair, revolves in the manner of a carousel. Aquavited and Swedish Punched, you emerge invigored as a viking . . . José Corte and his spirited crew are rhythming the dancing at the Club Continentale of the Hotel St. Moritz. Across the lobby there's Rumpelmayer's—a right place for feeding confections to your Sugar.

For information about any hotels or restaurants and their related services, write "Esquire-about-town", 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Please enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.

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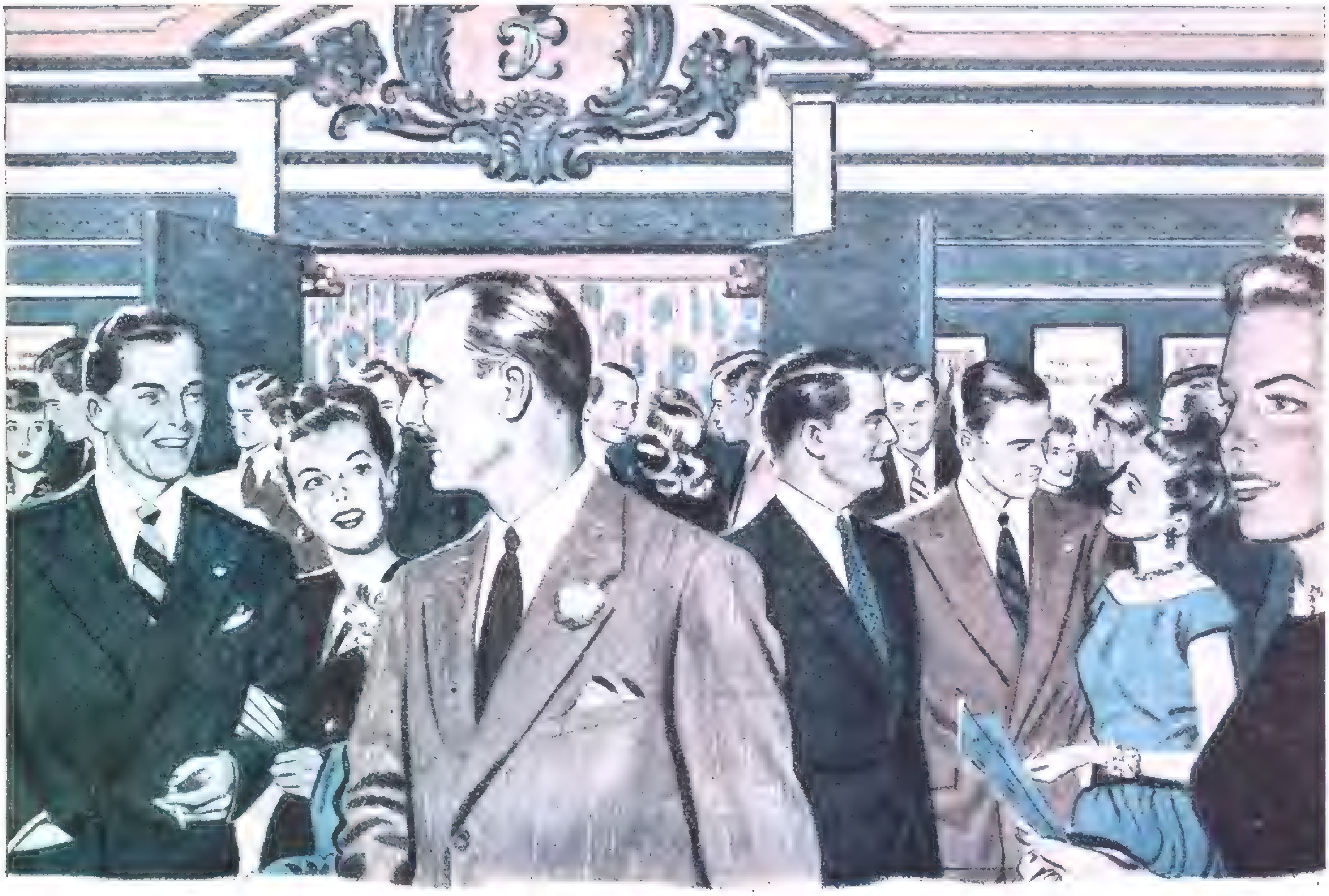

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Backstage with Esquire

Art Cohn

ART COHN, author of *The China Chin*, writes: "Since appearing in Esquire some four years ago, I chased the war for International News Service for 100,000 miles in twenty-four countries, became persona non grata in most of them and shikker in all of them. In August, 1943, General Douglas MacArthur kicked me out of New Guinea, and three days later I landed in San Francisco. The following year, Admiral Sir James Fownes Somerville, Commander in Chief of the Eastern Fleet, British Royal Navy, booted me out of the Indian Ocean; a week later I landed in New York. Thus the admiral outpunted the general by some 8,000 miles. I now live with my wife and two sons in Palos Verdes Estates, California, overlooking the Pacific; write a sports column for the Long Beach *Independent* in the morning, run a clothing store in the afternoon, write magazine articles and books and drink Scotch whisky at night. A man who doesn't like that is crazy."

•

SIDNEY SACKSON lives in Brooklyn, says with pardonable complacency that it took ten schools in three cities to complete his education. While getting his degree in engineering he acquired a wife and a considerable knowledge of mathematics and the laws of chance. An enthusiastic time killer, he has devised some three hundred games, including complex mechanisms requiring three days to play. *Two Can Play at Poke* marks his first public appearance.

•

Robert Pierron

ROBERT PIERRON, whose triumphant *How I Won My Psychosis* caused a pause in the day's occupation while our proofreaders gave way to prolonged hysterics, sends us these characteristic notes: "I am twenty-seven and the proud owner of eighty lovely, exciting points which got me out of the Army on October 2nd. I attended the University of Wisconsin, was an associate editor of the Wisconsin *Octopus*, majored in journalism, but never quite got around to graduating. The Army got me in September of '42. A year later I went overseas with the 28th Division as a male Wac and ran a typewriter in the rear, rear echelon. I also wrote a nasty book about the nasty Army, but lost it last December when I was captured in the Ardennes by five panzer divisions. Now that I'm out, all I want to know is: What happened to all the lovely, lovely days between 1942 and 1945?"

•

MACKINLAY KANTOR was recently in Chicago, having his portrait painted by the same Francis Beaugureau who figures in the story (page 46) *Pretty Pictures for Tooey*. Kantor's war novel in verse, *Glory for Me*, came out last November, and he plans to devote most of this winter to completing a book about his childhood which will eventually emerge as a movie, under the auspices of 20th Century-Fox.

•

Charles Kaufman

As a Signal Corps captain, CHARLES KAUFMAN was assigned in the Fall of '44 to a motion picture combat camera unit attached to the 24th corps, en route to a full-scale invasion of a small, tough island in the Pacific. They had studied every rock and cove of that island and had drawn up perfect plans for photographic coverage. Then the joint staff made its sudden and dramatic switch, and went into Leyte on the first invasion of the Philippines. As to the background for *Ordeal of a Pollywog*, he confesses that when he crossed the equator in an LSV he managed to escape the dread fate of the uninitiated by the magic virtue of his camera, using his lens to soften the hearts of the picture-loving shellbacks. The Japs on Leyte, however, were less indulgent toward cameramen. Mr. Kaufman's peacetime job is writing for pictures, and before the war he wrote a novel called *Fiesta in Manhattan*.

Sidney Carroll

At this writing SIDNEY CARROLL is biding his time, waiting to go on a roving assignment over the world at large for Esquire and for Coronet. At Harvard University (class of '34) he studied bio-chemistry and edited the humorous publication, *Lampoon*. During three of his college years he was a staff cartoonist for the Boston *Transcript*, working hand in glove with the late H. T. Parker, the celebrated drama critic whom he regards as one of his few real teachers. It was Parker who diverted Carroll from science into journalism, which began with a job on the staff of the original *Stage* Magazine. Except for some months spent in the South Pacific area, as a war correspondent for Coronet and Esquire, he has lived in Hollywood for the past few years with a wife who writes plays and music and a three-and-a-half-year-old son who writes on wallpaper.

•

Paul Engle

PAUL ENGLE is a college professor, a poet, novelist and radio emcee, who commutes to Chicago from the University of Iowa (where he is in charge of creative writing) to conduct the Saturday evening quiz program over WGN entitled, Game of Books. The interest in horses which prompted his current article (page 78) was inspired by his father, who was a driver of race horses, a trainer and an owner of coach and saddle horses. Paul Engle has written a novel about horses called *Always the Land*, several books of poems including *American Song* and *West of Midnight*, and a book of sonnets about his daughter, *American Child*, which was published last September.

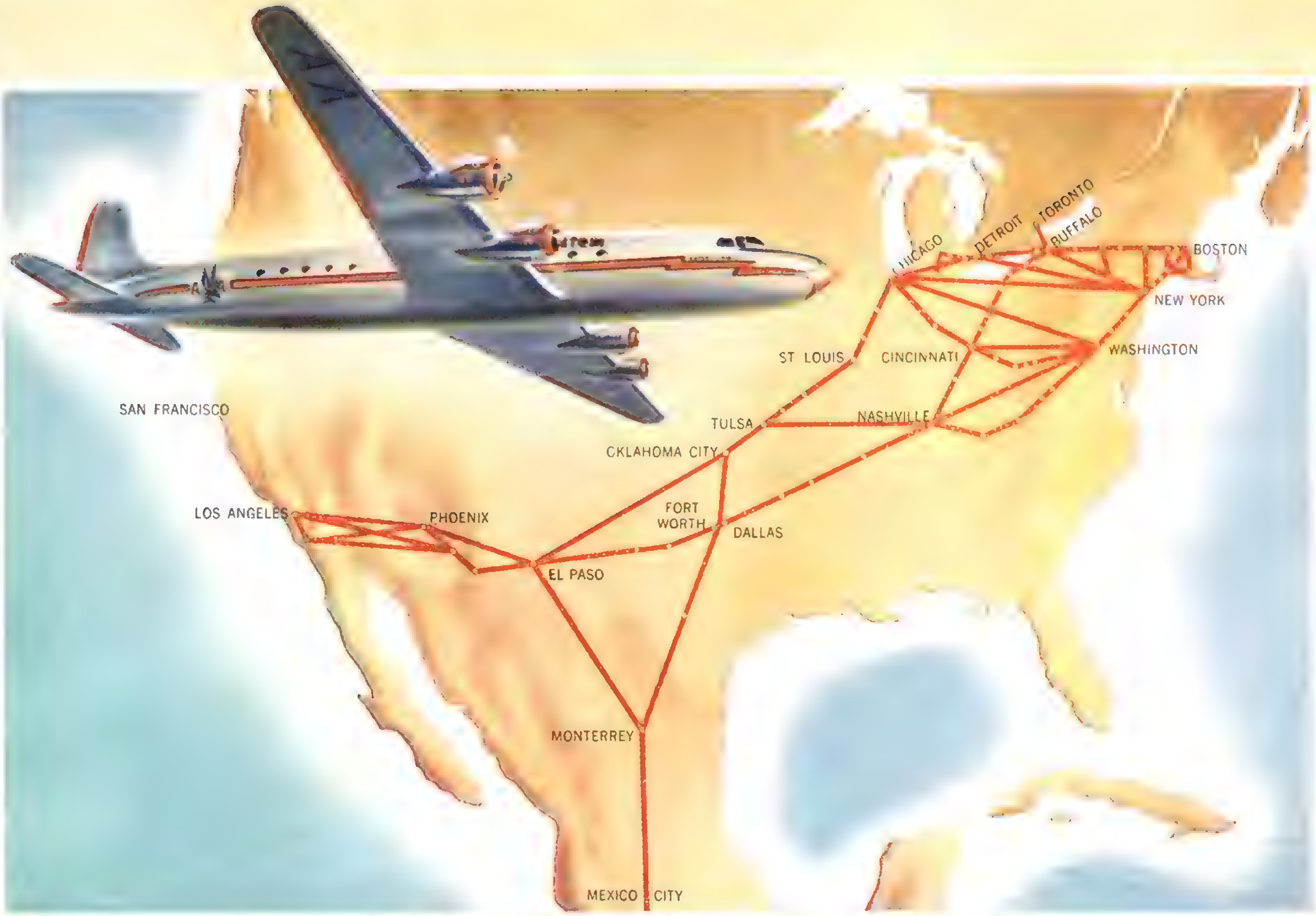
•

GEORGES SURDEZ had been writing stories with a French background for many years before he started to draw upon his own childhood. "Then," he says, "one evening I chanced to tell an anecdote about a smuggler in a small village on the Franco-Swiss border, and someone told me I should write it as a story. I did, and Esquire published it: *The Turning of Radiquet*. I was tremendously elated—it was somewhat like finding valuables in an old trunk—and wrote a series of stories. Before long I had material for a book which Doubleday Doran will bring out in the spring: *Homeland*. After the book was done, I found I had turned on the spigot and could not turn it off again; forgotten incidents and anecdotes kept cropping up, so I started to write a new series; one of the yarns was *Surprise at the Outpost*."

•

Bertram B. Fowler

Canadian-born BERTRAM B. FOWLER began working at seventeen as laborer on a railroad construction job; was a teamster in Winnipeg till the weather, which dropped to 58 below zero, started him in search of something warmer. He wound up in Central America, but doubled back when he decided the other extreme was about as bad. He says: "I was everything on a steamboat from stoker to steward; I left boats at all sorts of likely-looking ports from New Orleans to Liverpool, but found nothing to hold me in any of them. During World War I, I enlisted in the Canadian Infantry and served three years overseas. Coming out of the Army, I contracted the writing fever; since my career had fitted me for anything but this I began to haunt the halls of higher education, and for several years inflicted myself on a succession of long-suffering professors of English and general cultural subjects. Since those days I've had fiction and articles, on every conceivable topic, published in a variety of magazines; I've also found time to write several books." Fowler's answer to the inflation problem is at least as confusing as anything that has been proposed so far: *The Fabulous Plan of Phineas Flutterbutt* appears on page 31.



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Painting the Town with Esquire

DECAMERONIAN Dwight Fiske, with a new batch of leer lyrics, is disrupting white-tied decorum at the Versailles, where photo murals of the French "Sun King's" palace and gardens have been replaced by a lavishly stylized Dorothy Draper décor along the same themes only artier; it's as though the nymph and triton fountains had switched to champagne. Maximillian Bergere and his orchestra goad your gliding, Pepito Lopez and his jocund junta shiver your rumbas, and the whitecoated boys out at the bar can shake up good numbers, too, any time from four till four.

FUN OF WATCHING the suppleties of Rockefeller Center rinkers isn't lessened by the fact that the best observation posts are at tables in Promenade Café . . . Hospitality in the Broadway sector jumped quite a notch when splurgeous young Milton Kimmelman, rising star in the hotel-chain game, acquired the Hotel Victoria (7th Ave. at 51st), put able Pat Murphy in charge as Manager, and decreed enlargement and splendorment of its Candlelight Room. Now accommodating 400 for dining and dancing, this room is a modern Baroque glimmer chamber whose wine-hued walls sprout fanciful enscrolled candelabra and gala canopies over the seating arrangements, which permits pawholding. Ceiling is of dark powder blue, giving the impression that somebody must have walked off with the roof.

PINT-PROPORTIONED Barney Gallant, Greenwich Village alumnus whose circle of acquaintances girdles the globe, is becoming a trifle greet-groggy as they descend upon him (86 University Place) in rafts and droves, eager for Barney fodder, refreshments, and friendships. Unification of Army and Navy? Barney has achieved it . . . Lovers of expert lunacy are cram-jamboreeing the Blue Angel in enthusiasm over the return of their dizzy chanspoofsie Nancy Nolan . . . It's Richard Himber at the Casino-on-the-Park of the Essex House, wielding baton and magician's wand with equal clickology.

KNUCKLE OF VEAL, known and devoured wherever spaghetti is skeined, takes on special nuances of delectability at Del Pezzo's, 33 West 47th, an establishment without which the personnel of the Metropolitan Opera would feel lost, they have been hanging out there ever since Caruso's day. Atmosphere is informal and everything is prepared to individual taste. If you're a stranger and don't know what to order, just follow the waiter's recommendation. You will thank him profoundly . . . The Mecca, upstairs at 6 East 30th, doesn't serve licca, but the skewered lamb, honey stocks, and other Syrian specialties are swell. So come primed . . . Bivalves, lobsters, and finny fare do themselves proud at the tidy establishment of tall blond Dick the Oysterman, 65 East 8th. Cookery is forthright rather than fancy, freshness needing no disguises. If your fish yen happens to run to boiled beef brisket with horseradish sauce, you're still in bounds.

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At rare intervals Jabez' tender nature returned briefly, and it was in one of these softened, alien moods that he courted and married gentle Piety. Then deliberately and viciously he murdered his young bride's love, transforming it to a bitter hatred. Their children Luke and Saffron, conceived in love and hate, were as different from each other as they were from other children. Luke's empty, bright nature had no need of outside comforts, but Saffron, of the tawny hair and gold-flecked eyes longed for love and understanding. And it was on the warm, fragrant bosom of Flowery Shrine, that Saffron poured out her great yearnings.

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THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Money, money, money was the little man's curse and Entwhistle labored to spend it

The Fabulous Plan of Phineas Flutterbutt

by BERTRAM B. FOWLER

On the way downstairs Horace Entwhistle could smell the coffee. He knew the brand—the grocer's worst. It smelled like stewed sweepings and would taste like carbolic acid. But it was the best the Entwhistles could afford.

He caught a glimpse of himself in the hall mirror at the bottom of the stairs. He saw a thin little man with lines of worry etched in his greyish face. He saw a shabby suit and shoes made shapeless with continual repairing. He certainly needed a new suit and some new shoes—but with things as they were. He shook his head in silent deprecation of the times and his own part in them.

He sat at the table and forced cheerfulness into his voice as Emma Entwhistle entered like the flagship of a convoy. "Good morning, dear."

Emma scowled as she plowed her wide beam across the dining room. "Humph! What's good about it, I'd like to know?"

It was then that Horace saw the money piled beside his plate and his heart sank. Emma saw his glance and snorted. "Look at it. I should think you would feel ashamed of yourself. A fine provider you turned out to be. Look at it piled up there! Five thousand dollars of it.

"How do you expect me to serve a decent meal? How do you expect me to run a household? How do you expect me to hold up my head in the neighborhood? I'm the laughing stock of every woman on the block; me in my old last year's rags, loaded down with that mountain of trouble." She stabbed an accusing finger that took in Horace and the pile of money in one all-embracing gesture.

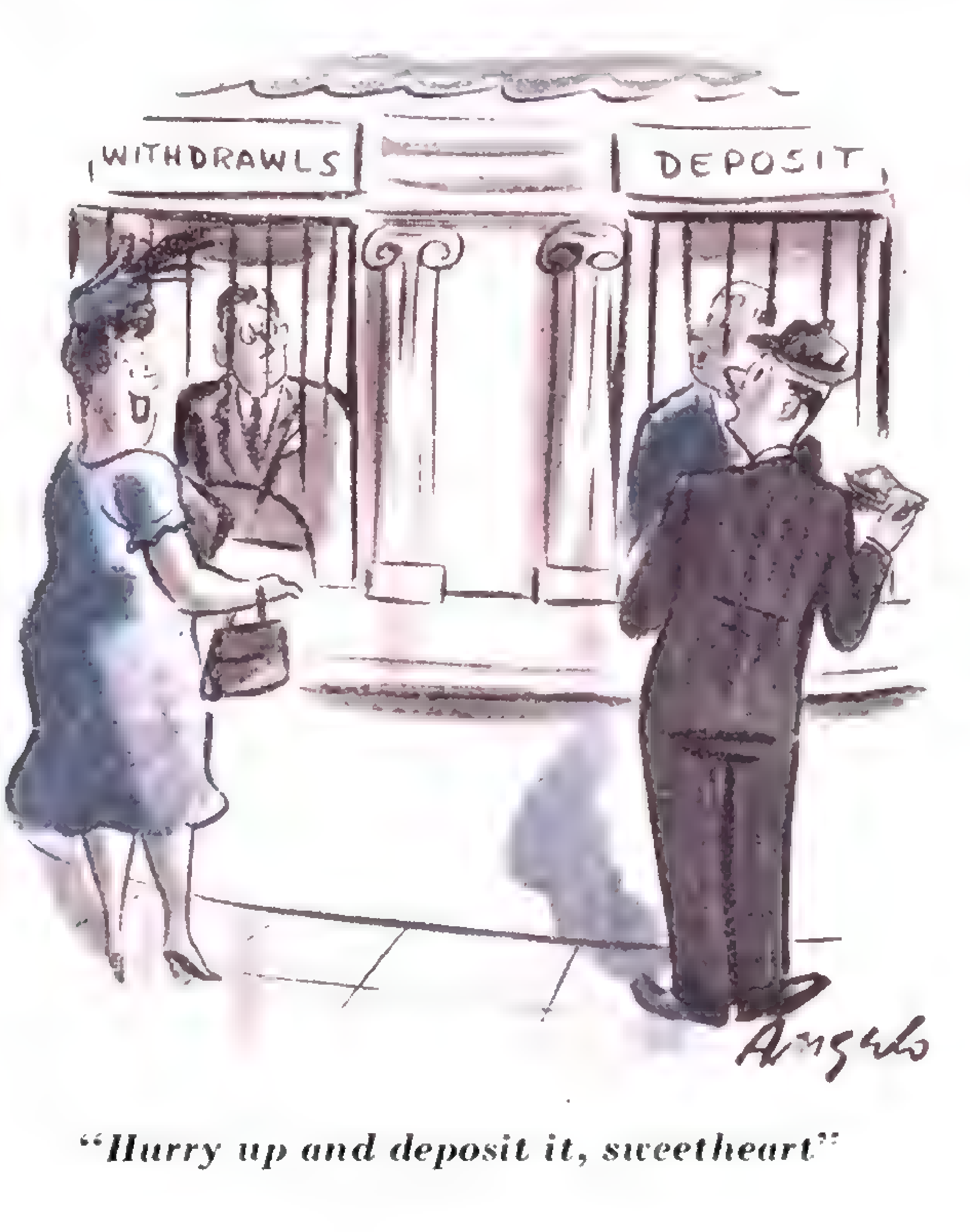
She drew a deep breath and Horace sighed. It was the usual morning tirade. But to Horace it never lost its edge through usage, nor did it fail to hang lead weights on his heart.

"And let me tell you, Horace Entwhistle, you've got to do something about it. Beginning next month the landlord is making us take twenty-five dollars more a month from him or he'll evict us. Where will we go then?"

Horace glanced miserably around. Her shrill voice went on, rasping across his nerves like a rusty nail. "I know. You're looking for your paper. Well, there isn't any paper. There won't be any paper. The paper man won't leave another one till we take the ten dollars coming to us from the last three months. And there's your insurance premium we've got to accept coming due next week. And the butcher. Eighty cents a pound he wants me to take now for steak. That's why I don't suppose we'll ever eat anything but bologna and hamburger from now on."

Her bosom heaved like a North Atlantic swell. Then it came, as it always did. "You and your Senator Phineas Flutterbutt. A fine pair you two turned out to be. Him and his 'fabulous plan.' Humph!"

The unfairness of that always hurt Horace most of all. He could remember only too clearly. It was Emma who had gone all out for the Fabulous Plan of Phineas Flutterbutt.



"Hurry up and deposit it, sweetheart"

As a matter of fact, it had never seemed quite sound to Horace. But, to be fair, he couldn't think of any other plan that would have fitted the time. It had happened in 1949. That was the year that income taxes rose to 110 per cent of income. The National Debt was then eight hundred billion dollars. Maybe the imposition of such an income tax was necessary. But it had made money worthless. So something had to be done to give it value.

It was then that Senator Phineas Flutterbutt had gone before the voters with his fabulous plan. It had seemed such a simple and plausible plan to the people who voted in that momentous election to bring into being a new monetary policy for the United States.

The Senator's fabulous plan simply reversed the fixed economic more. The eight hundred billion dollars of National Debt automatically became the National Wealth. Instead of collecting from the citizens, the Government gave to each citizen 100 dollars every week, thus dividing the responsibility for economic stabilization evenly among all.

Money had to be spent—or else. Goods and services became everything, money a liability. Men had to work to get rid of the money. The recipient of goods and services had to accept with the goods and services a sum of money that the other fellow stipulated. Of course OPA still maintained strict control of ceiling prices to protect the purchaser from being overloaded with money that had now become a penalty. To obtain help, the employer had to accept money from his workers. His responsibility was to manufacture commodities of such a quality that he, in turn, could give the highest possible amount away with his product.

Of course many smart chaps figured that getting rid of money would be easy. But they hadn't grasped the completeness of the Fabulous Plan of Phineas Flutterbutt. The money was made indestructible, non-inflammable, waterproof and acid-resistant. Getting rid of it illegally became a much more serious offense than stealing it had been in the silly old days when money was something to save. The Treasury Department and a much-multiplied staff of FBI maintained the most rigorous supervision in the interests of the public weal. Briefly, all saving money was canceled, and in its place was issued the beautiful currency of forced expenditure. It was so simple that everyone wondered why Mr. Vinson hadn't thought of it before.

Emma pointed again at the money and her voice became grim and foreboding. "It's your fault that we have that. If you were half a man you'd have a job like John Abercrombie. Do they have money cluttering up their lives? They do not!

"It

(Continued on page 134)

Holding that music is not the exclusive right of the carriage trade, Salmaggi's great dream is grand opera at two bits

Poor Man's Impresario

by PAUL GOULD

HEAVEN to Alfredo Salmaggi consists principally of a huge stadium housing continuous opera twenty-four hours a day at bargain-basement prices, with St. Peter collecting tickets at the door and Gabriel blowing his horn in the pit.

But the impresario at fifty-eight isn't prepared as yet to take a lease on a celestial arena and, besides, he has some very definite ideas about opera on earth. After thirty years of extraordinary musical promotion in America, he has a vision—grand opera for audiences of 100,000 at ten and twenty-five cents a seat.

This is not so fantastic as it may seem, for in Chicago, back in 1932, Salmaggi did lure 45,000 very earthly bodies into Soldier Field. At popular prices the season was an astounding success at a time when the Metropolitan Opera Company was engaged both in looking down its upturned nose at the plebian Salmaggi and broadly lamenting the decline of the market and that of the patrons of the arts.

All Salmaggi actually needs is land—lots of land—and an enlarged stump box and he'll fence in Verdi, Puccini and Mascagni to the frenzied acclaim of the butcher, the baker and the barber. There is no place on earth too humble for his gospel of song. He can hold forth in the hallowed halls of the world's most famous opera houses, or he can woo the muse in a backyard against a curtain of hanging wash.

Three summers ago Salmaggi decided to bring opera to the masses of Bay Ridge and the Bush Terminal sections, in Brooklyn. The neighborhood was uncomfortably close to the famed and odorous Gowanus Canal and the podium was virtually surrounded by factories and war plants. The site chosen was the Bay Ridge Stadium, like Soldier Field also an athletic bailiwick, but this time the Salmaggi shingle was hung out at a broken-down, limping field that had previously housed many third-rate soccer, boxing and wrestling contenders. Altogether it was a far cry from the Windy City grounds upon which Notre Dame and Army had staged their football debates.

Salmaggi was no whit annoyed. There were difficulties to be sure. The dust-encased boxing ring measured twenty-four feet by twenty-four and presented artistic problems. The dimout of 1942 cast shadows under the eyes of the caroling artists and it wasn't possible to introduce parades, ensembles or dancing troupes on a platform trembling under the trod of the buskin. Moreover the earth, freshly churned by mailed soccer shoes, offered a barrier to the clientele not altogether convinced that Coleridge had ever visited Brooklyn when he discoursed on the willing suspension of disbelief.

The good Maestro was imperturbable. The boxing ring's high posts—a visual pain-in-the-neck to the dollar-seat patrons up front—he converted into supports for a canvas ceiling with overhanging edges, and the lights were arranged to reflect directly downward, thereby appeasing the dimout-sensitive gendarme. Al fresco music to the lyric tones of *Traviata* and *Rigoletto* soothed the spectators who always saw eye-to-eye with Salmaggi's box-office quotations. It was a short but beautiful season.

This year, Salmaggi finally prevailed on the Brooklyn Dodgers, now under the aegis of pontifical Branch Rickey, to lease him Ebbets Field for the summer, and Bay Ridge Stadium was left far in the rear. Where nothing sweeter than "Kill the umpire!" had been heard in twenty years, now began to ring the opera trills of *Aida*, though Mr. Rickey had his operatives present to see to it that no elephants or camels tore up the carefully nurtured infield. The sequined ballet was advised to execute its pirouettes at the home plate, but this was little to worry a man who had introduced *Aida* into a hostile Egypt thirty-three years ago and who had staged it in half-a-dozen capitals elsewhere.

Salmaggi cherishes the thought of returning triumphantly to Italy, land of his birth, where he claims he taught the Princess Margherita the mandolin, after he had decided to junk the career of evangelist. True he did go back once—in 1923—but he had got a bellyful of Mussolini.

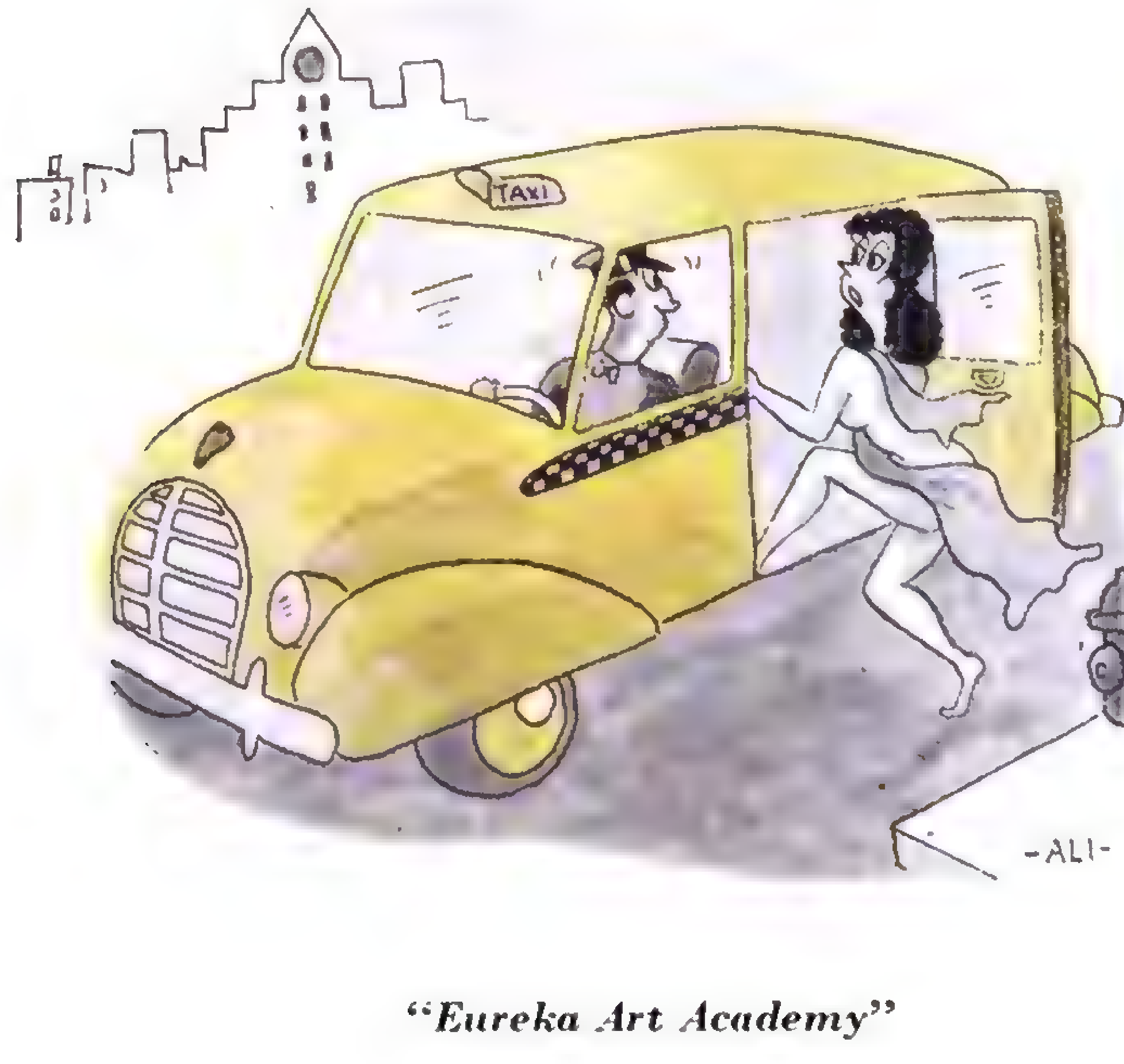
"To be an artist in Italy," he said, "you had to be a Fascist. I said, 'Mussolini, you go to hell,' and I return to America."

It is the Maestro's great conviction that opera is dedicated to the great masses, rather than the rich few, that has led to his unorthodox innovations. One of his experiments stemmed from his desire to become more personal with his clientele. To this end, he began to address them between curtains and, if necessary, call important matters to their attention.

In 1943, at a performance of *Carmen*, marking the silver anniversary of the first of his thousands of opera presentations in America, he stepped to the stage and gently chided the wayward members of the audience who were not co-operating in maintaining the dollar-opera standard. It seems that mail orders were coming in without the required return postage and so the fifty-cent and dollar-top opera was being abused by the additional expenditure of three-cent stamps.

He is always to be spotted in the lobby before the first call and during intermissions, his leonine head atop a six-foot frame dipping almost in cadence to the greetings of his flock. There is a kinship between Salmaggi and his trade that is unmatched anywhere in the world of entertainment, unless it be at an Olsen and Johnson show or a wrestling match in which the ringsiders suddenly find themselves embraced by a burly grappler catapulted out of the ring.

On occasion, the Maestro had to forego bidding his guests welcome when acute emergency arose. For example, in 1940, at his favorite house, the historic Brooklyn Academy of Music, he was hastily summoned to become a last-minute replacement for an ailing artist, Constante Sorvino. So unexpectedly had the star come down with illness that the Maestro was unable even to announce,



"Eureka Art Academy"

with appropriate fanfare, that he would substitute in the role of Borsa in *Rigoletto*. Behind his make-up and wig, he sang with a pang in his heart shared only by ghost writers, but his reward was rich when, at the end, his identity was disclosed. The acclaim he received equaled that of Babe Herman smiting a home run in Flatbush. The Maestro thereupon declared he was willing and anxious to sing several roles in one opera, provided, of course, the parts did not call for simultaneous stage appearances. It was the first time in two decades he had appeared in an opera.

Singing on the spur of the moment or conducting on equally short notice couldn't faze him, for a simple reason. Popular-priced opera, with seats offered for bids ranging from two bits to a buck, couldn't very well withstand the bludgeoning blows of orchestra rehearsal costs. Ergo—no rehearsals. Half an hour before curtain time the singers ran through their parts, accompanied by a pianist backstage, and then they'd go through it again in costume on stage. Yet the presentations met with acclaim from audiences by no means uncritical or ignorant of fine music. Whatever else may be said of Salmaggi's unprecedented introduction of showmanship into opera, his fiery temper, his Barnum-like methods in thrusting fine music down the throats of the populace, there is no disputing his ability or questioning his devotion. Not only is he thoroughly grounded, by reason of forty years in music, but he has an amazing talent for discovering new voices. At least half-a-dozen of his protégés have graduated from his ranks to the Metropolitan and scores more have made their mark in concert halls and on the radio.

His chief plague was the time-honored bane of the artist—finances—when he first made his bid in New York. On a number of occasions he was compelled to strike his colors because at the last minute the mere matter of money had not been taken into consideration. Once he had to raise 349 dollars from friends at 8:15 p.m. before he could proceed with his introduction of the Spanish baritone, Augusto Ordognez, who had recently been decorated by King Alphonso.

On another night, the musicians' union demanded its pay before the performance went on, in conformance with a new ruling, and Salmaggi pleaded with the musicians to wait until all returns from distant box-office precincts were in. But no—the show did not go on. Incidentally, Salmaggi is today one of the staunchest backers of the union and often pays considerably above minimum prices. He handed over 700 dollars for one night's performance by Antonio Paoli, but the tenor billed as the "successor of Caruso" did not register favorably with the fans. Over a period of years, Sidney Rayner became his highest-paid artist, drawing 300 dollars a night.

"Well, first of all, there was a strong head wind"

Wherever possible, the distinct Salmaggi touch was added to even so forlorn an announcement as a cancellation of a performance. This was never better illustrated than one night in New Rochelle, New York, when the good Maestro arranged for a funeral march to accompany the stillbirth of an engagement. In August, 1923, he brought his company to the local high school to present the "twins"—*Cavalleria Rusticana* and *Pagliacci*. There were only a hundred persons in the hall and the generous Salmaggi heart could in no wise compete with the stringent Salmaggi purse. The sixty-five singers, the orchestra, the stage hands could hardly be paid from such meager proceeds. But, on the other hand, neither could the faithful be left without some reward.

Accordingly the stage hands deposited their scenery outside and the artists went backstage. Those of the audience who had learned there would be no performance were urged to return to their seats. And as the singers appeared onstage, dressed in their *Cavalleria Rusticana* costumes, Conductor Anthony Paganucci sat down at the piano and began to play the *Dead March* from *Saul*. In a few minutes the deep, full resonance of the dirge was accompanying the spectators, many of them in evening dress, to a dignified exit.

During one season another disaster had threatened the stormy petrel of the music world, when the star hit a sour note near the end of the second act of *Carmen* and collapsed. It was a major crisis in the life of the Maestro. What to do?

Salmaggi was almost beside himself with despair and rage. He was more furious with himself than with the singer, for he had failed to take the precaution of stationing a sentinel near his star to prevent him from imbibing too freely. Early in the performance it was apparent that the star was beset by some difficulty. His notes failed to get across and agitated quavering took the place of the horsepower customarily associated with Don José. Many rose to leave.

As the second act proceeded, the singer's inability to swell into a passionate crescendo stung the audience. Truly he was a tame foil for a sporty Carmen. Before the act ended, it was plain that he would never summon enough courage to stab her to death. He accepted her insults in a henpecked pianissimo and every time she taunted him he looked as though he was debating an honorable retreat.

Finally he could take it no longer. A sour note stumbled from his lips. The company looked a thousand daggers at him. His voice wavered and the house jeered. He retired unceremoniously and the storm broke. Modest hissing became uproarious booing. The orchestra played frantically, but to no avail. It was just an ensemble of men waving arms, puffing cheeks, pounding unheard drums. Signor Salmaggi was horror-stricken. With speed born of desperation, he scurried through the aisles and finally found an oasis in this desert of frustration. He locked arms with a figure—it was Salvatore Sciaretti, who had sung at other times for the Maestro. He gallantly offered himself up as a sacrifice.

Came the third act. The conductor summoned historic notes from the rejuvenated band. Sciaretti as Don José fumed, became vehement, launched loftily registered denunciations. He drew his dagger and glowered at the saucy bit of soprano baggage, Ester Ferrabini, silver-throated and seductively buxom. There was a flash and the lady flopped. She rolled over in death agony and was gloriously killed.

The house cheered as it had never before; once again Salmaggi had triumphed.

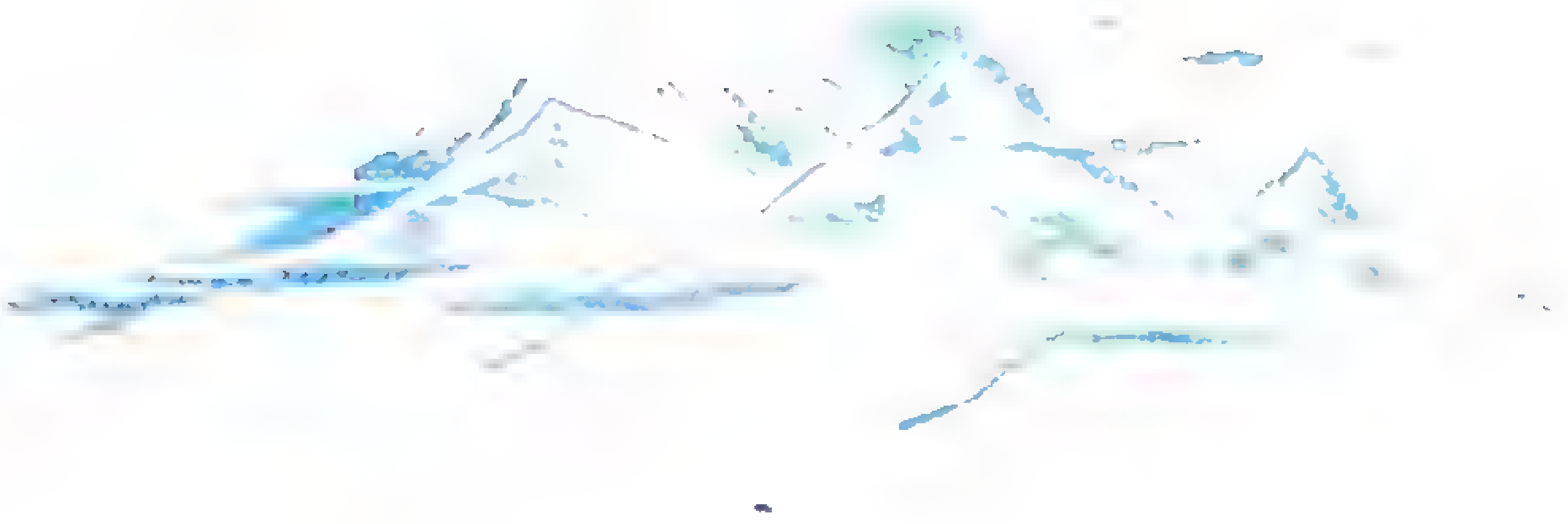
Sometimes the audiences raged and fumed—outside on the streets—and it was protest near and dear to Salmaggi's heart. It was the cry of the customers who could not be accommodated. There were thousands of them swarming on the streets that night in hot August, 1933, when opera burst on New York at the Hippodrome. Instead of 2,000 silver cards, tokens of admission gratis, 20,000 had mistakenly been ordered, and virtually every barber in the city had been accordingly circularized. They were invited as honored guests to attend the opening-night performance of *Aida*, marking the debut of twenty-five cent opera in Gotham. Each of the silver cards was good for two choice seats.

Long before 8:30 p.m. a line began to stretch on Sixth Avenue. Half an hour before the doors opened, between 15,000 and 20,000 persons had assembled outside the theatre and blocks away from it, ominously mushrooming in the direction of the Battery. The police hastily called for reserves. Ed Hurley, press agent for the Hippodrome, and Felix Deyo, Salmaggi's public relations counsel, got on the phone and called the newspapers.

"Send reporters over to the Hippodrome!" they shouted. "There are thousands and thousands of people here storming their way in to see opera. What? The hell with the music critics—send over police reporters!"

An epic page in the history of opera was written that night. It was the beginning of twenty-five-cent-to-a-dollar opera—on torrid nights, too, in which both singers and spectators roasted. Fifteen hundred performances in all were given, at first nightly, and then only on week ends, sandwiched in with Mike Jacobs' 20th Century Sporting Club fights and other athletic attractions. Ticket broker Mike had made a nice piece of change in his earlier days with ducats from the Met and he had a soft spot in his heart for opera. Accordingly he permitted Salmaggi to retain the *(Continued on page 153)*

Climb to the Clouds



Of the 1905 event when young Hilliard raced his Napier to the top of Mount Washington, smashing previous records

by JOHN LEATHERS

It is 7:56 a.m. on July 18th, 1905. A palpitating, two-year-old British race car stands poised on the drive of the Glen House in Pinkham Notch, her nose pointed toward the Mt. Washington carriage road. Her thundering exhaust stops all conversation about her as tense Bill Hilliard, her twenty-six-year-old driver, awaits the megaphoned word of Starter Butler. "You have two minutes." The low-speed gears grate into mesh. "One minute." The exhaust note rises under Hilliard's eager foot. "GO!" An ear-splitting bellow bursts from the Napier's engine, rearward spectators are showered with gravel, and the big machine rushes across the Glen House green and, grazing the toll bridge rail, is swallowed by the foliage screening the sharp rise beyond.

As Hilliard's exhaust fades out, a buzz of comment arises on the sunny lawn. Will this green kid of twenty-six from Boston, Massachusetts, beat the marks of F. E. Stanley and the seasoned amateur, Harry Harkness? "Hell, yes!" Colonel Wood, owner of the Napier, is speaking. "Hasn't he already taken the Bay State A. C. championship, and beaten them all in the Worcester climb? Why, at Readville, this boy . . ."

Conversation is interrupted by a message telephoned from the two-mile post: "Napier just passed, going great guns. Time—four minutes, seven seconds flat." Colonel Wood smiles broadly.

While the thundering machine races upward, bouncing over water bars which throw driver and mechanic momentarily from their seats, and skirting for breathless moments the edge of thousand-foot declivities, let's look at the scene on the mountain top.

Here, under the lee of the old chain-moored barn, the leaders of Motordom bask in the sunlight. Long Island millionaires James L. Breeze and Harry Harkness, mountain record holders of 1904, know the hazards which the intrepid Hilliard is at this moment braving. Charles Soules, Pope-Toledo crack, and F. E. Stanley, adherent of steam, sit complacently in their cars. Their records of approximately 30 minutes will take a bit of beating. The din of the Napier's exhaust rumbles up from the 7-mile post. President Lewis Speare and Secretary John Kerrison of the Bay State Auto Club man the timing gear, and spectators jump to their feet, watching the turn where Hilliard will appear. Into full view shoots the green Napier, her driver fighting the loose rocks, and mechanic Townsend holding on for his life. Who can doubt that this is winning speed?

A crack from Mr. Reeves' pistol and the cutting of the Napier's motor signal the end. A brief message quivers down the 8-mile copper thread to the watchers at the start: "Hilliard finishes, time 20:58 2/5, a new record for the mountain."

Who could convincingly interpret this stirring scene in color but Helck, who has left a document for future enthusiasts in the picture appearing opposite.

Previous chapters of the history of this record are not less adventurous. The eight-mile carriage road, ascending nearly 5,000 feet, represented a challenge to Jacob Vanderbilt as early as 1883, and his record, with six horses and a light carriage, was 1 hour, 17 minutes.

In due course came the automobile, and in 1899 Freelon O. Stanley, of Stanley Steamer fame, made a matter-of-fact approach to the problem by touring from his Newton home in a tiny 6-horsepower steamer, with a side trip to Washington's summit in 2 hours and 10 minutes. He may be excused for not beating the horse, for he had to stop to jack up his rear wheels every two miles. Water consumption was unprecedented, and his water pump was hooked to the engine crosshead, hence the necessity for idling. For 1903 the record was 1 hour, 46 minutes, made by L. J. Phelps in a model bearing his name. In June of 1904 Otto Nestman, drove a diminutive 2-cylinder, 7 h. p., crank-steering Stevens-Duryea for a 48 minute, 30 seconds record.

Nestman's record was one month old when F. E. Stanley, brother of Freelon, opened the throttle of his 6-horsepower, 800-pound vehicle on the Glen House drive and arrived at the summit, through a cloudbank, in 28:19 2/5 minutes. He was demonstrating the greatest 4-wheel hill climbing machine of its weight and horsepower for twenty years to come, the direct-geared Stanley Steamer. This mark stood for just 5 hours, 46 minutes. Harry Harkness, Long Island amateur, made a spectacular flight up the mountain on the same day in 24:37 3/5. His car's weight was three times, its horsepower nine times, and its price twenty-seven times that of the Stanley.

Mount Washington was repeatedly climbed without a fatality, but there were near misses aplenty. On the second day of the 1904 climb, A. E. Morrison shot past the 6-mile post in a high-powered Peerless touring car. A bitter rival of F. E. Stanley, Morrison was bent on gaining the four seconds by which he had lost the day before. Entering a turn near the Gulf of Slides, the Peerless leaped from a water bar, and was air-borne for her full length, the resulting skid loosing a small avalanche of rock into the ravine below. Straining his eyes into the haze ahead, Morrison was confronted with disaster. Number 14 Oldsmobile, stalled in the narrow path, was crowded against the bank; opposite her was a fog-blanketed drop of unknown depth. Morrison decided to go through. With foot hard down, and eyes glued to the wheels of the Olds, he left a bare coat of paint between them and his flying car, and let Fate take care of the offside wheels of the Peerless.

A long rasping slide on front axle and rear housing brought the Peerless to a stop, her wheels overhanging the ravine. Her twisting frame had broken a radiator bolt, and fan and radiator were thrust against the motor.

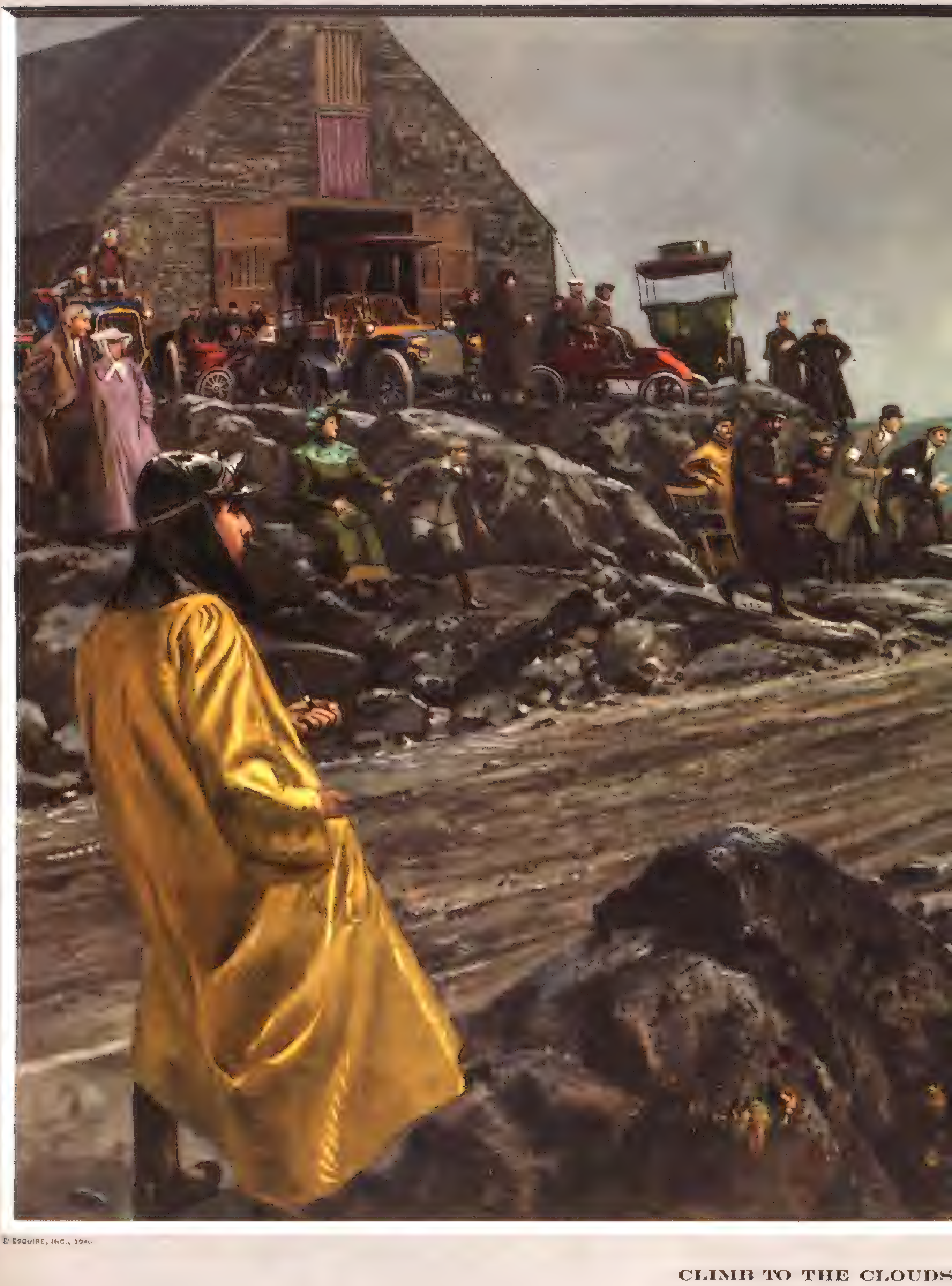
Such trifles, however, did not stop Morrison. It is on the record that he pulled his radiator into place, got the car on the road again by means unknown, and rushed across the finish line in 29:6 4/5—and for years, his favorite gripe was the loss of those four seconds.

The succeeding year saw the brilliant performance of Hilliard, which ended the official trials over the old and rugged track, as it ended also the records of Breeze, Harkness and Stanley. The road was subsequently widened, and with the 350 water bars eliminated, "Cannon Ball" Baker, in 1928, reached the top in 13 minutes, 26 seconds flat.

The latest chapter was written in 1938 by Lemuel Ladd, a mild-mannered amateur from Brookline, Massachusetts. Under the auspices of the Automobile Racing Club of America, he shot his Ladd-designed V-8 special up the carriage road in 12:17 3/5, for an international free-for-all mark. It is to be hoped that this royal sport will continue, and when this occurs, Ladd's record will be broken—possibly by Ladd himself. ##

A NOTE ABOUT THIS PAINTING

Peter Helck himself started to drive up Mt. Washington fifteen years ago in a Dupont, but rather sadly remembers that he didn't make it to the top. At that time he sketched the old shingled barn, which is chained to the ground to keep it from flying away in the wind. All eyes are focused on the driver, and the picture is composed so that the line of the road and the sloping rocks give a strong, directional pull toward the little car. The character at left, in the oilskin duster, isn't off a fishing smack; he wears what was a popular motoring costume forty years ago. The stylish picnic group at right is typical of the smart set who turned out for such events in the early automobile days when the drivers were usually gentlemen amateurs.



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CLIMB TO THE CLOUDS

(The Napier finished in 20:58 2

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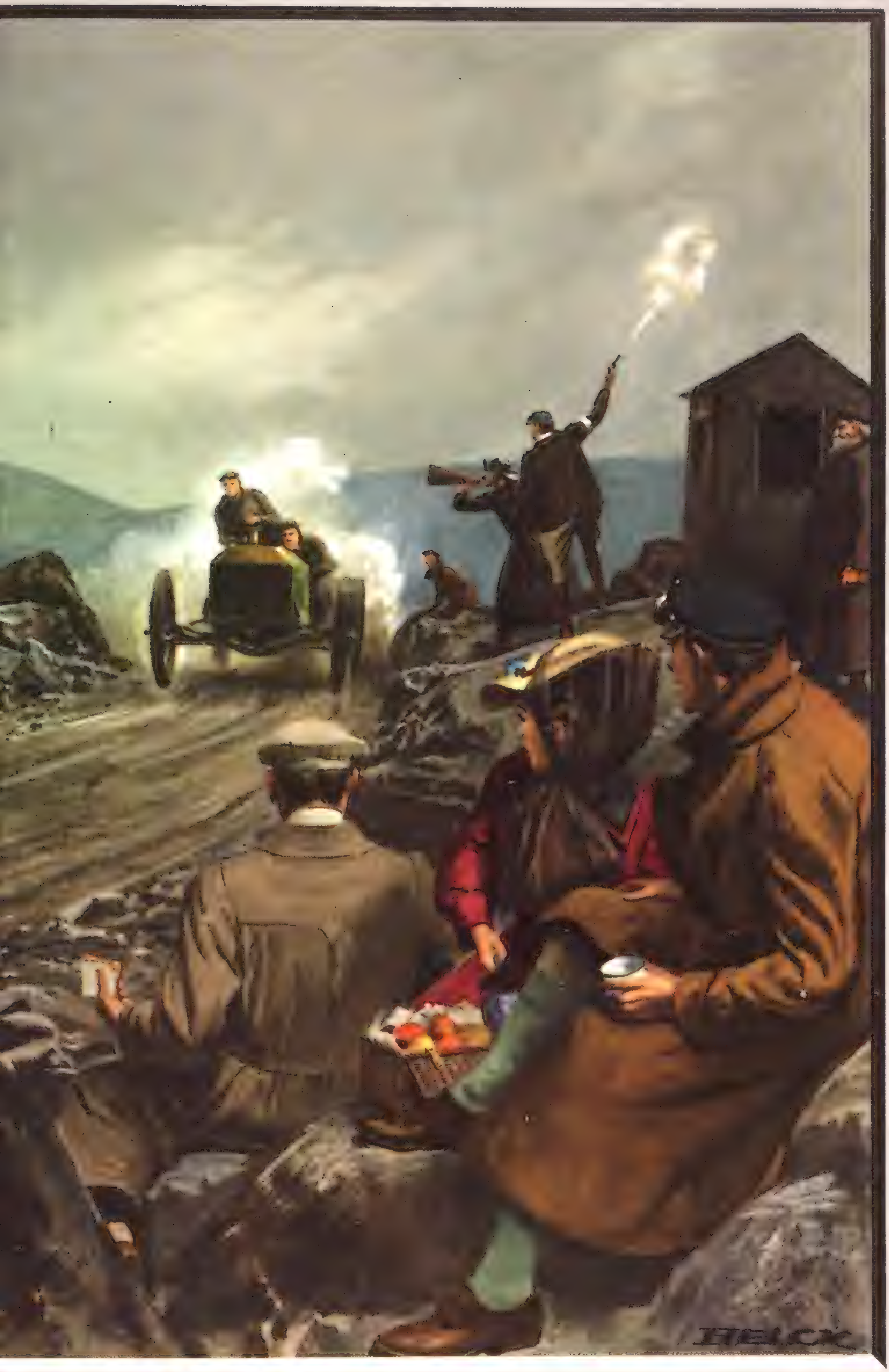

by *Peter Helck*

2/5)

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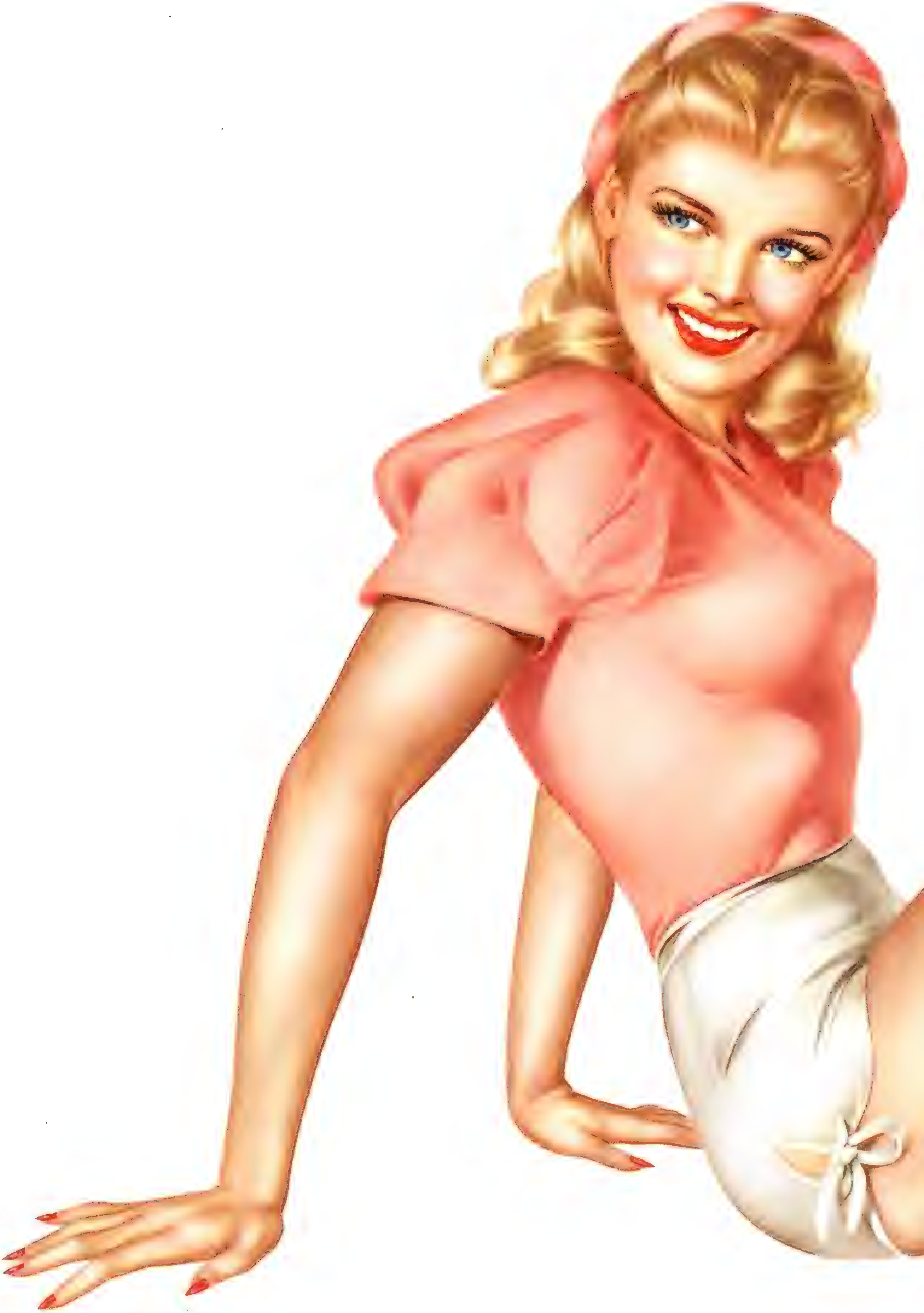
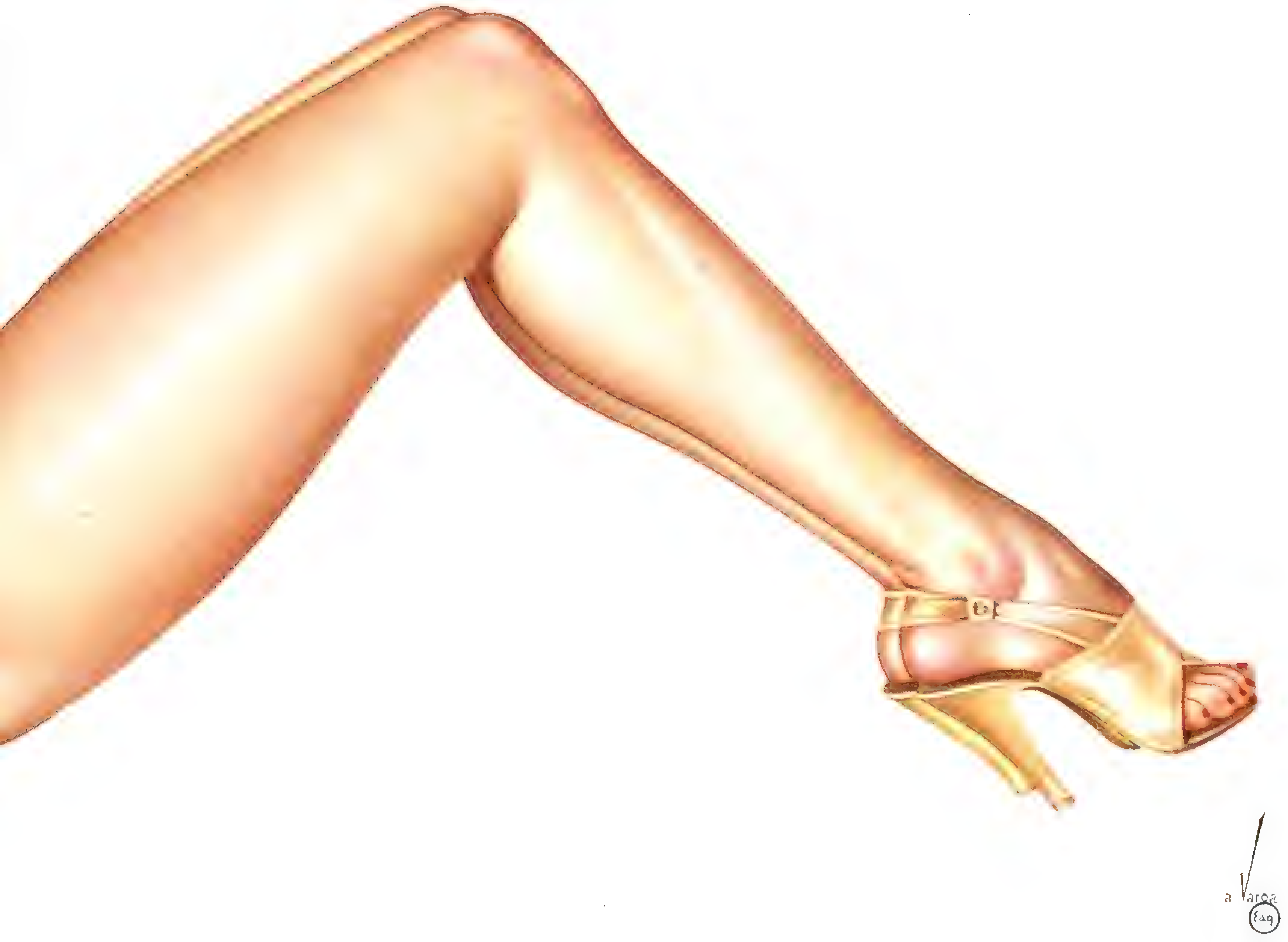


Saints Be Praised!

St. Valentine is steppin' high
In Nineteen Forty-six,
For peace is in the saddle
And love is doin' tricks;
And Jim is home from England,
And Bill is home from France,
And Cupid's home on furlough
With a yen for real romance!

Painting by Varga
Verse by Phil Stack



Dawn found the old noblemen arguing a point of honor dearer to them than life

Two Gentlemen of Bucharest

by GERALD KERSH

SHARP

"A similar point arose," said the first voice in the dark, "in Budapest, in 1899. I had been dining in the Café Anglais—the old Café Anglais, where Pifferari used so divinely to sing—when a certain Lieutenant Horvath permitted himself to speak offensively of a certain actress whom I knew slightly. A number of other officers at his table laughed at his unseemly joke. I threw my glove into the center of the table and challenged Horvath in particular and the company in general. They, of course, were bound to accept. Now here were five lieutenants, two captains, two majors, a colonel and a chief of brigade of the Carpathian Heavy Cavalry. The original offense had proceeded from Lieutenant Horvath. Should he fight me first, or should he give precedence to the chief of brigade?

"If the officers met me in order of seniority, then my chances of meeting Horvath—he being one of the most junior of the lieutenants—were slight, for they were all reasonable swordsmen. Yet, since all the officers present were in honor bound to accept my challenge, if only for the credit of their regiment, it would have been most improper if the chief of brigade were not allowed to fight me first. A dreadful dilemma, Count Jovanovici?"

"A dilemma indeed, Count Tatarescu," said the second voice in the dark.

"Yet it was allowed," said Count Tatarescu, "that the order of seniority should be strictly observed. I slightly wounded the brigadier, the colonel, the two majors and one of the captains. Then the Heavy Cavalry was ordered to a remote place, and the affair was never concluded. Lieutenant Horvath distinguished himself in the affair with sabers against the Prussian attaché, two years later. But you see my point, Count Jovanovici. In this little business tomorrow morning, you must—you positively must permit me, as senior nobleman, to go first."

"We trace our family back only to the eleventh century," said Count Jovanovici, "whereas the Tatarescus, as I am well aware, derive from the year 876. Nevertheless, there is a conflicting point, my dear Count. You are an older man than I. You were born in 1868. I was born in 1870. Now I maintain that on an occasion such as falls tomorrow, I, as the younger man, should go first—for the simple reason that a certain amount of personal inconvenience will be involved. It is only right and proper, therefore, that youth should precede age at such a moment."

"Permit me to take the liberty of disagreeing with you," said Count Tatarescu. "This occasion, you will admit, must be regarded as a dangerous one. I mean to say that it involves us both in what may be described as danger to life and limb. Now it is perfectly obvious that, since I have lived a little longer than you, I ought to take the first risk, as it were, of losing my life; since I, having in the course of nature a shorter time to live, have less to lose."

"On the contrary," cried Count Jovanovici, with some warmth. "As a matter of common courtesy, youth, in a moment of danger, must go before age. What is the function of youth? To protect age and weakness . . ."

"Sir!"

"I withdraw that remark, Count Tatarescu, and most humbly apologize if, by foolish inadvertence, I have given you offense."

"I accept your apology, Count Jovanovici. I agree that youth should protect age and weakness. I must admit that I am somewhat the older man of us two. But you have been ill, my dear Count. I, therefore, not having been ill, may therefore be classed as the stronger man."

"The dampness of this unpleasant place," said Count Jovanovici, "has, it is true, exacerbated my bronchitis. On the other hand, what of your rheumatism? Admit, friend, it gives you some trouble when you move too abruptly."

"Very well, I admit that."

"You do?"

"I admit that I am both weaker and older than you. Therefore it should be my privilege to go first. When there is a danger of death, while the young and strong should willingly offer to take precedence, it is the common duty of the old and infirm not to permit them to do so. Therefore, my dear Jovanovici," concluded Tatarescu, "I shall go first."

"Tatarescu . . . it is, as you so neatly say, the duty of the aged and infirm to sacrifice themselves for the young and healthy. Yet it is equally the duty of the young and healthy not to allow that sacrifice. Dear old friend, I beg you to allow me to go first."

"The trouble is," said Count Tatarescu, "that there is no established rule of conduct laid down to meet such strange circumstances as those in which we find ourselves. But let us put it in this way: We both challenged two German officers to a duel. Who spoke first?"

"Let us recapitulate, my friend Tatarescu. We were walking together in the street. So?"

"So."

"We saw, harmlessly walking in front of us, two ladies, one carrying a paper parcel, and the other carrying a hatbox. If I remember rightly, we indulged in certain speculations concerning what might have happened if we had been twenty years younger."

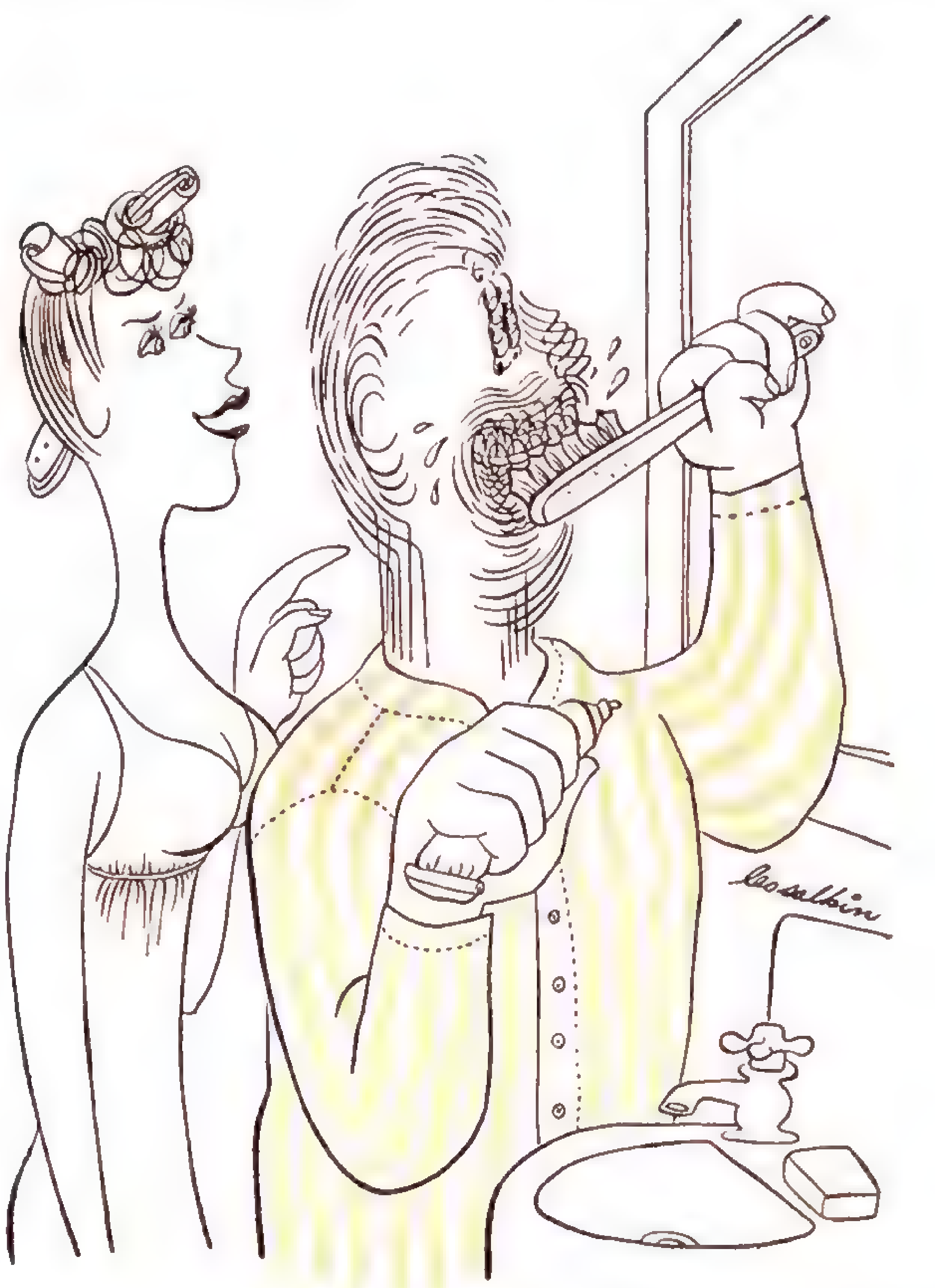
"Ten years."

"Ten. Two Nazi officers approached, accosted the ladies, and forcibly detained them. We walked up and demanded their immediate release. You furthermore insisted upon an unconditional apology to the ladies, and I upheld you. Thereupon the taller of the two officers called us 'Old dogs,' I believe."

"Correct. Whereupon I slapped the face of one, and you threw your glove into the face of the shorter one with the sword cuts on the cheek."

"A challenge which not even a Nazi could very well ignore. I threw my glove a shade before you slapped the face."

"Let us say, my old and dear friend, that we acted simulta-


"It might be just as easy, dear, to hold your head still and move the brush"

neously. Let us argue no more, for the dawn is coming. Jovanovici, old comrade, old friend, might we not attend this function side by side and arm-in-arm and with no question of seniority or precedence?"

"With all my heart, dear Tatarescu."

The first gleam of daylight, coming through the narrow window, illuminated the pale, weary faces of the two old gentlemen.

"Might I beg you to brush the back of my coat, Tatarescu?" a tired voice asked.

"Willingly, Jovanovici, if you will brush the back of mine," was the answer.

They kissed each other on both cheeks. The door opened. A sergeant came in, followed by six soldiers.

"It is not necessary to tie our hands," said Tatarescu as the sergeant produced a rope.

"Shut your jaw," said the sergeant, and lashed Tatarescu's wrists together behind him. "Now you," he said, and bound Jovanovici's hands.

"Animal," said Tatarescu, dispassionately. The sergeant struck him on the mouth. A little blood moistened the old man's white moustache.

"You are still an animal," he said in even tones.

"We wish to be shot together," said Jovanovici to the sergeant in the voice and in the manner of a man ordering a bottle of wine.

They were led out.

"It seems," said Tatarescu, with an appearance of mild interest, "that we are going to be hanged."

"Be comforted, old friend," said Jovanovici, "for I assure you that the indignity is theirs, and not ours."

"It would appear that they are going to hang me first," said Tatarescu, with a smile. "If this is any breach of whatever conduct is appropriate to this occasion, the lapse is therefore inflicted upon me . . ."

"The Nazis are not gentlemen, Tatarescu," Jovanovici assured him.

"But naturally not, Jovanovici. If they were gentlemen I should acknowledge them. I do not acknowledge them. If the officer in charge salutes me, I shall cut him dead."

"You were always right, Tatarescu. God bless you. Perhaps we shall meet in Paradise."

"I doubt it, Jovanovici," he said. "God bless you also, forever and ever."

As he had guessed, the older gentleman was hanged first. ##

Fortune winks at a correspondent who plies the Pacific from Oahu to Tahiti, learning the special skill of barter

How to Buy a Camera

by SIDNEY CARROLL

ACKERMAN

About a year ago, when I got on a ship that took me away from Seattle and towards Pearl Harbor, I carried in my brand-new bag many articles of a worthless and impractical nature. I do not know how many suits of unnecessary underwear I was carrying, or how many books I would never read, or how many gadgets in my toilet case which looked good but did nothing. All of these encumbrances remained with me for a long time, simply because I could not *give* them away. But the one object which I took with me, tenderly, from Seattle—the one important, the one indispensable item in my whole kit—was the one I lost almost immediately. That was my camera. It was stolen from me soon after I set foot on the Pacific Ocean, and I never recovered it.

As I proceeded to travel around the Pacific, via land, sea, and air, I began to miss that camera with an intensity that amounted to pain. I was seeing things every day—scenery, people, I should have been imprisoning forever on film—and I had no camera. I could not buy another one. In those days a camera in the Pacific Ocean was as rare as a glass of pasteurized milk, which is to say as rare as the Koh-i-noor.

But life is real, life is earnest. There is a silver lining, and there is always sunshine after the rain. In the middle of my desperation, a peculiar thing happened. It led to another peculiar thing—and before I knew it I was destiny's tot, dangling from a chain of circumstances. It all made a rather interesting story. This is it:

The first link in the chain was the loss of my camera. The second was a little Chinese gentleman in the streets of Honolulu.

He was dressed in a seersucker suit and he galloped up alongside of me on Kalakaua Street in Waikiki and said, "Lovely weather." He wore a pongee shirt, and a straw hat, and he was the only cross-eyed Chinese I have ever seen. He had a tremendous grin.

I said, "Yes, lovely."

He said, "Nice lovely day."

I said, "Very nice."

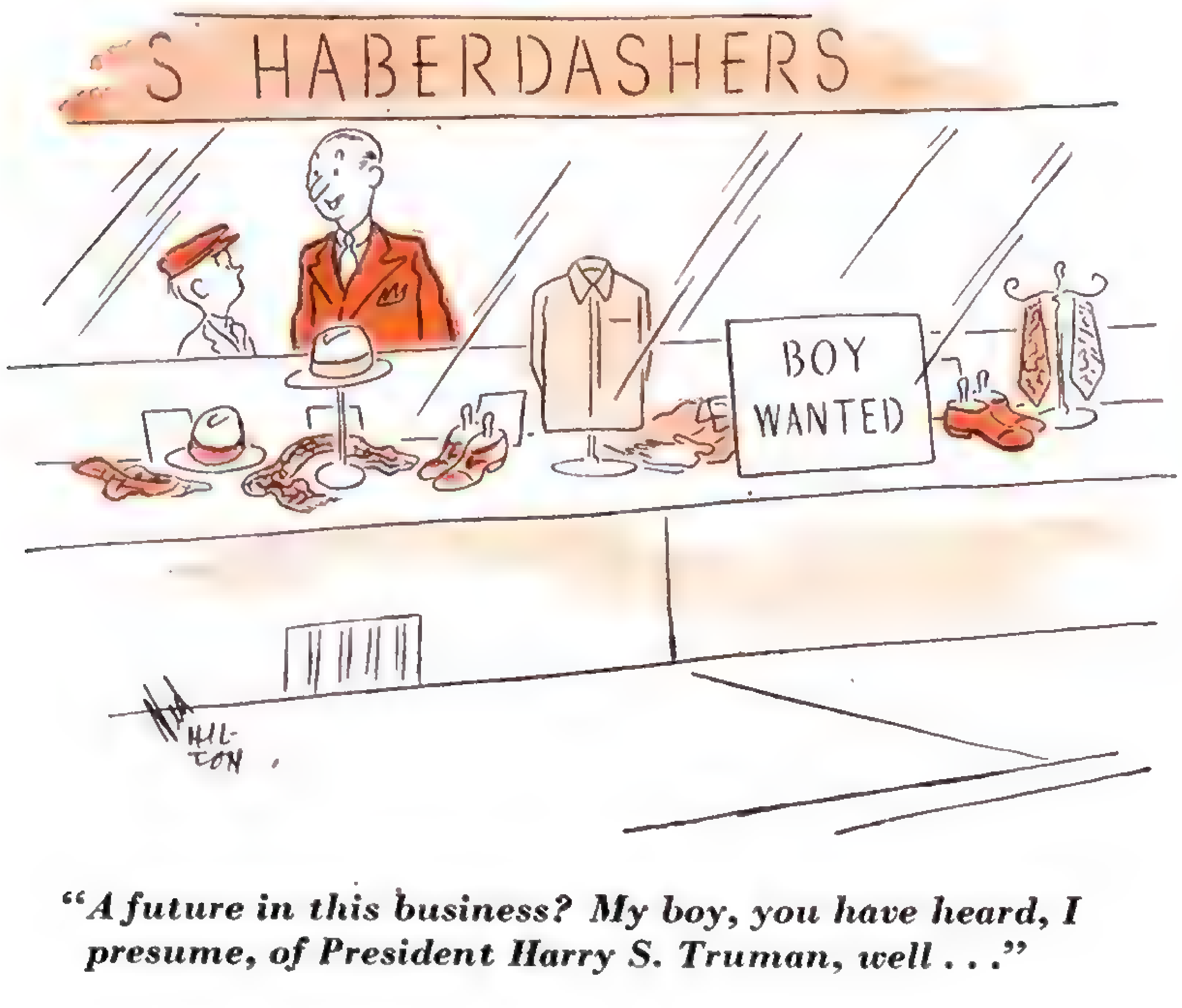
"You like it?"

"Very much."

He turned his head and grinned at me, and I presume he was looking straight at me. "You buy pictures?" he asked.

"Pictures?"

"Stop!" he said. He halted in his tracks and hooked an index finger into my belt. Gently, he tugged me over to a doorway, and before I could protest we were standing in a kind of vestibule. The little man took a brief professional look down the street—left, right—then turned his face and



"A future in this business? My boy, you have heard, I presume, of President Harry S. Truman, well . . ."

his grin back to me. He removed his index finger from my belt.

He reached into the inner pocket of his jacket. His small yellow fingers came out with a set of post cards. He fanned the cards out for me as deftly as if he were doing a card trick, and I gazed in speechless wonder at what he held in front of my face. The cards were six magnificent specimens of the pornographer's art. I am no expert on the subject, but I venture to say that the pictures held in that Chinese hand in that vestibule that day would have been blue ribbon material even at a Paris exhibition. The cards were all hand-tinted in lurid colors and flecked with that tiny silver confetti you find on calendars in Chinese laundries. I said, "No thanks," and I tried to match the vendor's grin. I turned, paused for a moment in the doorway, then walked out of the vestibule into the street.

I walked a block or two and came to one of those quick lunch emporiums that are so popular in Honolulu these days. I sat down at a stool at the counter and picked up a menu. At the same moment I patted my back pocket to make sure my wallet was in its proper place. That simple action deprived me of my lunch that day.

I discovered then that my wallet was missing. In its accustomed place in my back pocket was the set of post cards which the Chinese had shown me a few minutes before.

It seems to me now, in the pink haze of retrospect, that in that complex moment I recalled a refrain to the effect that the heathen Chinee is peculiar. I was confronted with the proven truth that a Chinese has scruples. He will not take something for nothing.

I am suddenly aware of the fact that my cross-eyed Chinese sounds like the stuff of fiction.

I make him grin inscrutably through these opening paragraphs, tripping by in his pongee blouse, moving his facile yellow fingers like some figment of a mystery writer's imagination. I had better make my position clear. This is not fiction. My little Chinese was a very solid fact. And this is not a mystery story: It is a recording of a series of mercantile transactions—as you shall see.

First, I had lost my camera. Second, I exchanged, unwittingly, my wallet for a series of six dirty post cards. The third event took place two days later on an island called Palmyra. Follow me, then, along a devious path which is anything but a figment of the imagination.

It was on Palmyra that the quest for another camera really began.

I left Pearl Harbor in a sleek new plane wearing a sleek new pair of Marine boots. They were handsome, but they were two sizes too small. I had acquired them in a hurry just before I left Pearl. I had not worn them four hours in the plane before they were tormenting me. I had no other shoes with me.

"But, mother! This is the only one of my dresses he hasn't seen yet!"

By the time we got to the island of Palmyra, I was walking barefooted, with the shoes in my hand. I immediately sought out the supply officer on Palmyra and cried the blues to him. He was a nice fellow, the supply officer, and he commiserated with me, but he had no shoes to spare. However: "Make you a suggestion," he told me. "Look for somebody with feet your size and see if you can swap for a pair of his shoes."

"Swap?"

"Sure. You find a guy with feet your size. He ain't allowed to sell any G. I. goods, but you make him a fair exchange, nobody gives a damn."

So I set out looking for somebody with a size narrow-D foot. I looked high and low. I found plenty of men with feet approximately the length and width of my own, but I found none of them willing to part with a pair of his shoes. It was—I don't mind telling you—a hell of a predicament. In the last throes of my misery, I walked into a Seabee barracks and found therein a young man sitting on a bed.

He admitted that his shoes were size narrow-D. "I'm looking for a pair," I told him. "Can you swap me a pair of yours?" All he said was, "No."

I turned my haggard eyes to the wall above his bed. The young man had decorated the wall with an extraordinary array of pin-up pictures. He had American pin-ups and English pin-ups, and even a few from exotic climes. The inspiration, the great notion, hit me when I saw an Algerian nude.

"I could make it interesting for you," I told him. "How?" he asked. I pulled out the six post cards, and handed them to the melancholy young man. He took one look at them and one look at me. "What size shoe you wear?" he asked. "Narrow-D." He reached under his bed and pulled out a pair of well-worn suede boots. "Narrow-D," he said to me. "Take 'em."

I took them without asking any questions, and I left the barracks. The last memory I retain of the young Seabee is the sight of him sitting on his bed, his toes curled inward, his head bent studiously over the cards I had acquired from the Chinese back in Honolulu.

Now it is possible for me to go to great lengths in describing every one of the ensuing events. It is possible, but it is hardly necessary. There is no high drama connected with the succeeding episodes, nothing with the Sax Rohmerish aspect of the grinning cockeyed Chinese in a vestibule in Honolulu. The rest of it is the story of a man starting out with a pair of the proverbial shoestrings tied to a pair of tight shoes, and bartering, bargaining, building his way relentlessly from that humble beginning to glorious success.

The point of the matter is that when I started to swap I suddenly knew that I was on my way to another camera.

The post cards, the pair of shoes —I now realized these were but the initial steppingstones. My guardian angels had decided to get me another camera, but they were going to make me work for it. That I knew. Somewhere, someplace in the Pacific Ocean, there was a camera waiting for me. I would get that camera—I would get it! But the way to get it was to start swapping with the shoes.

With a brown native boy in the Ellice Islands I swapped the shoes for an excellent coconut mat, big enough to sleep on. That mat was a tough thing to pack up and carry on a plane, but I managed it. I knew that the whole experiment from beginning to end would not be without its agonies. I wanted that camera.

In Tutuila, in the Pago Pago Naval Station, I found a young officer who was looking for just such a mat as the one I had—he was tired of sleeping on soggy sheets in that alternately hot and rainy climate, and he wanted to cover his bed with one of the famous Ellice Island mats. I traded with him. He gave me a beautiful little model of an outrigger canoe, made of six pieces of native hardwood, fitted together like a jigsaw puzzle.

On the island of Upolu, I traded the canoe for a kava bowl. A kava bowl is a large wooden bowl in which Samoans mix their ceremonial drink, a brown liquid called kava which is made from a root and tastes like shoe polish. A kava bowl—a good one—is a couple of feet in diameter and has anywhere from twenty to thirty short fat legs. I got one with twenty-two legs, for my canoe.

On an island called Huaheine, I met a man named Halchester. It was he to whom I traded my kava bowl. I received in return what is known to connoisseurs of weaving in the islands as a Fine mat.

A Fine mat—a real Fine mat—is a museum piece. It is a mat woven by fingers so deft, of fibers so fine, that it is as pliable as cloth. You can draw a real Fine mat, twenty-five square feet of it, through a small ring. That is the kind of mat Mr. Halchester gave me. I do not know why. He said he had always had a yen for a kava bowl, and he said my specimen of the bowl was an inordinately fine one. Still, it was not worth a Fine mat. I suspect that what Mr. Halchester really swapped his mat for was a copy of the Overseas edition of the New York *Times* which I was carrying with me, and for my three hours of conversation with him on the subject of the United States of America, a country which Mr. Halchester had not seen in twenty years. A Fine mat is a thing for museums, much more so than a kava bowl, but I feel

(Continued on page 139)

Noting the decline of penny candy, our progress from chimps to chumps and the peacetime menace of the restive Brass

This Man's World

by PAUL GALLICO

THIS is probably a cockeyed notion and a cockeyed piece to write, but it is something I have been thinking about lately, and if a guy sets himself up as an essayist and has a spot to drop his essays, a thought is found to be a wonderful thing to have, and eventually winds up as a piece, for better or for worse, and what I have been thinking is that maybe the rank of "Colonel" ought to be abandoned as a preventive against wars, or maybe if that isn't practical, they should confine the rank to regular Army men and never permit a civilian to enter the sacred precincts of the Eagle-on-Shoulder Society. Because colonels have too damn much fun in a war. They get to like it.

It is a treacherous rank, because it is high, but not quite high enough. It is at the top of one heap and just below another. The Chicken Colonel is somebody. He is boss of all the field and junior officers beneath him. And luring him on is the starry Elysian field of Generalship. Not that being a general is any picnic when the going gets rough and decisions have to be made, but the ambitious colonel doesn't think of this. His mind is on the perquisites and the dignities that come with the swapping of the Eagle for the Star.

Perhaps I am perpetrating an injustice, but I cannot help thinking back to the number of colonels I talked to who, with World War II in the bag, were busy cooking up the next war with Russia. Most of these lads had been civilians before the war. There is no step quite so harsh or drastic to take as to go from colonel to civilian, even if you have a bigger job, and one where you command more men and make more money. The thing is nobody can tell it from your sack suit. It doesn't say on your shoulders or your left breast what a big shot you are. And once this distinction has been tasted, it is bitter to have to relinquish it.

War is hell, but from a colonel's eye-view, it has its attractions: prestige, car with chauffeur, liquor, ad-lib wenching in various languages, posh billets, freedom from supervision, moderate power, frequently verging on the supreme. Very often, a guy who has risen to the stature of full colonel just doesn't relish the thought of taking off that suit and coming home to Momma and the kiddies. So he kind of hopes something will happen to prevent this—say another war right away quick—and what one hopes one talks up, and if enough guys get to talking up a war, sometimes they can get it.

There are moments when a war can get very rough and unpleasant. It is always so for the civilians who get into the path of one, and likewise always nasty for the doughboy, or G.I., or whatever the common foot soldier happens to be called in any particular war. But with rare exceptions, it is not too grim for the high officer, and if you ask me, this officer, though he will never admit it, has a hell of a good time for himself while the war is going on, especially if he is chasing rather than being chased and is on the winning side, or afterwards when he is in occupation.

But it is particularly during the active conduct of the war that he really has fun, because all the rules by which he would normally have to comport himself are off. Under the all-embracing term of military exigency, he is permitted to take what he wants, and that includes dolls. Not that our colonels stamped through Europe commanding local cuties to appear at their headquarters. They didn't have to, nor are we that kind of a people. But wherever the silver eagles appeared, the dames came aswarming. There is nothing particularly new in this except what makes it more fun for our officers is that the war serves as an excuse to dull their puritan consciences. It is very much easier not to shoo a lady out of your boudoir if you but reflect that at any given moment either you, or the gal, or both may be blown sky-high, and time's a-wastin'.

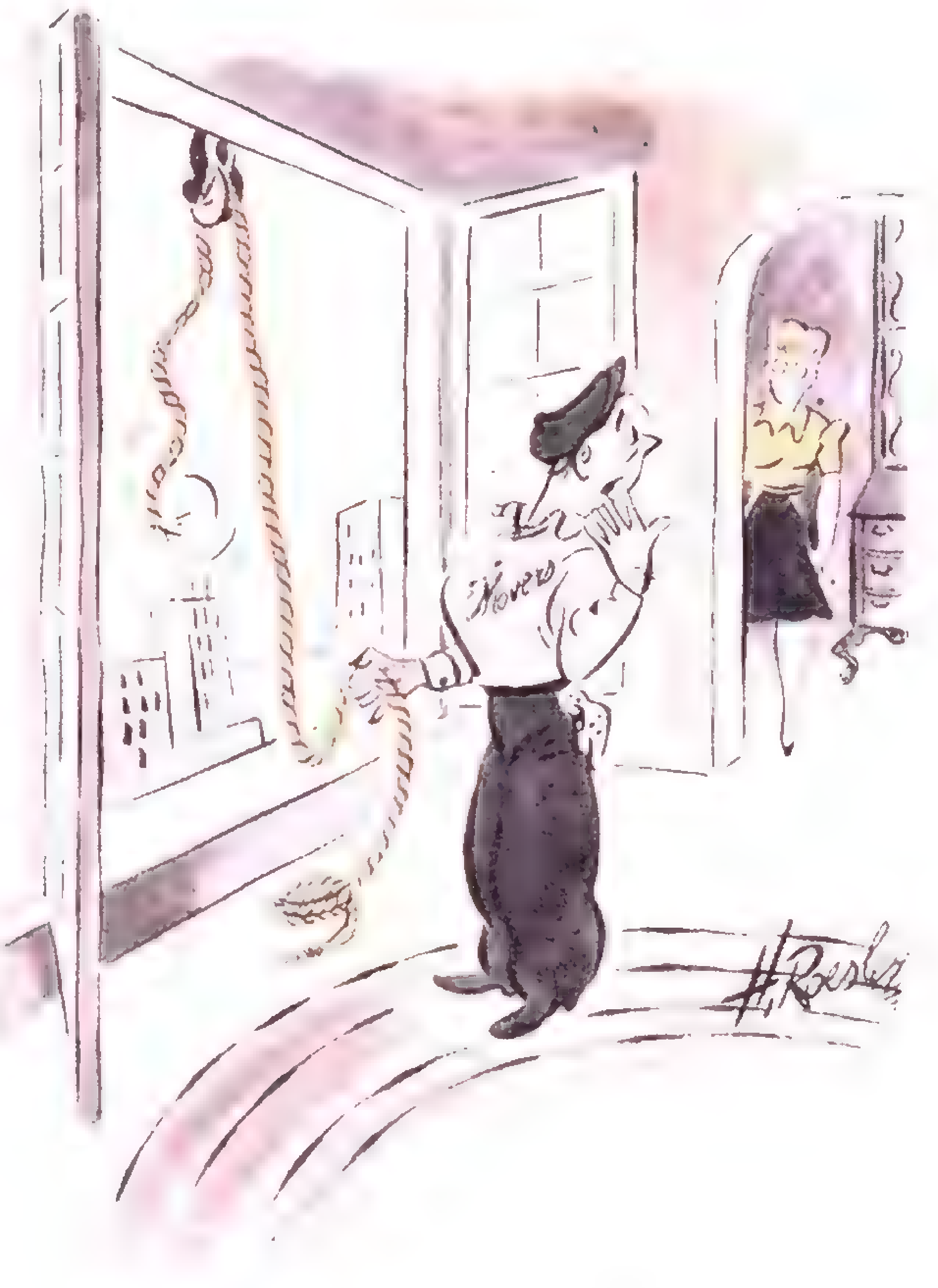
War in the field for the high officer, except for spells when the enemy gets close enough to make his cantankerousness a matter of life and death, is a sort of a glorified, deluxe, Boy Scout camping trip with as many of the comforts of home available as sweating G.I.s are able to lug. War in the cities comes down to a kind of super-deluxe piracy, with the best joints in town taken over and operated for the aristocracy of the Army.

Mind you, I do not say that this is bad. I'm just saying that that's how it is. We civilians are quick enough to crawl under the bed and holler, "Help, Army, Help!" when we are threatened, or the shooting starts, and a guy is entitled to a little fun for risking his neck. I merely want to indicate that there is a lot of baloney involved in some of the tales of the hardships of *la Guerre*, and even if nothing but a volcanic isle is involved, you can be sure that the colonel will wind up with the best there is in the way of living on that particular spot, or any spot where he happens to be.

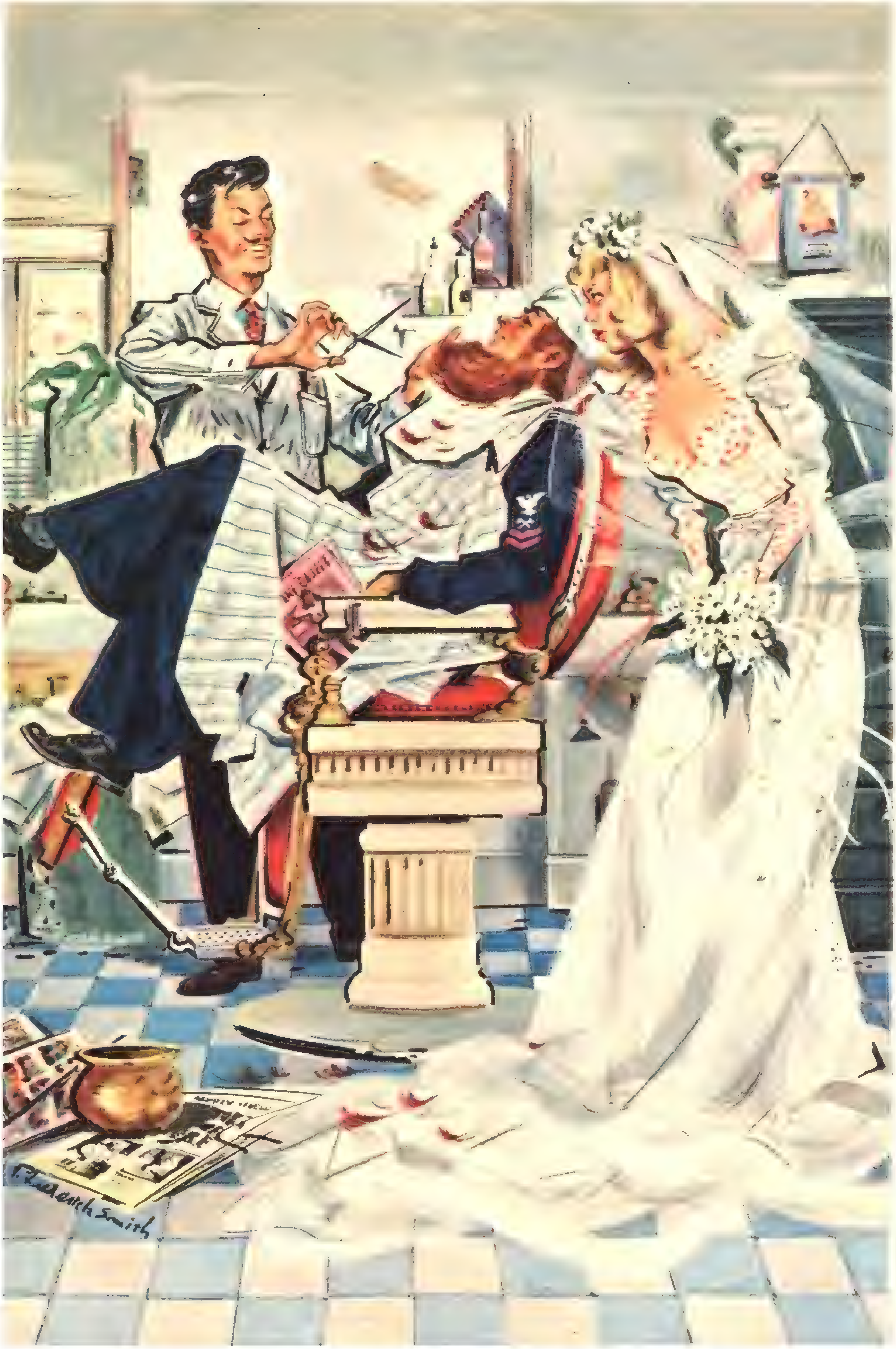
And, in the end, he is loathe to let it go and return to the routine and boredom of civilian life where, if he so much as bats an eye at a pretty ankle at a club dance, his ever-loving mate will jaw him for one week solid; where if he sees a better car than the one he is driving, he cannot order it appropriated; where if he wishes to take a little trip he must stand in line at the railway office instead of commanding a special airplane fueled by the taxpayers and where, when he dresses in civilian clothes to go out for the day, he is just one of the undistinguished millions commanding no attention whatsoever.

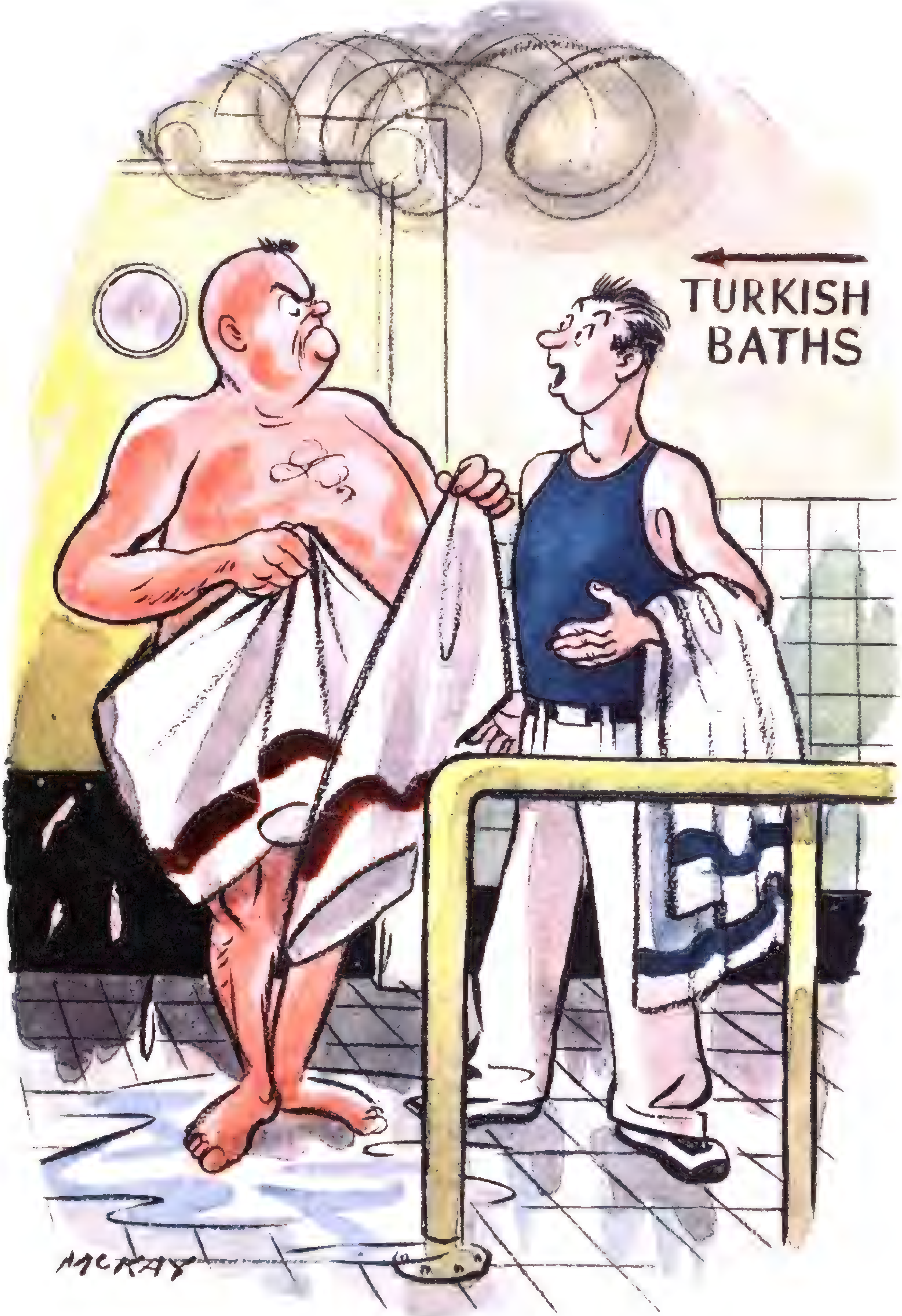
Therefore, it is human of him to wish the war to continue, or to begin to look about him for our next opponent and to begin to talk up that opponent and the need for proceeding against him practically at once. And, as I say, when a whole lot of pretty powerful guys in a powerful organization begin to talk up a war, they can give it the sound of immediate imminence.

That is really all there is to my idea. I was just suggesting that we might jump right from major to general, or from lieutenant colonel, since that is a bastard rank with no particular privileges except taking the rap for the colonel. Frankly, if I heard of such a thing as a (*Continued on page 137*)



"Did you attach any sentimental value to that piano, ma'm?"




TURKISH
BATHS
MCKAY

"I'm sorry your toupee shrank—but maybe you can use it as a moustache"

MELCARTH

How I Won My Psychosis

A man's sanity seemed a trifling forfeit for the love of a lady like Confetti Lou

by ROBERT PIERRON

Feeling more despondent than ever this noon, I sent down to the corner drugstore for a length of rope. I have been hanging here for some three hours now and am beginning to feel uncomfortable. So I am going to tell you the story of my life. You will be fascinated. You see, I am a returned veteran and, naturally it follows, a psychoneurotic.

My name is Barlow Blivis. Unprepossessing in appearance, I stand five feet seven in my Addaninch Elevators. I have a lean, ascetic look. A patrician profile of classical purity. Green-flecked golden eyes. Close-cropped taffy-colored hair. I am a very normal, very ordinary man. I have lived a commonplace life, drab and uneventful.

I was born to the purple, but my childhood was an unhappy one. Unusually sensitive about my bizarre appearance (dropped by a careless midwife at birth, I was flat on one side), I sought refuge in music from the cruel gibes of my playmates. Extraordinarily gifted, I was playing Chauvinism's Fifth on our pianoforte at the age of six months. At eighteen months, I composed my beloved *Paean to an Enceinte Marchioness.* When I was two, I gave my first recital at Carnegie Hall, interpreting Chopin (the critics said) with surprising maturity for my youth.

At the age of five, I met Aphrodite O'Hara, the first of two women who were to have a tremendous influence on my life. A luscious hussy in Flexees and Perma-Lift, she sent my senses reeling and I composed some eleven tone poems in her honor. She told me that I meant everything to her, that without me life was meaningless. She used to come home, cursing like a drunken sailor, and break down the door and beat me. We were ecstatically happy until the night I discovered the two stars of a major general tatooed on her left knee. Disillusioned by her infidelity and thwarted in the formative years of my life, I retired into monastic seclusion. "Deawest Mums," I wrote my mother, "the day I have dweaded so long is here. I shall never play again or wite any music. I am bwoken-hearted . . ." My parents took it calmly enough. They owned another small boy, just about ready for the concert stage, so they sold me to a passing tinker.

I ran away from him and for some years earned a wretched subsistence as an itinerant yam picker and sponge diver. Later, I secured employment with a firm known as Simplex Zippers, Inc. The day after I started, I saw Mr. Simplex's lush, pneumatic secretary in the corridor and playfully slipped a field mouse into her snood. Attracted by my impulsive, boyish gesture and my gamin charm, she promptly fell in love with me. Her name was Confetti Lou Graham. Through her, I found myself again. At her behest, I enlisted as soon as the war started. I volunteered for the Air Corps, so they put me in the Infantry. After basic training, I went to Officer's Candidate School. I emerged three months later with a commission and all the sterling qualities and admirable virtues that come with those magic little gold bars—the prophetic foresight, the military genius, the enormous vitality, the dauntless courage, the sound judgment, the superior leadership, the tremendous drive, the dogged perseverance, the lively intellect, the quick insight, the sympathetic understanding, the magnetic personality, the great imagination, the vast wisdom and the pure nobility of soul.

When I went overseas, Confetti Lou clung to me. ". . . And when you come back, there'll be cool dawns together and the rich dark promise of the years that lay ahead . . ." she murmured against my ear.

Naturally, I distinguished myself on the battlefields of Europe. I was young and brave and beautiful.

After two years in the European Theater, I came back, a lean, bronzed young god in a tailored uniform with two rows of ribbons, the silver bars of a captain, four gold overseas bars, and a discharge. Brushing confetti and ticker tape from my handsome shoulders, I stepped off the train.

"Barlow!" she squealed, throwing herself into my arms and giving me a good, big hug.

"Confetti Lou!" I muttered hoarsely.

After some time, I held her at arm's length and looked at her. Her face was like a sky washed after rain. She was simply, tastefully dressed, wearing a single Peruvian shrunken head against the chaste saffron of her Chesterfield, nut-brown and beady-eyed, to provide just the right swagger accent.

"Barlow," she whispered huskily, maneuvering two large glycerine tears down her cheeks. "You've changed. You look older. Where is the rich, young glory of your youth?"

"Huh?"

"Oh, my darling! What have they done to you?" she sobbed brokenly, looking me over through the *(Continued on page 178)*

SAWIN

Beauty in the surf

Barbara Brewer got seriously interested in swimming one day when playful friends threw her into Lake Arrowhead and she had to dog-paddle her way to shore. She took out a membership in a neighborhood pool and two years later was life guard at the Los Angeles Stadium (built for the Olympics in '32). She is now undergoing an intensive course at the Los Angeles Athletic Club, and hopes to win a title for the breast stroke, which is her specialty. A member of the Screen Actors' Guild, she has done bits in a few pictures, but has turned down offers to swim for the movies in order to retain her amateur standing. Now enrolled as a freshman at the University of California at Los Angeles, she intends to major in dramatics and physical education. Barbara is five feet, four and a half inches tall, weighs one hundred and eighteen, dripping wet.

Brave men quavered as a four-star general viewed the paintings of Capt. Beaugureau

Pretty Pictures for Tooey

by MacKINLAY KANTOR

The very first evening I came back to Chelveston all the boys were talking about Bogie and his pictures. I didn't know who Bogie was, and I had never seen his pictures. Such references suggested a movie actor who was rather hot in the news just then because it was expected that he would soon be wedding Lauren Bacall.

But the 3-0-5th was talking about pictures of an entirely different sort, and also about an entirely different Bogie. This one really should be spelled "Beaugy" and therefore we will spell it that way. His name is Captain Francis H. Beaugureau; he hails from Chicago, Illinois, and at the time I met him he had just finished a tour of duty as a pilot.

One wearying thing about being a war correspondent is that you get pretty worn out saying nice words about the soldiers' attempts to interpret their experiences through the various media of art. It is natural for a man—perhaps even one previously inarticulate—to attempt to tell the world what he has seen and feared and felt. Firmly I believe that the American arts will be enriched for generations to come by the products of people who served in the war. There was bound to be a Mark Twain at Salerno, a Herman Melville off Okinawa, a Bellows and a Ryder and a Winslow Homer dodging flak and mortar fire here and there. But they were few in number. Most of the veterans have no capacity for interpreting war or for interpreting anything else. They cannot write moving poems or compose impressive music or paint effective pictures. But they are hell-bent on trying.

Steve Benét said once that the poet who has just written a poem will promptly display it to anyone within reach—to the garbage man, the elevator man, or even the dog across the street. Well, the G.I.s with poems or pencil sketches usually showed them to anyone within reach, too, and usually there were a lot of people within reach. They seemed to think also that a mere war correspondent could, by some magic, put their wares into the eager hands of editors, critics and movie producers.

There was no escape from this. You were on the spot the moment they happened to see your green-and-gold shoulder patch. And if you didn't witness these artistic attempts with apparent enthusiasm, and voice immediate praise, you were not a good Joe in anybody's language.

I have invariably praised everything thus presented to me by soldiers. My conscience has not bothered me either; because plenty of those fellows were going to be killed, and I thought it would be a lot nicer to be killed after having heard your daubs or your doggerel praised, than it would be to be killed after hearing them condemned.

Sooner or later, I was going to have to look at Beaugy's water colors. His acquaintances said that the paintings were damn good; but I had heard other acquaintances of other people say that other things were damn good when really they were awful. For five days I ducked and dodged and parried, but finally on Sunday afternoon, April 8th, 1945, I really had it. Captain B. L. Thompson, who bossed the photo lab at the 3-0-5th, nailed me to the cross. He took me into his office and displayed photographs which he had taken of five of Beaugy's water colors. The back of my head hit the concrete, and they had to burn feathers under my nose to wake me up.

Beaugy arrived a little later via jeep, with the originals done up in a homemade canvas folder, which he had lined with dural metal to keep the water colors from becoming bent or dog-eared. The paintings were large—two or three feet wide. The artist himself is a handsome, stocky man with blondish hair which is always sedately combed. He has a pleasant, drawling voice and acid blue eyes. On top of his accomplishments with the brush, he knows certain answers when it comes to dials and switches and trim-tabs. He had been checked out for Group lead; and that on a field where in 1945 we were putting up as many Forts as our whole combat wing used to put up two years before. He was a pretty sharp pilot.

He had painted in water colors because he didn't have any oils. I think that if he had only possessed crayons or a chewed-up dime-store pencil, he would have gone to work just as intently. He had studied at the Chicago Art Institute and had considerable experience in portraiture. (Also he is a grand-nephew, or great-grand nephew, of the Bouguereau who painted his way to sugary fame in France in the 19th century. Beaugureau, nephew, does not think that Bouguereau, uncle, was so hot; and he scorns those archaic relics as insipidity best forgot.)

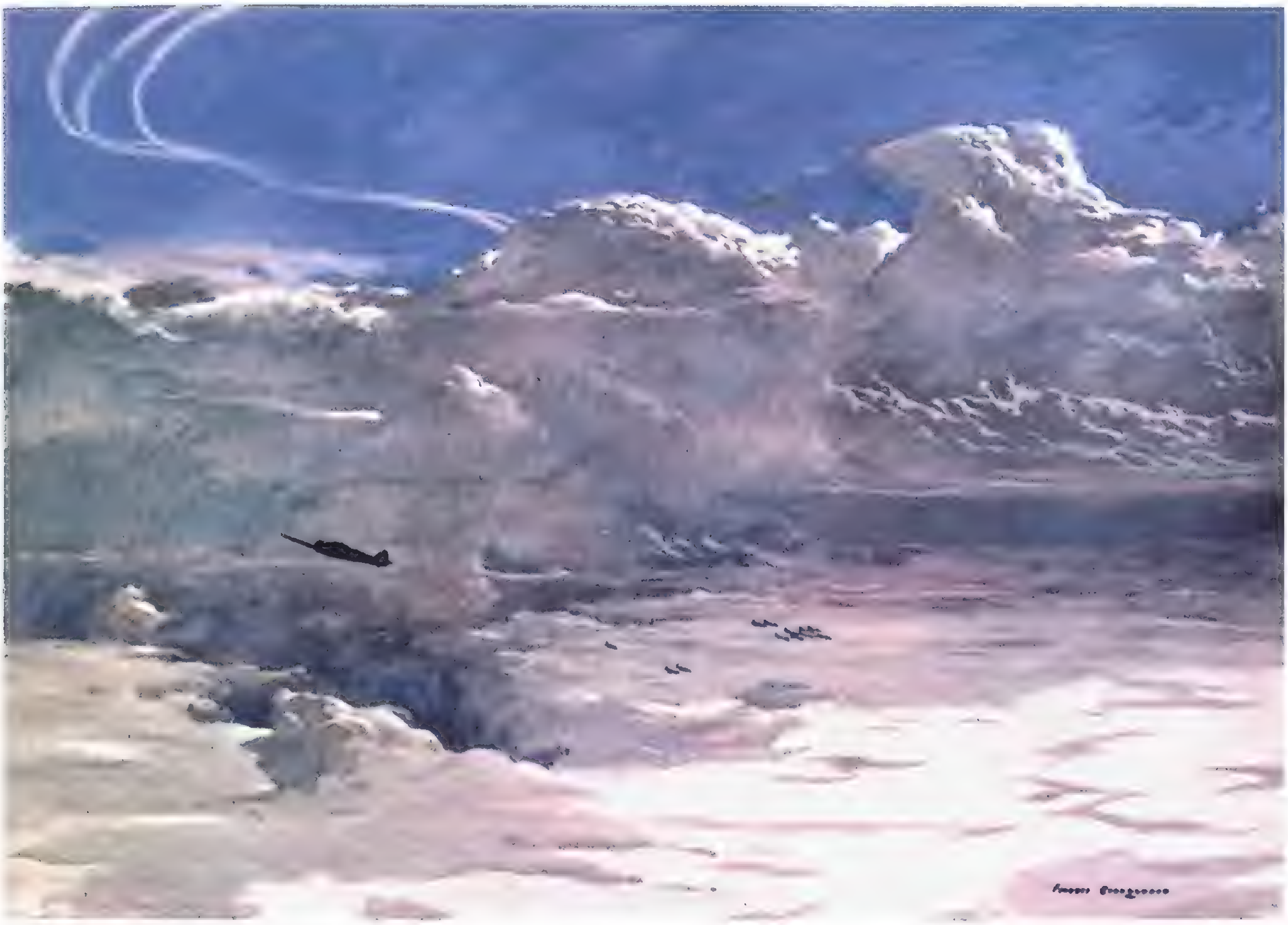
There were B-17s in every painting; in some there were a lot of B-17s. One he called his flak picture and another his fighter picture. There were others of lone Forts beating their exhausted and stubborn way homeward across the North Sea, firing out the colors of the day and looking frightened and raunchy, just as you feel frightened and raunchy when you are in an airplane like that.

I do not know how many other pilots have seriously set to work to paint high altitude bombardment warfare; but I have never seen any more attractive and effective delineation of a very complex and terrifying subject than these paintings of Beaugureau's.

His B-17s didn't much resemble the majestic, polished juggernauts that have bedizened the well-groomed advertisements in magazines these past several years. They looked instead like Forts flying combat and having trouble with their Number 2 engines, dragging their contrails through the sky, and ready to smack to their doom "in some bloody hole up by Wick."

I don't know a lot about art; I was rather past my first youth before I became really aware of the plastic arts as a medium of expression. I think that a lot of modern artists might better be paint-

"Good Lord, woman—what an ugly hat!"



REPRODUCED THROUGH COURTESY OF FINDLAY GALLERIES, INC., CHICAGO

"THE BANDIT" IN AMBUSH *by Francis Beaugureau*

ing boxcars. But Grant Wood was one of my closest friends for years. I know Thomas Hart Benton intimately, and observe his work with respect. I think I know something about the attitude of a good painter—the necessary discipline and nobility of conception which he must offer to his work.

I went away from the photo lab thinking that something should be done about Beaugureau. . . . Paintings don't win wars. Machine guns and five-hundred-pound GP bombs do win wars—and had very nearly won this war in Europe. But Beaugy had served his stint, had played out his hand successfully; the fates were kind to him. Thirty times he had driven his freight through the overcast amidst every opposition the enemy could bring.

It seemed fitting to have him telling what our boys had done to Kassel and Magdeburg, or what a future enemy might do to us if we didn't watch our step . . . it seemed more profitable for our nation if Beaugy kept on constructing his strato-cumulus clouds, or trailing his long, limp tracer-streams through the air. His bullets didn't cut with ruled sharpness across the body of the Messerschmitt (once more, the reassuring ads in the magazines!), but trailed haphazardly behind; and thus the Messerschmitt got the Fort instead of the Fort getting the Messerschmitt.

Things like that were war the way she is. I don't know exactly how they would impress the Boeing stockholders; I don't care exactly, either.

Colonel Henry MacDonald was very much of the same mind. I tried to catch Mac in a free-and-easy mood, but that is hard to do with any C. O. Still, we had the tie of the early 3-0-5th between us—the old Group that was, in 1943—when MacDonald lay in a hospital while they worked on his face—when we lost thirteen out of fifteen Forts at Second Schweinfurt.

Mac stood in his little living room and looked out at the chilly dusk coming up across the meadows. "I wish we could do something about this. I've kept Beaugy around here almost as long as I dare, just so that he could keep on painting airplanes. He's been finished up some time, now, and it's SOP for him to go back to the States. But, as he told you, he's not very eager to go. He wants to paint airplanes in combat."

"How about 8th Air Force HQ?"

"Well, we recommended him at Pinetree, and that's the reason Tommy Thompson took those pictures of Beaugureau's paintings—so that they would know about him, down there at the 8th. We just haven't reached the right guys. Probably the photographs are all filed in neat envelopes somewhere."

I played awhile with my drink; then I made a Rank suggestion. . . .

Mac said, "It's always all right if it works. Who would you take him to?"

I told the colonel that I would tackle Major General Frederick L. Anderson, who was at that time Deputy Commander for Operations under General Spaatz, at USSTAF. Anderson and I were old friends; he was the kind of general you couldn't put anything over on, but I didn't think we were trying to put anything over on anybody in this case.

I thought it highly important for the future of the Army Air Forces that they be apprised of a talent which could be employed advantageously in their behalf. Anderson would not resent it if I came wagging in, dragging Beaugy in my jaws and hoping to be patted on the head. If he didn't like the paintings, he would not order my accreditation rescinded and have Beaugy racked back to second lieutenant. He would dispose of us both, quickly and courteously. He would find something very pressing commanding his immediate attention.

He might have Pittenger or Casey or somebody buy us a drink; and Beaugy at least would not be any worse off than he was before. And the next time I encountered the general he would squeeze down his rust-colored eyebrows and say: "Why did you come around wasting the Army's time over a lot of lousy, would-be paintings? They need people like your captain down in Dalhart, Texas, and Grand Island, Nebraska. Let him wait until after the war and then he can paint all he pleases."

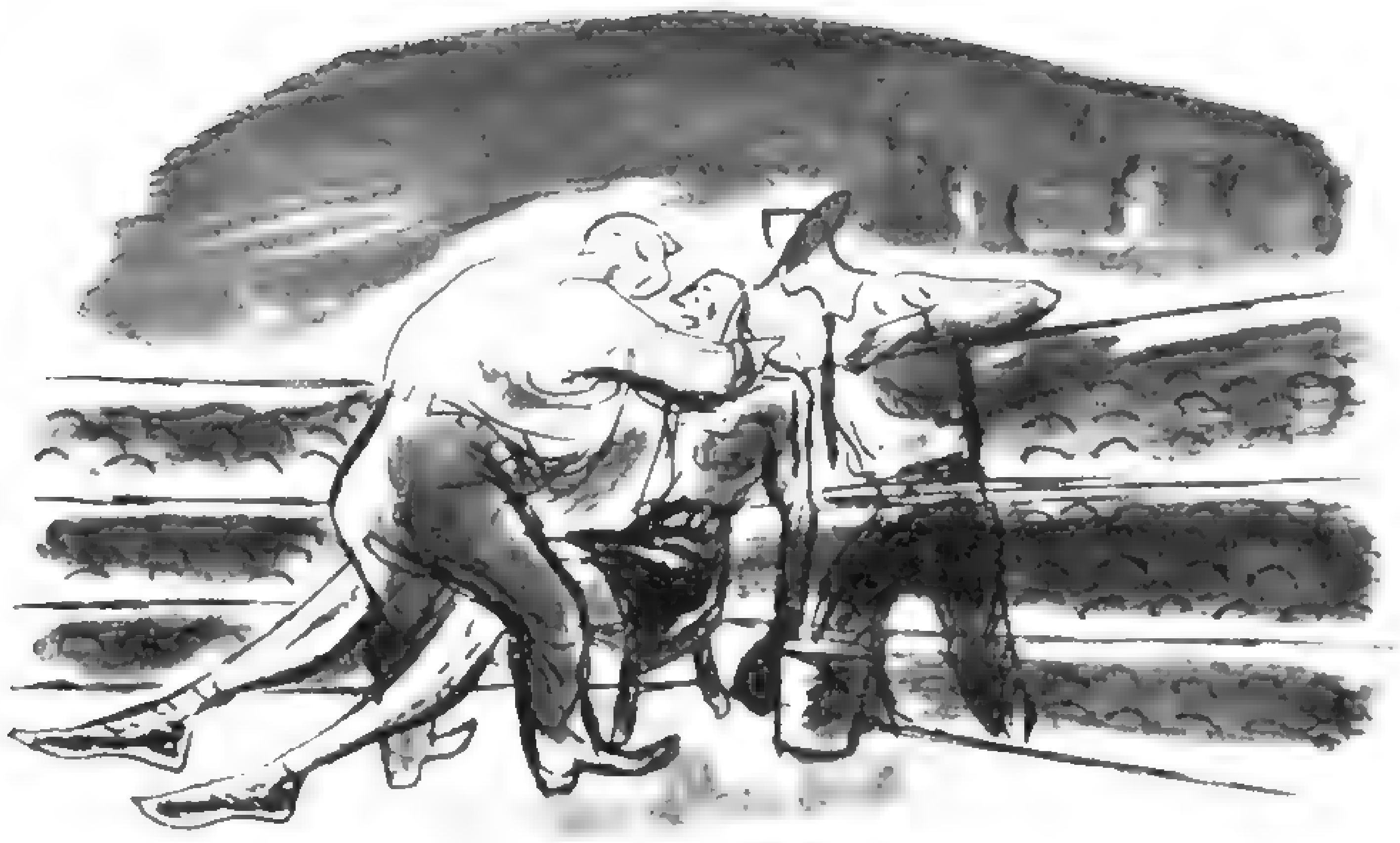
If, on the other hand, General Anderson did like the paintings and did think that this man should be painting combat now that he had finished his active participation in it—Well—

Colonel MacDonald said that he would give Beaugy a week's leave, and heaven protect us. I still had one more op to fly from that field, so we left the date up in the air. The weather was terrible that week. Get called at 0100 hours, briefing at 0230, start engines at 0510, then get a delay of one hour, two hours, three hours. We were scrubbed twice in a row; and then (*Continued on page 164*)

Ten years ago Hankinson looked like a heavyweight champion: that was before the crowd dubbed him Horizontal Hank

The China Chin

by ART COHN



GREENHALGH

HE was a lanky, rawboned kid out of Lancaster, Ohio. Six-feet-three. A long stringbean and just as green. They laughed at the big goof. Until he landed that right. They didn't laugh then. They whistled. And if they didn't whistle, it was because they were sucking their breath. The guy could hit like hell.

He won his first fifteen fights by knockouts. Don't take my word for it; look it up in the record book yourself. The name is Ellsworth Hankinson. He won the next two and blew the eighteenth to a fellow named Mosebar. Hankinson had knocked Mosebar out in one round in his ninth fight.

He won seventeen out of eighteen that year and left a trail of unconscious victims from Los Angeles to Madison Square Garden. And they weren't all crumbums. George Godfrey, Hans Birkie, Izzy Gastanaga, Charley Retzlaff, Maxie Rosenbloom—they knew what mitts are for. Sluggers, fancy-dans, willie-the-clutches—they all looked alike to Hank the Lank. He licked them all. Rosenbloom wouldn't believe it the first time; Hank had to do it to him twice.

"One day he'll kill someone with that right," a sports writer prophesied.

"Someday he will be heavyweight champion of the world," another predicted.

One of the two prophecies made about Hankinson was right.

It was 1936 and Hank was twenty-two, a leading challenger for the title. Then the tide turned. Suddenly the man who could not lose, no longer could win.

Carl Walker, Hans Birkie, King Levinsky, André Lengelett, Alberto Lovell. Belters, cuties, tankers—they all looked alike to Hank. Every one whipped him.

The man who had knocked out good heavyweights with one swing of his right fist now collapsed at the suspicion of a punch. It was very peculiar. And the fans who had cheered him as the next champ now booed him and called him yellow, a business fighter, a diver.

"Fake!" they cried angrily as he went down time after time. He woke up nights with the pungent odor of smelling salts in his nostrils; it seemed as if he was always waking up with the green bottle up his nose, and the catcalls of the mob echoing through his brain.

Only one man knew that he was an honest fighter. Hank alone knew why he folded when anyone, even a twenty-dollar loogan, tapped him on the button. Nature had endowed him with the body of a champion and cursed him with a glass chin. And there was nothing he could do about it except try to land that lethal right before his opponent could reach his lantern jaw.

Johnny Whiters, Tiger Jack Fox, Phil Brukaker, Chuck Crowell, Big Boy Bray. Different names. But the same story. You can't keep china chins a secret in the fight racket.

The man who seemed a cinch to win the title now couldn't cop curtain-raisers in the sticks. And the world spat on him, called him Horizontal Hank, booed and hissed him. He kept on going—down. When you hit the skids, you don't stop until you reach the bottom.

More beatings. More Scotch. More brunettes. More knockouts. More bourbon. More barroom brawls. More brandy. More redheads. More everything. Then Christmas Eve, 1940.

A gin mill on Main Street, Los Angeles' Skid Row. A piano banging away, *Jingle Bells.* Loud voices, drunken voices. Angry voices. A scramble, a fight, and a girl's voice.

"Please don't, Hank, someone'll get hurt."

"I only told this lop you're my girl. Y'are, ain't ya?"

"Let me go, Hank; you're hurting me."

"I only said you're my . . ."

"Hank, you're hurting me."

There was silence.

Then a quiet courtroom.

"Hankinson, you committed murder on Christmas Eve. You killed a girl. Dorothy LaVerne wasn't famous; she was just another extra in Hollywood. She was full of life. And you killed her, with your fists."

Hank looked down at his misshapen maulies, bewildered.

"You don't deny you murdered her, do you?" the prosecutor asked.

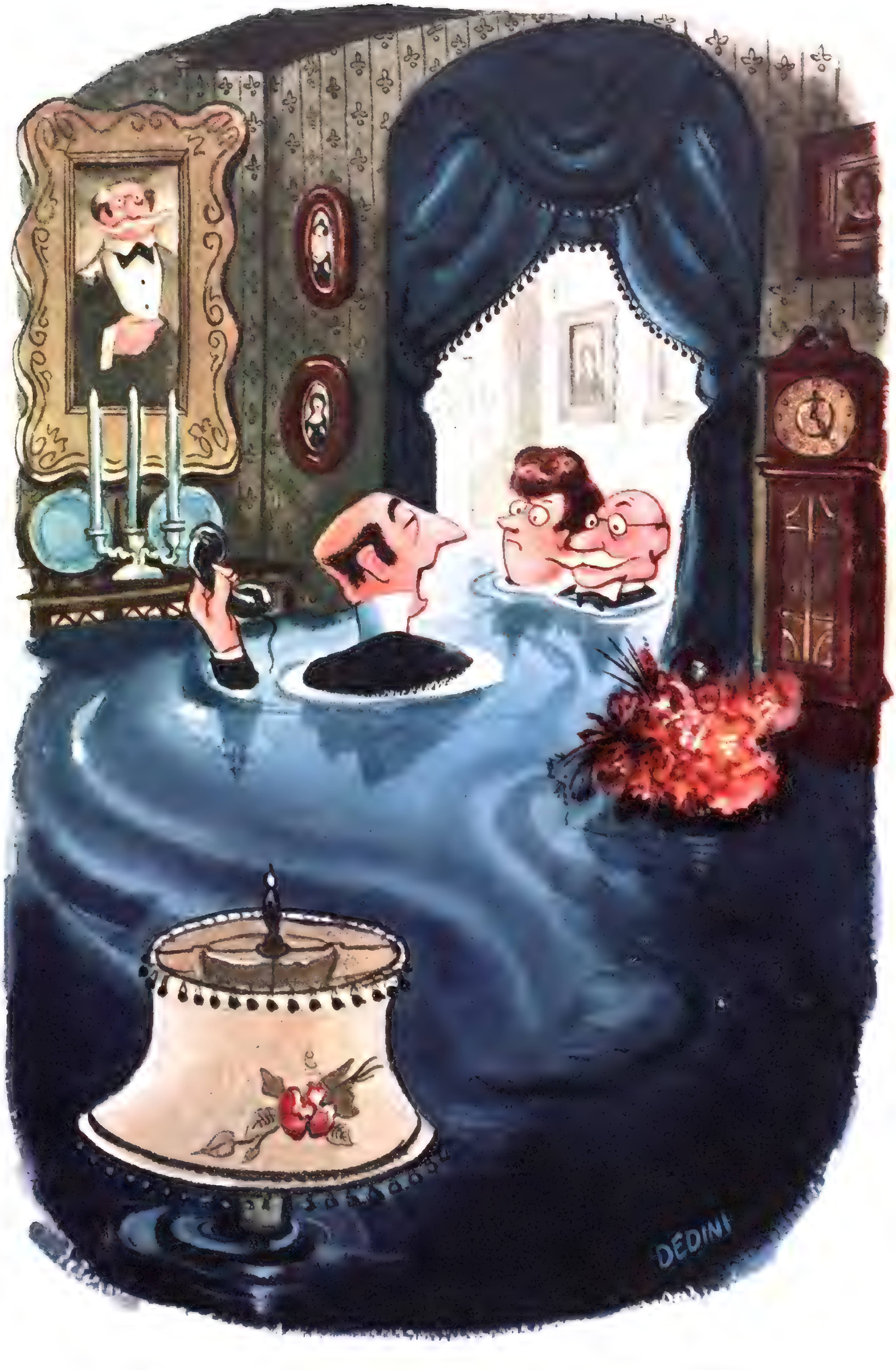
Hank mumbled. He had not meant to hurt the girl. He never meant to hurt anyone. He didn't know he'd killed her. Everything was mixed up. All he remembered was drinking and hearing a piano play *Jingle Bells* and seeing a guy make a pass at his girl.

The big fellow looked at the jury. They did not believe him. He could tell that. They'd believe him if Jerry Giesler were (*Continued on page 144*)

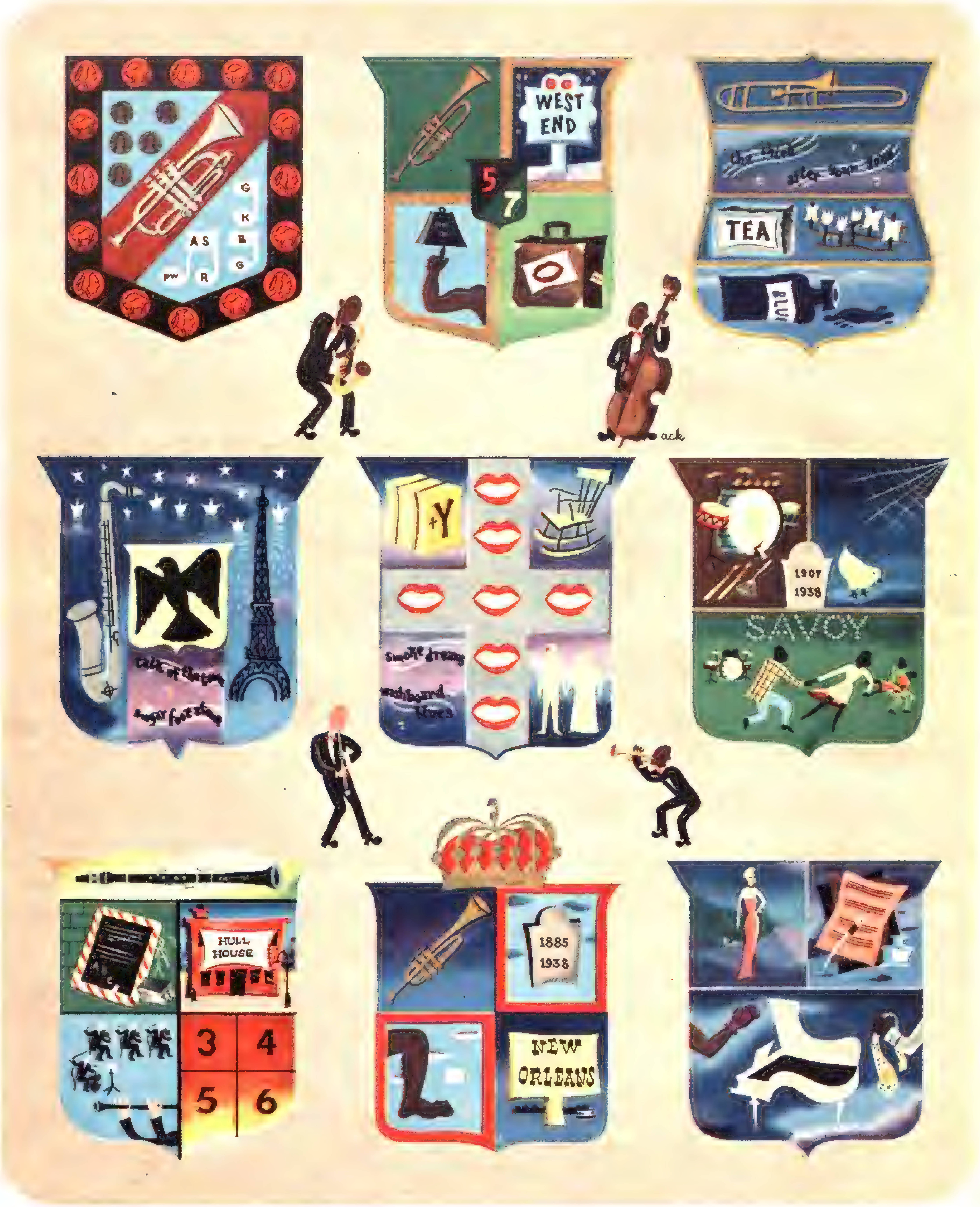
REIFF

She'd rather lead the band

Dolores del Carmen would rather lead the band, in that she likes to sing away and let the band follow her. Which is what she's been doing recently (and to mucho applause) at the New York night club Havana-Madrid. *For several years Dolores decorated the podiums of smart cocktail lounges, "leading" a rumba band—meaning she had to shake the maraccas in time with the musicians. Now* they *keep time with her. She came to New York eight years ago from the Dominican Republic. From her perfect English you'd never suspect her command not only of Spanish but also French, German and Italian. She indulges in a little "rhythmic emphasis" while singing, but skips the contortions of many Latin "bombshells." Of the rumba in the U. S: "You try too hard. In South America we just fox trot to rumba beat. Easy."*



"The plumber says to put a pan under the place that leaks"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NEW ORLEANS

KNIGHTS OF THE NIGHT

Painting by Herb Ackerman

Harking back to the days of heraldry, and taking a hot note from the crests of nobility, Esquire has devised coats-of-arms for some of the Royal Family of Jazz. If you know the music mighty, you should be able to guess which of the shields above belongs to which modern Knight (and we'll give you a hint; one is a Knightess). Each crest is dripping with rich symbolism. Yea, and forsooth! You'll find clues such as the instrument especially associated with the musician, and references to his name, his famous numbers and his records, or his life. If you can guess seven musicians out of nine, you're doing swell. Six is pretty good. But five or less . . . we've an idea that Guy Lombardo is for you. (See page 59 for the correct answers.)

The Windy City became a jazz incubator hatching out many brilliant performers, but its reputation is gradually fading

Chicago Jazz History

by PAUL EDUARD MILLER & GEORGE HOEFER

BROWNJOHN

JAZZ did not come to Chicago's South Side full blown; the way was prepared both for the musician and the public by a gradual infiltration of ragtime—in vaudeville acts and a few theatres and nightspots. Pianists Tony Jackson and Jelly Roll Morton had pounded out ragtime-jazz at the Elite as early as 1910 and 1911. But it was not until the Original Creole Band appeared at the Big Grand Theatre in 1913 that a ragtime-jazz band made its influence felt in Chicago. That same year the Original Creoles played an engagement at a Loop theatre, the Colonial. Repeat engagements at the Big Grand had set in motion the excited interest of entertainment-seekers and the professional interest of local musicians.

The first white ragtime-jazz to enter Chicago's Loop was that of Tom Brown and his Dusters, when they played for a short two weeks, late in the Fall of 1914, at the Lamb's Café. In December, 1914, a second group of white New Orleans musicians arrived in Chicago, immediately went to work at the Casino Gardens. Drummer Anton Lada, cornetist Nick LaRocca, clarinetist Yellow Nunez, trombonist Eddie Edward and pianist Harry Ragas instantaneously established themselves, to put it mildly, as a smash hit. At the end of exactly two weeks, this band broke up; but its members were destined to continue to exert their influence on jazz in the Windy City—as two separate groups; LaRocca's Dixieland Band and Lada's Louisiana Five. LaRocca's New Orleans band moved into the Schiller for a six-weeks' stand. Early in January, 1915, Lada's New Orleans band took over for a six-months' run at the Athenia Café. The Louisiana Five landed in New York in July, 1915, for a long engagement at Bus Stanabie's Restaurant, 39th and Broadway. The LaRocca group, after the short run at the Schiller, played at the De Labbie Café from February, 1915, to September, 1915; then followed a year's engagement at the Casino Gardens. Not until December, 1916, did the Dixielanders reach Broadway; the Louisiana Five had been there since 1915.

After the flurry caused by the Original Creole Band, LaRocca's Dixielanders and Lada's Louisiana Five, Chicago nightlifers were somewhat prepared when George Filhe, a New Orleans trombonist who had migrated to Chicago in 1913 to take up his trade of cigar-making, formed a jazz band in 1916 to play at the Fountain Inn, 63rd and Halsted Streets. This six-piece group doubled after hours at the Arsonia Café. The following year it played Tommy Thomas' cabaret, across the street from the Arsonia. During this same period (1916-18) another New Orleans musician, trumpeter Manuel Perez, brought a five-piece band to play at Chicago's DeLuxe Café, doubling after hours at the Pekin; and then at the Arsonia Café.

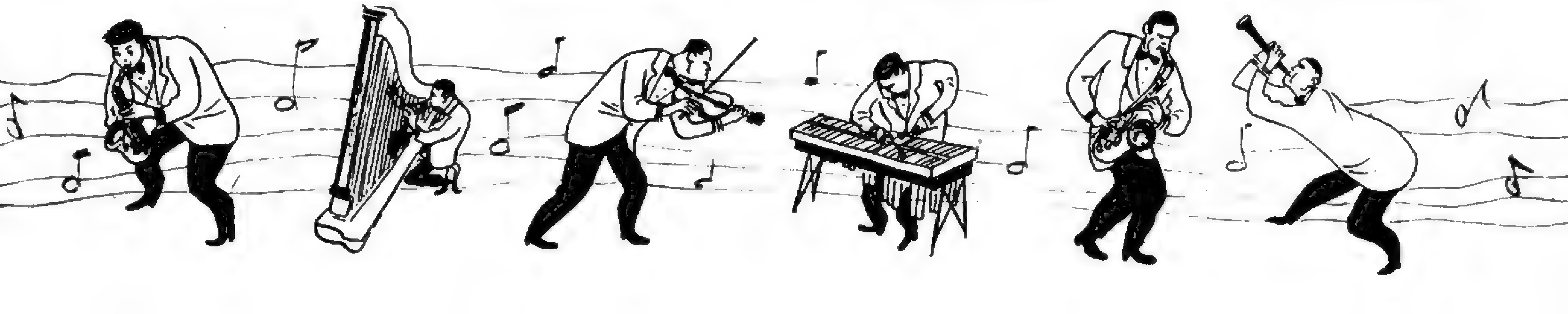
During the period immediately following World War I, the Negro musician dominated the jazz scene. The Perez and Filhe outfits were soon witnessing the rise of other natives of New Orleans. When, in 1918, the Original Creole Band broke up after a long tour with Shubert's *Town Topics* revue which had played Chicago's 8th Street Theatre, Bill Johnson, the band's string bassist, was offered a spot at the Royal Gardens Café. He obtained the services of clarinetist Jimmie Noone and trombonist Eddie Vincon, both of whom had worked with the Creoles, and of pianist Lottie Taylor and drummer Paul Barbarin. The cornetist had to be sent for: his name was Joe Oliver. This was the group which made the Royal Gardens famous; but it was no more popular or better known than Dreamland Café, where Oliver doubled, playing the Royal Gardens on the early shift, Dreamland on the late. Oliver moved over to the Dreamland with his own band in 1920. It was not until he returned to Chicago in mid-1922 that Louis Armstrong came from Fate Marable's riverboat band to join the outfit which recorded the Gennetts, Okehs and Paramounts of King Oliver's Creole Jazz Band.

Meantime, at the Pekin cabaret, in 1919, Manuel Perez led a group equally as renowned and talented as the Johnson-Oliver combine. Perez was backed by clarinetist Alphonse Picou, trombonist A DesVerney, pianist Frankie Haynie and bassist Ed Garland. After playing with Buster Bailey at the Fiume Café in 1919, trumpeter Freddie Keppard, another member of the Original Creoles, teamed up with Jimmie Noone and others to hold down the job at Royal Gardens in 1920, when Oliver departed for Dreamland. Both Keppard and Noone later joined Doc Cook at Dreamland Ballroom (1922) and recorded with him on the Gennett label. At the DeLuxe (1921-22), Happy Robbins' Jazz Hounds laid down a strong beat with Robbins on piano, Bob Schaffner on trumpet, Junie Cobb on clarinet. Prior to that (1920-21) Junie Cobb had led his own band at the Club Alvadear. Tommy Thomas' place was still jumping in 1921, when a remarkable woman jazz pianist, Margie Lewis, played there with tenorman Clem Palmer, drummer Earl Hart and guitarist Henry Vendable. When Lewis left, Richard M. Jones filled the piano chair. In 1922, at the Red Mill Café, another great combination, easily equal to Oliver's or Perez' or Robbins', was comprised of trumpeter Tommy Ladnier, trombonist Roy Palmer, clarinetist William Baudraud, drummer John Bell, guitarist Henry Vendable and pianist Teddy Weatherford. About this time, too, the sensational trumpeting of Chiff Matthews and Bobby Williams was the talk of Chicago musicians.

One unusual orchestra of this period was the Morton-Handy Band, headed by both Jelly Roll Morton and William Christopher Handy. The date of the band is about 1923; the place, Chicago, where it was organized for tours in Chicagoland and throughout the Midwest. As might be expected, disputes soon arose over the "rights," position and billing of the two leaders. That they were temperamentally incompatible soon became evident; the venture collapsed after, at the most, two months.

Larger bands, too, took part in the intense jazz activity. Elgar's Creole Band was installed in the Dreamland Ballroom as early as 1916; during the summer season it played both for concerts and dancing at the Municipal Pier. The concerts consisted mainly of semi-classical music, as did several concerts performed by the Creoles in 1917 and 1918 at Orchestra Hall. But, with the same men, Elgar cut loose in the hot manner, particularly for the dancers at Dreamland. After a long run at Dreamland (1916-22), Elgar moved to the Green Mill on Chicago's far North Side. Doc Cook, who had been musical director of Riverview Park (1918-21), took over the Dreamland job vacated by Elgar. After four years at Dreamland (1922-26), Cook moved to White City Ballroom (1927-30) to play opposite Sig Meyers.

In 1918 Erskine Tate took up the baton at the Vendome Theatre: for nine consecutive years he headed a jazz group there, during which time these now well-known musicians played in the Vendome Orchestra at one time or another: Louis Armstrong, Freddie Keppard, Ruben Reeves, Jabbo Smith, Teddy Weatherford, Earl Hines, Fats Waller, Cass Simpson, Buster Bailey, Darnell Howard, Omer Simeon, Jimmie Bertrand, Wallace Bishop. By 1921 the band numbered 12 pieces, by 1924 it boasted 15 men. Each night Tate's



Vendome Syncopators, as they were called, played two hour-long concerts between showings of a movie. The musical fare usually consisted of a light classical overture—after which came the jazz, plenty of it, with drive and bite and feeling. Even the Vocalion recording of *Stomp Off Let's Go/Static Strut*, waxed in 1925, demonstrates but a portion of the vitality and immense talent of Erskine Tate's Vendome Syncopators in the flesh.

During the 1920-21 season, trombonist George Brunis came up from the Mississippi delta country to join Paul Mares in Rag Baby Stevens' band at the Campbell Garden. A short time later Mares and Brunis teamed up with pianist Elmer Schoebel, saxist Jack Pettis and drummer Frank Snyder to play the Blatz Palm Garden. This was the nucleus of the New Orleans Rhythm Kings, destined to become the first real white jazz band in Chicago—and by "real" we mean jazz without ragtime overtones. In the Fall of 1921, the Rhythm Kings were established at Friar's Inn, where they dished up jazz for almost two solid years. There can be little doubt that during that first season of 1921-22 they were no match for the Negro-produced jazz of King Oliver at Dreamland Café, Doc Cook at Dreamland Ballroom, Happy Robbins at the De Luxe, Junie Cobb at Club Alvadear, Erskine Tate at the Vendome, Clarence Jones at the Moulin Rouge, or Roy Palmer at the Red Mill.

It was, as we have said, the period of apprenticeship for the white jazzman. Friar's Inn was the hub of white jazz in those days. It seemed almost as if the success of the New Orleans Rhythm Kings was the signal for other white musicians interested in jazz to gravitate toward Chicago, a movement which was to continue throughout the twenties. In 1922 a Goodland, Indiana, banjoist, Eddie Condon, joined the musicians' union and began playing at Campbell Garden. Youthful Benny Goodman was playing clarinet at Hull House and in small groups for high school dances. In 1923 Ben Pollack joined the Friar's group as drummer, and the Kings played from midnight to dawn. A young, know-it-all guy with a four-button suit continually begged Paul Mares to let him sit in. Mares was reluctant because Bix Beiderbecke knew only one tune, and Voltaire De Faut, who had replaced Pettis on sax, said Bix couldn't finger the cornet correctly. Paul Biese, leader of a non-jazz outfit like those of Ralph Williams and Isham Jones, was a frequent listener at Friar's. One of the Austin High boys claims that Bud Freeman learned sax-fingering by watching Biese play his diamond-studded saxophone in the pit of the Pantheon Theatre.

The Starr Piano Company, producer of Gennett records in New Richmond, Indiana, marked up a banner year in 1923. Not only did Gennett wax set down the real white jazz of the New Orleans Rhythm Kings, but the vibrant Negroid jazz of King Oliver's Creole Jazz Band as well, not to mention the piano solos of Jelly Roll Morton and Richard M. Jones. Jazzfans can be thankful to Gennett for what it accomplished.

The organization of the Wolverines orchestra was accomplished in late 1923. With Bix Beiderbecke on cornet, this group worked at an upstairs ballroom, The Cascades, at Sheridan Road and Argyle Street, on Chicago's far North Side. After this job they would jam at near-by Dinty Moore's, a speakeasy, with other musicians.

Those Gennett records by the New Orleans Rhythm Kings were worn out by frequent playings in a West Side drugstore known as The Spoon and Straw—by a group of kids who were to go down in jazz history as the Austin High Gang. This "gang" consisted of Frank Teschemacher, a Kansas City native, who played mandolin, banjo, fiddle and was practicing on an alto sax; Lawrence "Bud" Freeman, who was trying to make up his mind whether he'd be a tap dancer or drummer, but who wound up with a tenor sax and an Oxford accent; James Duigald "Jimmy" McPartland, who was responsible for organizing the group and calling it The Blue Friars, in honor of its downtown idols; Richard McPartland, who was the banjo-playing brother of Jimmy; and Jim Lannigan, a pianist who later studied string bass and spent over a decade with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. Other associates of the group were David North, whose piano-playing drove Lannigan to the bass; and Dave Tough, a fly drummer from Oak Park who inspired Freeman to start playing a C-Melody sax and give up drumming. Goodman sometimes joined the gang in living room jam sessions. Floyd O'Brien was introduced to the gang by Tough—and with a trombonist, the band was now complete.

The Blue Friars obtained a few jobs early in 1924—and listened to the Wolverine Gennetts. The summer of that year the "gang" snatched an opportunity to play at Lost Lake, where Teschemacher picked up Freeman's clarinet one night and thereupon decided to concentrate on that instrument. Upon their return to Chicago in the fall, O'Hare took them under his promotional wing, renamed them Husk O'Hare's Red Dragons on a radio spot over WHT.

Other young white musicians were coming up in 1924. Joe Kayser was booked into Chicago's Arcadia Ballroom with a St. Louis band. It featured Frankie Trumbauer on C-Melody, Jimmy Cannon on clarinet, Jack Reed on trombone, Phil Wing on sax, and a young pianist whom Kayser had heard playing *Poor Buttermilk* with Tony Catalano's band on a riverboat docked in Dubuque, Iowa, by the name of Jess Stacy. An alderman's son named Gene Krupa spent the summer with an amateur group, The Frivolians, at a lake near Madison, Wisconsin. But Krupa returned to his studies for the priesthood at St. Joseph's College in the fall. A young truck driver was moving pianos so he could buy records; he listened outside windows where jazz bands were playing—for the clarinet, of course, since his name was Joe Marsala. In a West Side gang hangout, The Rainbow Café, Art Hodes beat out jazz on a piano. Boyce Brown bought his first alto, dubbed her "Clementine." In July an ex-jockey, William "Red" McKenzie came to town with a musical comb and a group known as the Mound City Blue Blowers.

Louis Armstrong had been in Chicago several years by this time. In July, 1922, he joined King Oliver at Lincoln Gardens. In mid-1924 Armstrong left Oliver to join the Ollie Powers band at Dreamland Café, after which, a few months later, Louis entrained for New York to perform with Fletcher Henderson for a year. Oliver left the Lincoln Gardens in February, 1924, for a tour of some three months; Johnny and Baby Dodds, and trombonist Dutrey remained at the Lincoln, assembling a new band. Oliver added bassist Johnny Lindsey, clarinetist Albert Nicholas and altoist Rudy Jackson. In the Fall of 1924 Johnny Dodds brought his combination into Kelly's Stables for a long run. Oliver organized a new band the following year for the Plantation—the Dixie Syncopators.

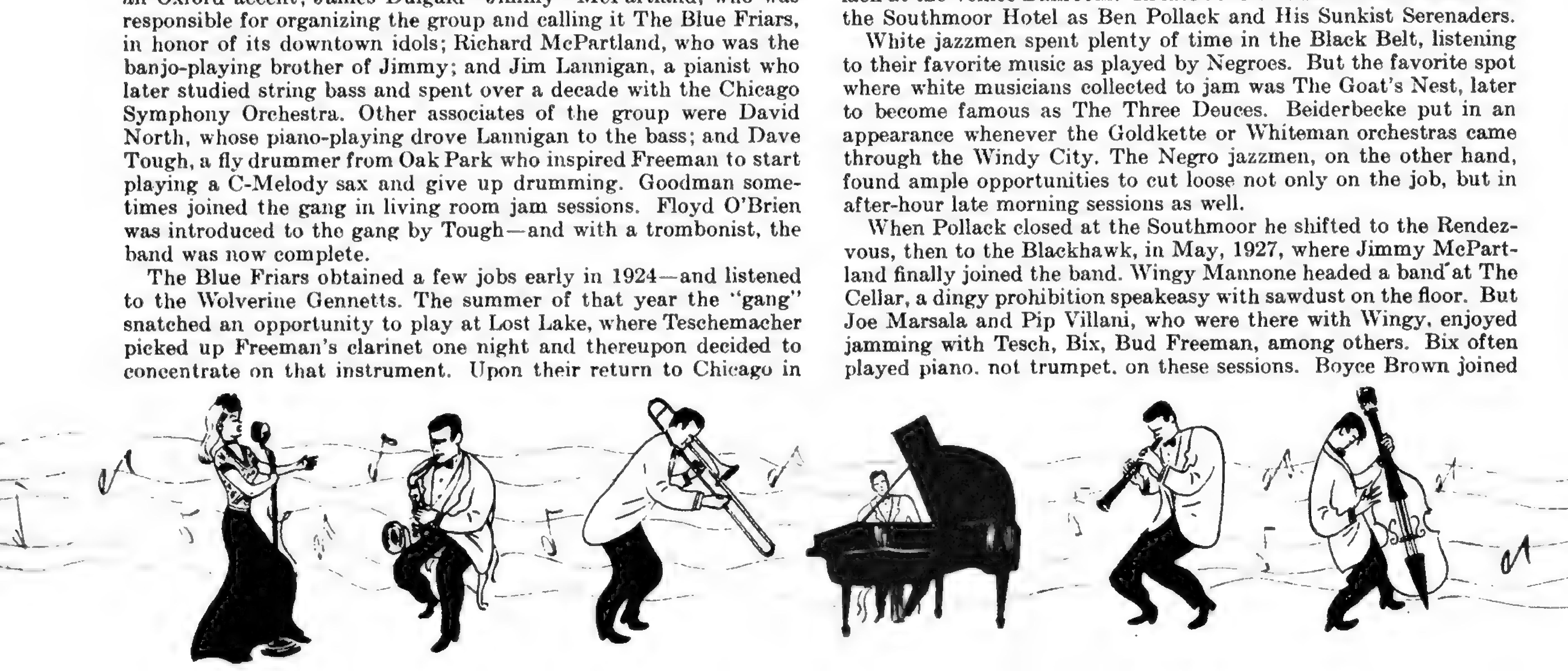
During 1924 and 1925 Doc Cook, Erskine Tate, Sammy Stewart, Jimmie Wade and Clarence Jones continued to pace the field. The Oriental Café featured a sensational clarinetist called Zaza (his real name was Lemont Porter). In 1924 violinist Mae Brady headed the band at Dreamland Café. Early in 1925 Al Wynn played the spot, while later that year the Hardin-Armstrong team moved in. Hugh Swift fronted a remarkable band at the Jeffrey Tavern on the far South Side; it broadcast nightly over station WBSC. Dave Peyton left the Big Grand to form a dance orchestra: early 1925 found him at the Plantation (where Joe Oliver played in the band a few months as a sideman); later at the Pershing Palace. Elgar's Creole Band was playing the Roof Garden and Eagle's Ballroom in Milwaukee; Bernie Young also spent the mid-twenties in that city.

Late 1924 found Art Kassell leading a schmaltz band at Midway Gardens; these men participated in the event: Benny Goodman, bassist Steve Brown, clarinetist Danny Polo, pianists Mel Stitzel and Elmer Schoebel and trumpeter Harry Steinberg. The Columbia Ballroom featured white jazz by the outfits of Frankie Laine and Sig Meyers; the latter then moved to White City Ballroom. Trumpeter Al Turk led a good white jazz outfit at the Princess Ballroom; this group participated in many "battles" with the best Negro organizations. On off nights at the Princess, Wayne King booked Turk for college dates; because the Princess held a "bad" reputation among respectable Chicagoans, Turk and his boys were known as the Fraternity Aces to the college circuit.

Bix Beiderbecke returned to Chicago early in 1925 to join Charlie Straight at the Rendezvous. Jimmy McPartland's Wolverines, with the old Blue Friar's as a nucleus, played a short run at White City, then moved to Riverview Park in Des Moines, Iowa, for the summer. In August, Benny Goodman traveled to California to join Ben Pollack at the Venice Ballroom. In late 1925 this band was booked into the Southmoor Hotel as Ben Pollack and His Sunkist Serenaders.

White jazzmen spent plenty of time in the Black Belt, listening to their favorite music as played by Negroes. But the favorite spot where white musicians collected to jam was The Goat's Nest, later to become famous as The Three Deuces. Beiderbecke put in an appearance whenever the Goldkette or Whiteman orchestras came through the Windy City. The Negro jazzmen, on the other hand, found ample opportunities to cut loose not only on the job, but in after-hour late morning sessions as well.

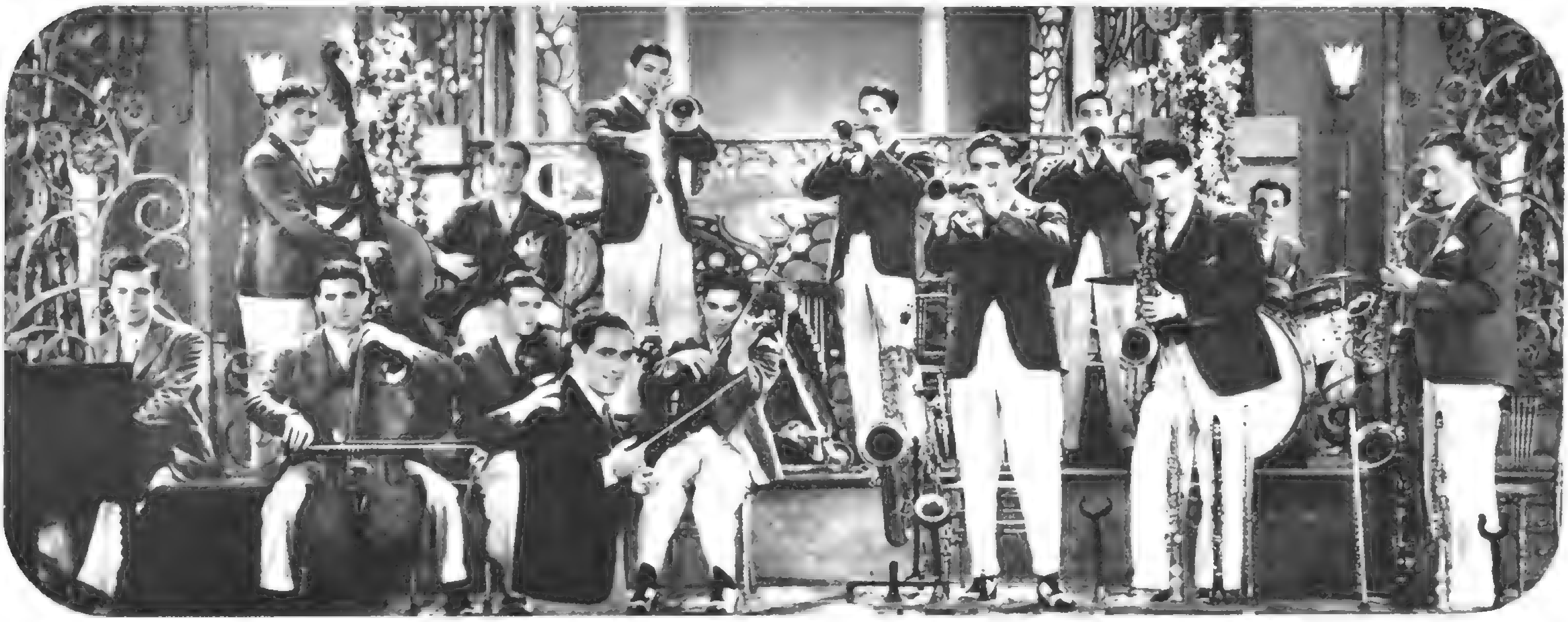
When Pollack closed at the Southmoor he shifted to the Rendezvous, then to the Blackhawk, in May, 1927, where Jimmy McPartland finally joined the band. Wingy Mannone headed a band at The Cellar, a dingy prohibition speakeasy with sawdust on the floor. But Joe Marsala and Pip Villani, who were there with Wingy, enjoyed jamming with Tesch, Bix, Bud Freeman, among others. Bix often played piano, not trumpet, on these sessions. Boyce Brown joined



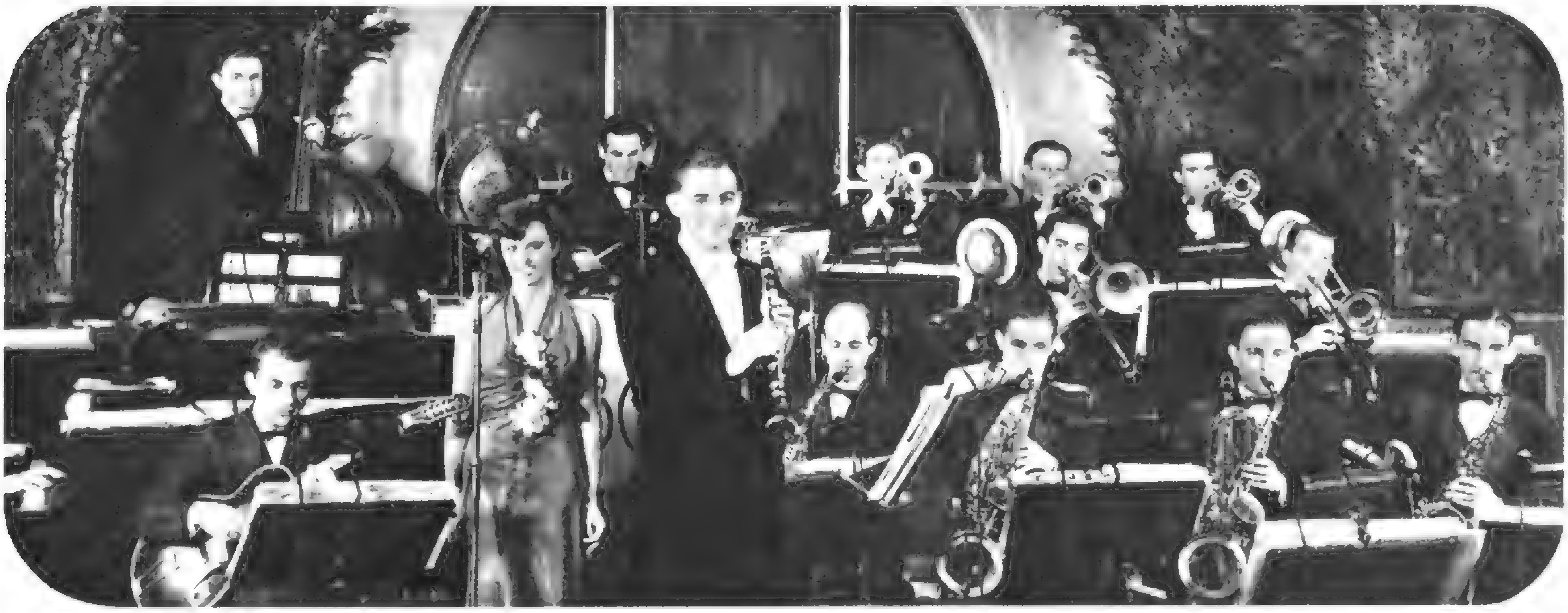
The Louisiana Five, 1916, after its initial hit on Broadway, where it had migrated from Chicago in mid-1915. Left to right: Anton Lada, Karl Karlberger, Yellow Nunez, Joe Calway, Charlie Panelli. Nick LaRocca and Anton Lada came to Chicago together in 1914, had a personal dispute, broke up into two separate groups. LaRocca's (see next picture) became the Dixieland Band. Lada's became the Louisiana Five. Photo from Lada.

The Original Dixieland Band, early 1915, at Chicago's Schiller Café on the South Side. Left to right: Yellow Nunez, Eddie Edwards, Henry Ragas, Nick LaRocca, Johnny Stein. Nunez played with this bunch only a few weeks; Larry Shields took over the clarinet spot with the Dixielanders at the Schiller Café, while Nunez moved to the Louisiana Five, which began a six months' engagement at Chicago's Athenia Café in mid-January, 1915.

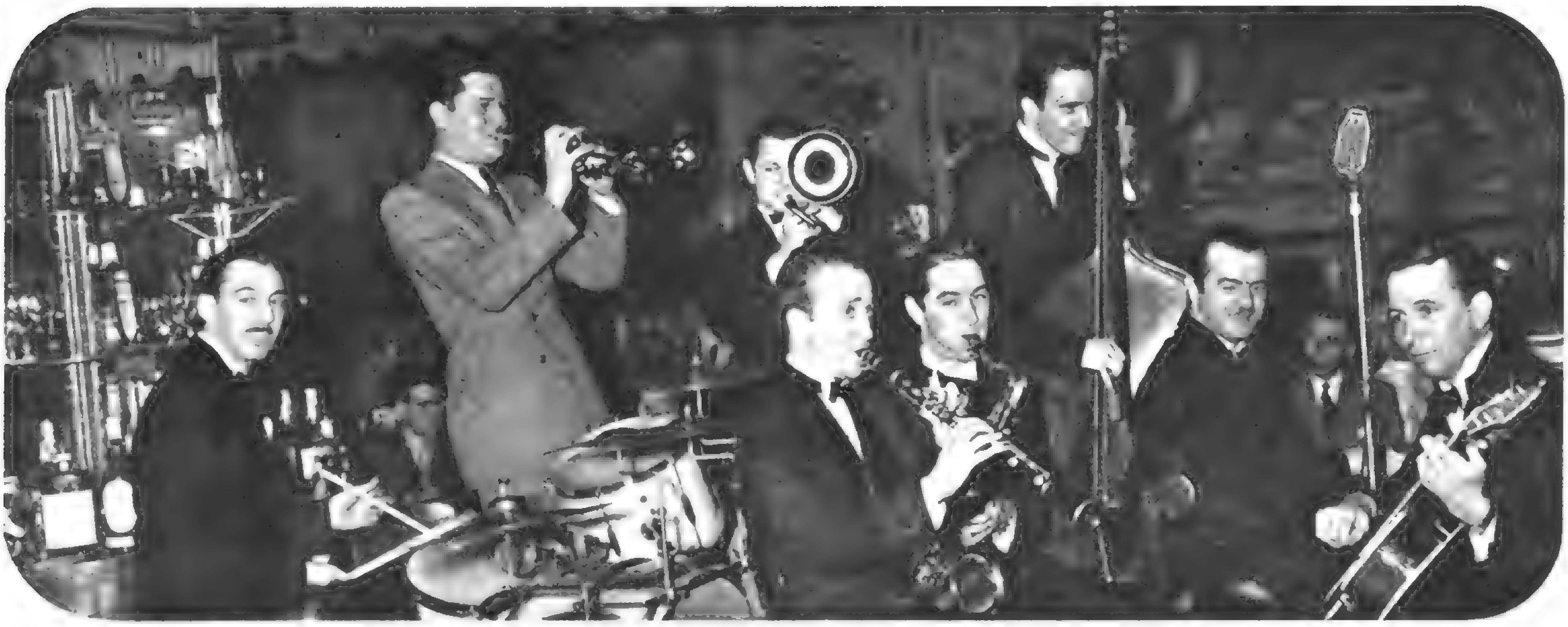
The New Orleans Rhythm Kings, 1923, at Friar's Inn, in Chicago's Loop. Left to right: George Brunis (trombone), Paul Mares (trumpet), Ben Pollack (drums), Steve Brown (bass), Lou Black (banjo), Mel Stitzel (piano), Leon Rappolo (clarinet), Volly De Faut (tenor). Under the influence of Chicago's Negro bands, particularly King Oliver, this was the first white group to produce jazz which closely paralleled that of the best Negro outfits.



The Ben Pollack Band, 1928, at the Park Central Hotel in New York, just after successful runs at Chicago's Blackhawk Café, Rendezvous Café and Southmoor Hotel during previous seasons. Back row, left-right: Harry Goodman, Dick Morgan, Jack Teagarden, Jimmy McPartland, Ruby Weinstein, Ray Bauduc; front: Vic Breidis, Bill Shumann, Eddie Bergman, Pollack, Al Beller, B. Goodman, L. Binyon, Gil Rodin. Photo from Down Beat.



The Benny Goodman Band, 1935, at the Congress Casino of Chicago's Congress Hotel. Back row, left-right: Harry Goodman, Gene Krupa, Harry Geller, Ralph Muzzillo, Nate Kazebier; front: Allan Reuss, Helen Ward, Goodman, Dick Clark, William DePew, Joe Harris (trombone), Hymie Shertzer, Red Ballard (trombone), Art Rollini. Jess Stacy, not shown, was the band's pianist. He now heads his own group. Photo from Down Beat.



The Crosby Bob Cats, 1938, at Chicago's Blackhawk Café in the Loop. Left to right: Ray Bauduc (drums), Yank Lawson (trumpet), Warren Smith (trombone), Matty Mattlock (clarinet), Eddie Miller (tenor), Bob Haggart (bass), Bob Zurke (piano), Nappy Lamare (guitar). These were the jazzmen who breathed a teeming vitality into the big Bob Crosby band of the late thirties—in retrospect, it becomes one of the finest large groups in jazz history.

the union, went to Midway Gardens, where Tesch and Muggsy drew a crowd of musicians including Dave Tough, George Wettling, Bix Beiderbecke, Bill Davison, Milt Mesirow, Eddie Condon, the McPartland brothers, Paul Mares and Rod Cless. Native Chicagoans Joe Sullivan, Freddie Goodman and Bud Jacobson held a job at the Cinderella Ballroom—for two weeks, until the leader absconded to California with the band's payroll. During the Winter of 1927-28, Tesch, Muggsy, Jess Stacy, Floyd O'Brien and George Wettling played with Floyd Town at the Triangle roadhouse in Forest Park, Illinois.

Most of the better-known "Chicagoan" records were waxed in 1927-28-29. The first were those by Tesch and Muggsy on a date promoted by a bandleading butcher, Charlie Pierce, who jobbed a great many dates around the Windy City. In 1928, Krupa, Sullivan, Lannigan, McPartland, Freeman, Red McKenzie and Eddie Condon all participated on a panic job for Bee Palmer in New York. Manhattan was cold to the efforts of these gentleman from Chicago, prompting Tesch to remark: "I wonder if we will ever be able to play jazz for a living again?" The immediate answer came in September, 1928, when Tesch returned to Chicago to embark on a career with schmaltz bands, including Jan Garber.

While the white jazzmen struggled against odds to play his kind of music, the Negro musician found strong support for jazz, which continued to be heard in 1926-27-28 in numerous nightspots, ballrooms and theatres. Lovie Austin was nearing the end of a long run at the Monogram Theatre; she had recorded with Jimmy O'Bryant and Tommy Ladnier. Tate was still going strong at the Vendome; beginning in 1928 he moved to the Metropolitan Theatre. Doc Cook was still at Dreamland; Sammy Stewart held down the job at the Entertainers, where Carroll Dickerson had preceded him; in 1926 Stewart moved to the Metropolitan, and when Tate took over, Stewart ventured eight blocks south to the Michigan Theatre.

Spring, 1926, found Armstrong deserting Dreamland for Carroll Dickerson's Sunset Orchestra; it was there, early in 1927, that Armstrong formed his own combination for the first time, taking over when Dickerson left. Louis Armstrong's Sunset Stompers set a terrific pace. They had to, for besides the large theatre orchestras, they were competing with King Oliver's Plantation Orchestra and Jimmie Noone's Apex Club Band—both across the street from the Sunset. In mid-1927 Armstrong doubled at the Metropolitan in piano-trumpet duos with Clarence Jones. Later that year he again joined Dickerson at the Savoy. That ballroom had opened with Elgar's Creole Band, fresh from an engagement at the North Side's Arcadia Ballroom, to give way to Freddie Keppard. Then the Savoy installed two bands: Dickerson's and Clarence Black's.

The Regal Theatre opened in 1928 with a large orchestra comprised of Chicago jazzmen fronted by Fess Williams. That year, too, Earl Hines, after working with Noone at the Apex, organized a band for a six year run at the Grand Terrace. Johnny Dodds continued with his small outfit at The Stables, playing to a white clientele. Jimmie Wade, McKinney's Cotton Pickers, Walter Barnes came in for one-nighters at the Savoy. Klarinet (Clifford) King stepped in with a band at Dreamland Ballroom after Doc Cook transferred to White City Ballroom. Junie Cobb followed Noone at the Club Ambassador on Chicago's near North Side. The Alabamians followed the Armstrong Stompers into the Sunset in early 1928; Cab Calloway eventually came to front this outfit, at the behest of its musical leader, Marion Hardy.

Some of the "Battles of Bands" and other special events which took place during this time seem almost incredulous to the jazzfan of today, not only because the phenomenon has passed from the jazz scene, but also because the array of talent presented in one evening often included the most honored names in jazz today. For example, on June 12, 1926, the Consolidated Talking Machine Company of Chicago (Okeh headquarters) staged and produced what it called a "Cabaret and Style Show" at the Coliseum. Richard M. Jones, who was then associated with Consolidated as Okeh's Chicago recording manager, was instrumental in gathering together the bands and other artists for what, in retrospect, we may rightfully call a mammoth occasion.

There can be no doubt that on that night (and on similar nights on other dates) the jazzmen were inspired to put forth their mightiest efforts to perform at their most intense pitch. An audience of about 10,000 persons on that hot June night heard Charlie Elgar's Arcadia Ballroom Orchestra, The Society Syncopators, Carroll Dickerson's Sunset Café Orchestra, Jimmie Bell and His Masters of Syncopation, Clarence Jones and His Owl Theatre Orchestra, Dave Peyton and his Peerless Theatre Orchestra, Sammy Stewart and his Metropolitan Theatre Orchestra, Doc Cook's Dreamland Ballroom Orchestra, Byron Brothers' Troubador Syncopators, Louis Armstrong and his Hot Five, King Oliver and his Plantation Café Orchestra, Al Wynn's Dreamland Café Orchestra and Erskine Tate's Vendome Syncopators. The individual artists included Nolan Welsh with Richard M. Jones, Butterbeans and Susie, Lillian Delk Christian, Bertha "Chippie" Hill, Lonnie Johnson and Sarah Martin. To top it off, the crowd was given an actual demonstration of a recording of *Heebie Jeebies* by Armstrong's Hot Five.

By 1929 the decline had set in. Tate stayed at the Metropolitan till 1930, then moved to the Michigan Theatre for several years. Fess Williams' band of Chicago men was the attraction at the Regal; he was followed by Jerome Carrington, and then came week-stands of traveling bands. The same thing happened at the Savoy, where Duke Ellington was booked in for his first Chicago one-nighter in 1930. Earl Hines held forth at the Grand Terrace into the mid-thirties; he was followed by Fletcher Henderson, after which, in 1937, Count Basie launched his big-time reputation at that spot. The small theatres in the Black Belt closed their doors or became third-run movie establishments. François' Louisianians made the Golden Lily a jazz hangout for several years in the early thirties.

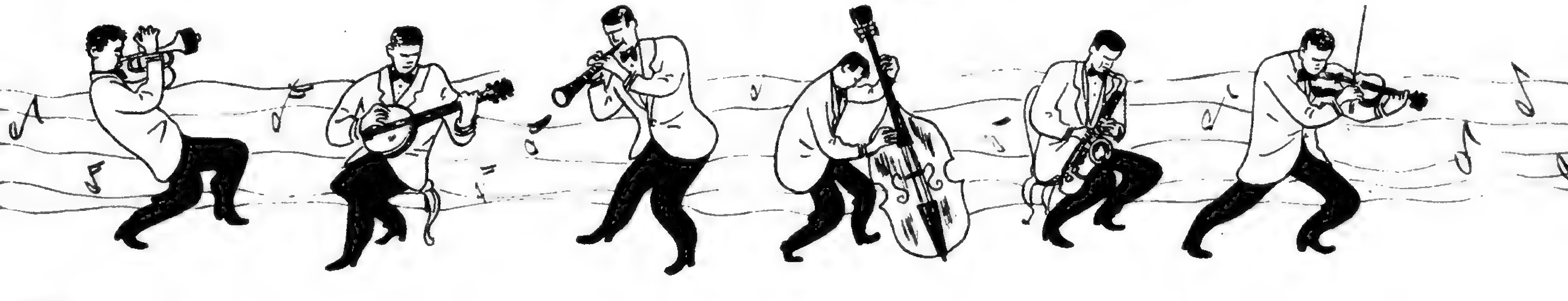
During the Winter of 1931-32 Bill Davison organized a band including Teschemacher, drummer Don Carter, trumpeters Whitey Whitehead and Harold Mueller and guitarist Jack Goss; arrangements were scored by Reginald Foresythe. This outfit was rehearsing for a job at Paradise Ballroom just prior to Teschemacher's untimely death in an automobile accident. From 1929 to 1931 Johnny Tobin's band at Beachview Gardens deserves mention—but only because it included pianist Freddie Slack and clarinetist Rosy McHargue. Early in the thirties Bud Hunter led a group, The Honky Tonk Gloom Chasers, on radio shows over WBBM, WJJD, and WSBC. In 1934, Paul Mares headed an excellent group at Harry's New York Cabaret. The following year Floyd Town led the band at Harry's.

Late in 1935 Benny Goodman was booked into the Congress Hotel for a matter of weeks; at this point the sentiment of a considerable group of white listeners crystallized toward a favorable view of jazz. Big bands were not new to the jazz initiate, but Goodman's gained favor, approval and support: it stayed at the Congress well into 1936. Fletcher Henderson, who wrote many of the Goodman arrangements, returned to Chicago for a long run at the Grand Terrace. Red Norvo at the Blackhawk and then Bob Crosby at the same café helped the crystallization even more. Jimmy Dorsey followed Goodman into the Congress.

The Gay Nineties, on Rush Street, harbored a small band in 1936, when trumpeter Harry James played there, with pianist Mel Henke and clarinetist Joe Rushton. Max Miller (vibes) led a jazz group in regular, frequent broadcasts over WIND for three years (1937-39). Concerts, sponsored by the Chicago Rhythm Club and *Down Beat*, featured Crosby, Dorsey, Goodman, Henderson, Frank Snyder. The Three Deuces headlined the groups of Jimmy McPartland, Max Miller, Baby Dodds, Roy Eldridge, Zutty Singleton. Muggsy Spanier's Ragtime Band was spotted at the Hotel Sherman's Old Town Room and Panther Room in 1939-40. The Panther Room instigated a jazz policy, using most of the best-known large bands of the past six years; and such small combinations as those of Bud Freeman, Fats Waller, Lips Page. The Pump Room contributed to the trend with engagements by John Kirby, Teddy Wilson, Casper Reardon, Fabian André.

Randolph Street cocktail bars brought in McPartland (with Condon, Sullivan, Brunis, Pee Wee Russell), Joe Marsala, Clarence Profit, Stuff Smith, Roy Eldridge, Red Norvo, Louis Jordan, Max Miller—all before the war. The quality of Loop jazz dropped sharply beginning in 1943; it shows few signs of an upswing. The Black Belt, since 1932, has offered only a few isolated jazz nightspots. King Cole and Lionel Hampton played with local Chicago groups before they departed for the West Coast and success.

Chicago, too, gradually succumbed to the nationwide trend favoring traveling bands. The large number of local orchestras such as were prevalent in the twenties have completely disappeared. True, the orchestral units of Roy Eldridge, Red Norvo, Count Basie, Benny Goodman, Bob Crosby, Muggsy Spanier have gained their initial successes in the Windy City since 1935. But in no way does that compare with the lushness of Chicago-originated jazz of the twenties. Chicago's contributions to jazz during the past five years have been negligible. Pianist Max Miller is the only Chicago-nurtured musician who currently possesses the artistic talent and the potential ability and integrity capable of giving the jazz world a music as daring and enduring as his predecessors of the twenties. #



A report on this year's ballot and an invitation to a concert on January 16

Esquire's All-American Jazz Band, 1946

by LEONARD G. FEATHER

WELL, we did it and we're glad we did it. Esquire's third annual jazz ballot has completed its third cycle, and another list of great men of swing music is presented here, representing the culmination of a great deal of activity on both sides of the fence—the sincere efforts of the musicians themselves to make their contributions worthy of the awards, and the equally sincere efforts of the voters to appraise these contributions, in a year that has produced an unprecedented quantity of fine music.

This year we took an important new step by establishing a different method of voting. For the first time in a jazz poll, we allowed the musicians themselves to do some of the thinking as well as some of the playing.

Yes, musicians can think. In fact, some of their thoughts about music are more valid, and more valuable, than those of any critic. They disagree among themselves almost as radically as the critics, but their opinions always have one basic factor in common; they are founded on an inside knowledge and understanding of music, of what makes the notes tick, and why Red Moax can blow more trombone than Joe Doakes.

Esquire's All-American Jazz Awards 1946

Gold Award

Cootie Williams, trumpet
Bill Harris, trombone
Benny Carter, alto sax
Coleman Hawkins, tenor sax
Benny Goodman, clarinet
King Cole, piano
Oscar Moore, guitar
Dave Tough, drums
Chubby Jackson, bass
Red Norvo, vibraharp
Duke Ellington, arranger
Duke Ellington, band
Louis Armstrong, male vocalist
Ella Fitzgerald and Mildred Bailey, tied, female vocalist

Silver Award

Charlie Shavers, trumpet
Vic Dickenson, trombone
Johnny Hodges, alto sax
Don Byas, tenor sax
Barney Bigard, clarinet
Teddy Wilson, piano
Remo Palmieri, guitar
Gene Krupa, drums
Slam Stewart, bass
Stuff Smith, violin
Billy Strayhorn, arranger
Woody Herman, band
King Cole, male vocalist
Billie Holiday, female vocalist

New Stars

Pete Candoli, trumpet
J. J. Johnson, trombone
Charlie Parker, alto sax
Charlie Venturo, tenor sax
Jimmy Hamilton, clarinet
Erroll Garner, piano
Bill de Arango, guitar
J. C. Heard, drums
Junior Raglin, bass
Ray Perry, violin
Ralph Burns, arranger
Woody Herman, band
Billy Eckstine, male vocalist
Frances Wayne, female vocalist

So, in this year's voting, we sent out ballot forms to all the musicians who had been winners in our previous polls, and asked them to select the men who, in their opinion, were the best young, up-and-coming swing musicians they had heard during 1945.

The idea had numerous advantages. Musicians spend a lot of time on the road; they hear jazz in all kinds of places, and they spend more time listening to jazz than the average writer.

Last year several members of the board of experts left their "New Stars" vote wholly or partially blank, because they simply hadn't listened to enough musicians to compile a fair list. By turning over the voting to the musicians themselves we thus had an advantage in the quantity as well as the quality of the balloting. From the men who had won previous polls, and from those members of our board of critics who happen to double as musicians themselves, we netted forty-odd votes. A couple of them were too late to make the deadline (you know how musicians are about deadlines) but all the rest are reproduced faithfully in *Esquire's 1946 Jazz Book*, now on sale.

This year's *Jazz Book* will be worth your investment if for this section alone. You'll be able to see which musicians made enough of an impression on the eminent Duke Ellington to earn an endorsement from the ducal pen. You'll see which youngsters in 1945 appealed most to such jazz veterans as Barney Bigard, Harry Carney, Lionel Hampton, Billie Holiday and Earl Hines.

It's a fascinating and entirely new way to learn about jazz. You can be sure that every one of the hundreds of names mentioned in the course of this voting must stand for a certain degree of musicianship and talent, because the musicians, unlike the critics, don't allow consideration of a man's age or city of origin to interfere with their enjoyment of his solos. They subscribe to the theory that instead of New Orleans or Dixieland, Chicago style or Kansas City style, swing or jazz, or any other arbitrary and sometimes imaginary categorizations, there are only two kinds of jazz—good and bad.

New Star Winners

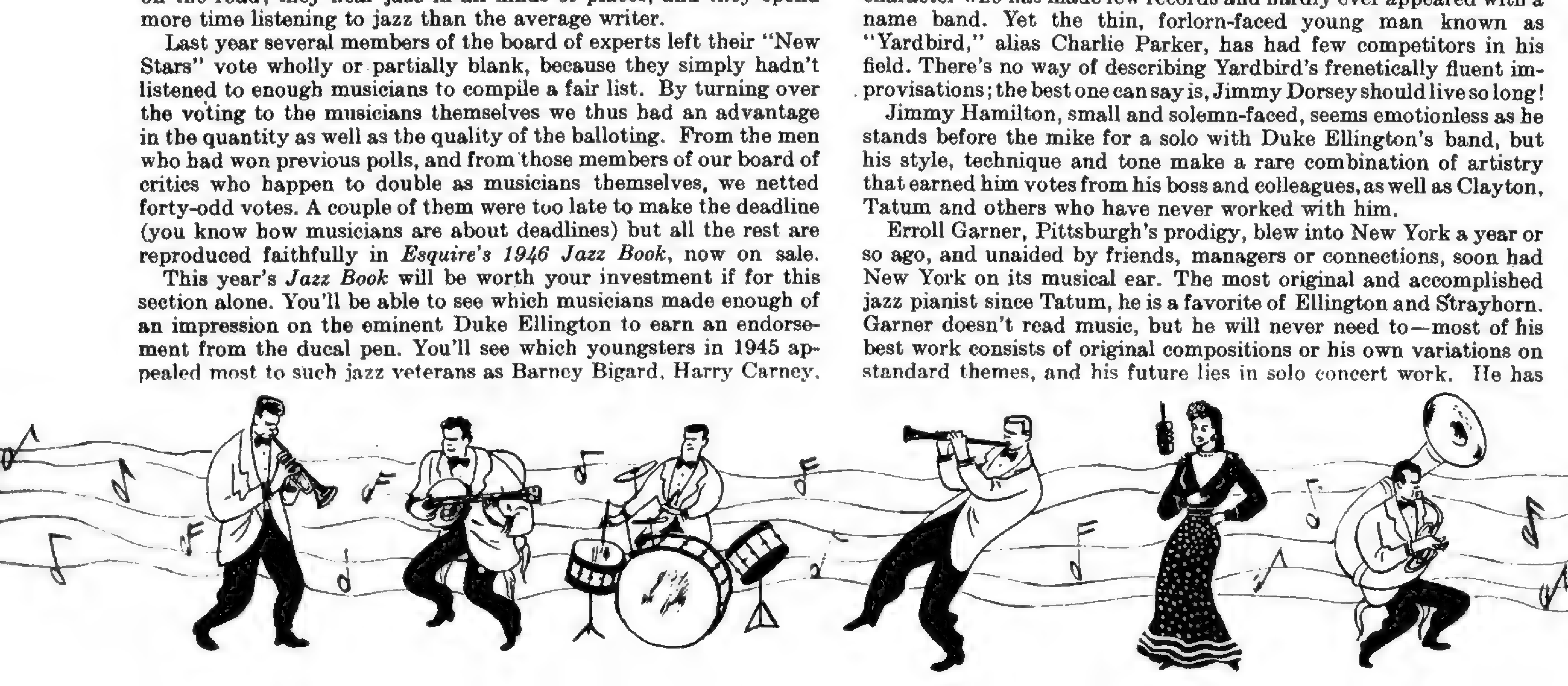
Voters were asked to name their favorites in each of fourteen categories: trumpet, trombone, alto sax, tenor sax, clarinet, piano, guitar, drums, bass, miscellaneous instruments (such as vibraharp, violin, soprano or baritone sax), male vocalist, female vocalist, arranger, and orchestra.

In four of these divisions there was such a clear-cut, overwhelming victory that the outcome was clear from the start. The lucky four who earned this distinction were Charlie Parker, alto sax; Jimmy Hamilton, clarinet; Erroll Garner, piano; and Woody Herman, band.

It may seem strange to you, unless you've spent an awful lot of time around 52nd Street, that the musicians' first choice for the top new alto sax man of 1945 is an apparently obscure, unimportant character who has made few records and hardly ever appeared with a name band. Yet the thin, forlorn-faced young man known as "Yardbird," alias Charlie Parker, has had few competitors in his field. There's no way of describing Yardbird's frenetically fluent improvisations; the best one can say is, Jimmy Dorsey should live so long!

Jimmy Hamilton, small and solemn-faced, seems emotionless as he stands before the mike for a solo with Duke Ellington's band, but his style, technique and tone make a rare combination of artistry that earned him votes from his boss and colleagues, as well as Clayton, Tatum and others who have never worked with him.

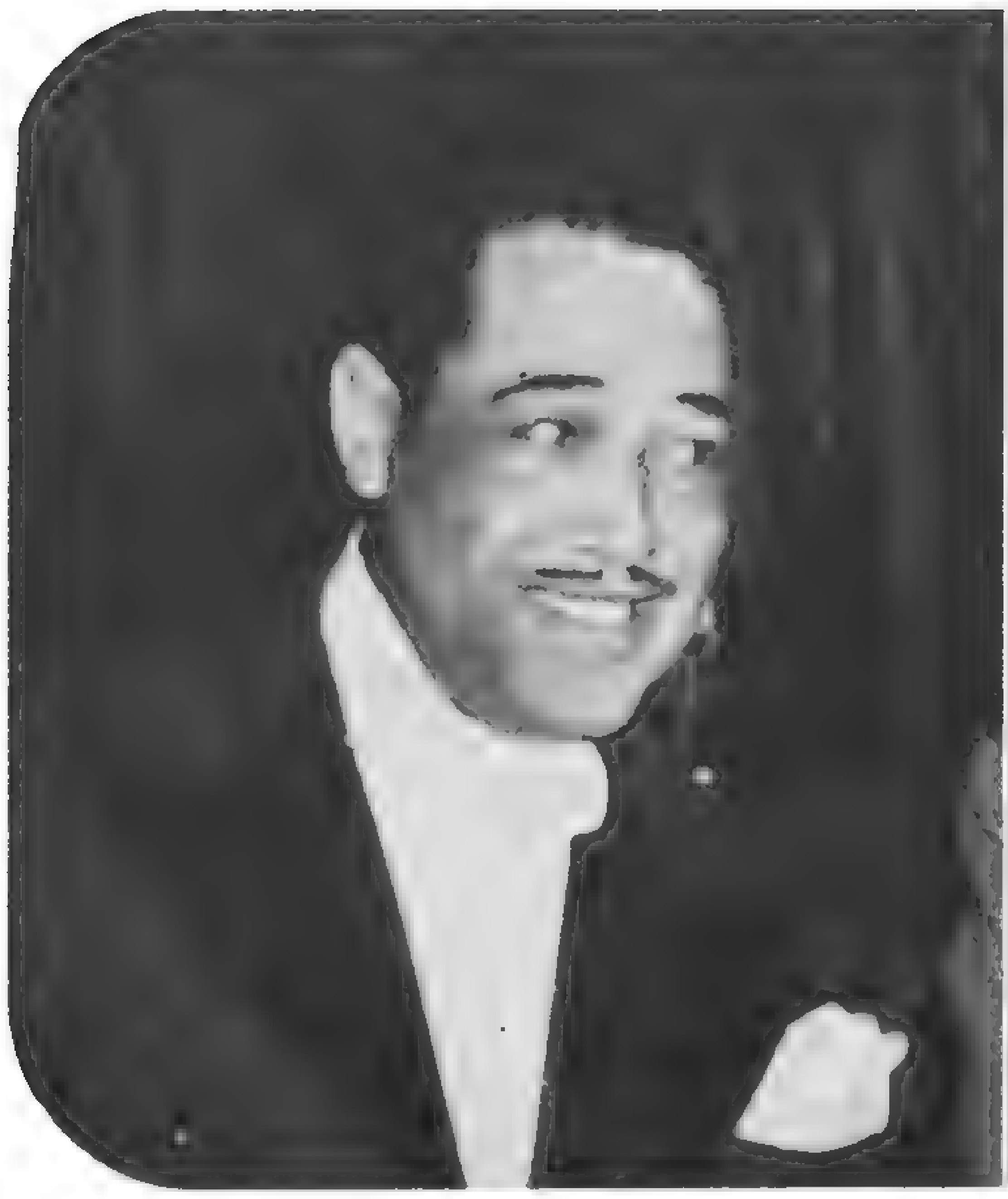
Erroll Garner, Pittsburgh's prodigy, blew into New York a year or so ago, and unaided by friends, managers or connections, soon had New York on its musical ear. The most original and accomplished jazz pianist since Tatum, he is a favorite of Ellington and Strayhorn. Garner doesn't read music, but he will never need to—most of his best work consists of original compositions or his own variations on standard themes, and his future lies in solo concert work. He has



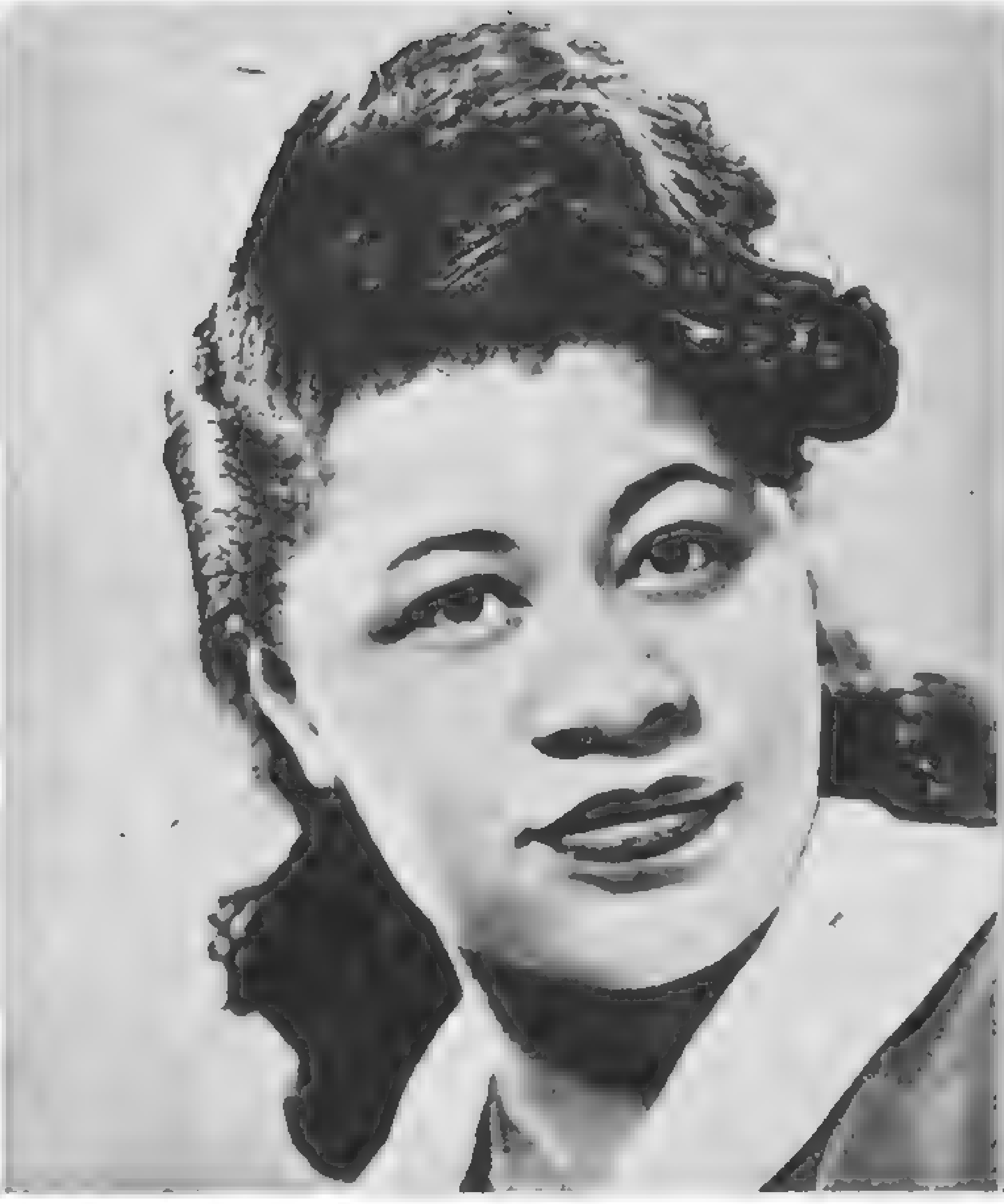
Four famous members of the Woody Herman Orchestra. Left to right: Woody himself, Chubby Jackson, Bill Harris, Dave Tough, who left the band in October. Critics, musicians and jazzfans alike proclaimed Herman's the best white band of 1945. Esquire's Experts named Woody and his boys Silver Award winners for the orchestra division; and by honoring Tough, Jackson and Harris with Gold Award positions on their respective instruments. Esquire's Board of Musicians felt that the band was comprised of musicians' musicians by proclaiming it winner as a New Star band. The musical and box-office success of the group may well be credited to its spirited exuberance and abundance of soloists. Photo by Robert Alderson.

Pianist-vocalist King Cole (left) and guitarist Oscar Moore, who comprise two-thirds of the King Cole Trio. Both men received Gold Award citations, while Cole received an additional Silver Award as vocalist.

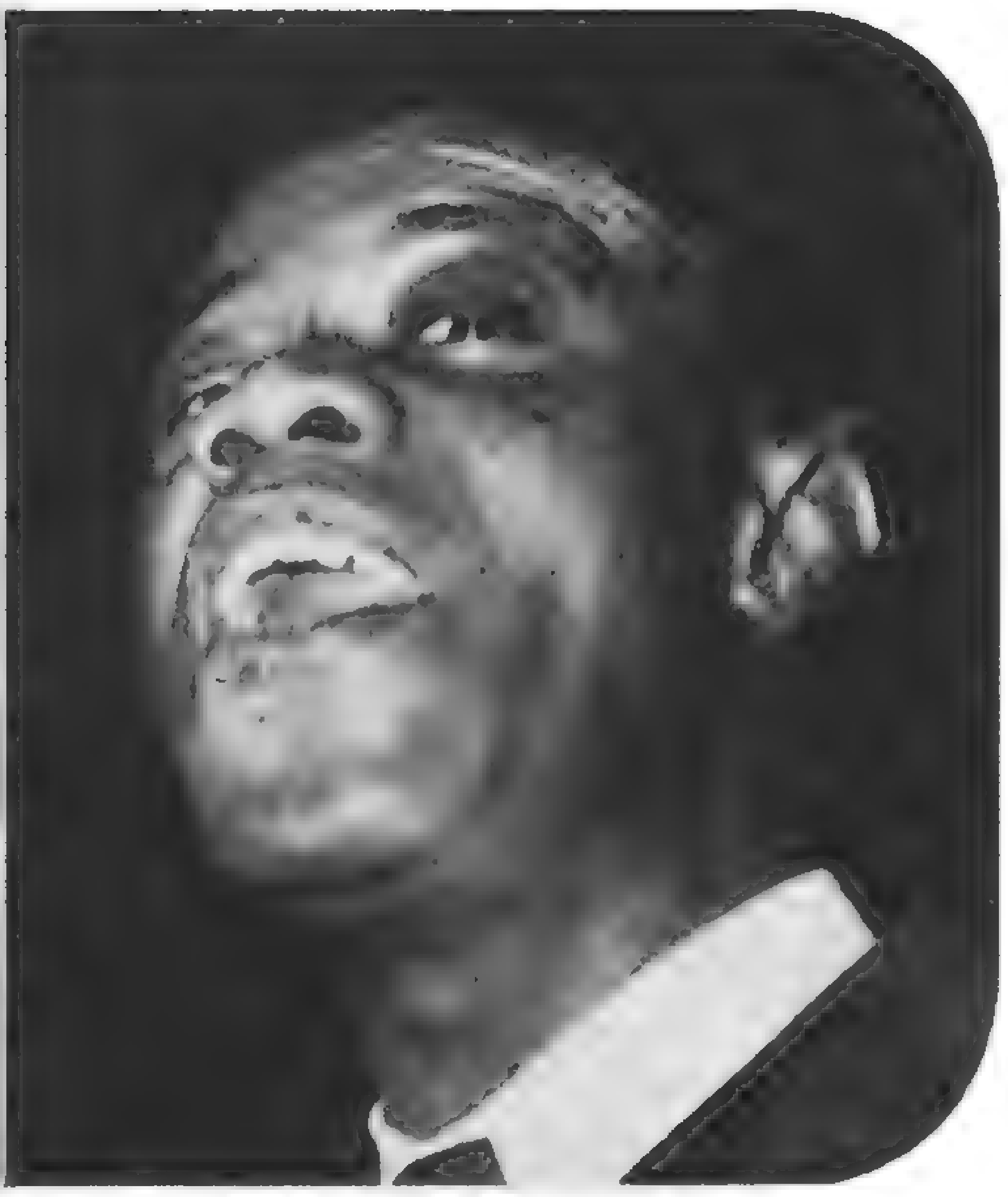
Both vibraphonist Red Norvo (left) and clarinetist Benny Goodman were named Gold Award winners on their respective instruments for the third consecutive year. They share this honor with Hawkins and Armstrong.



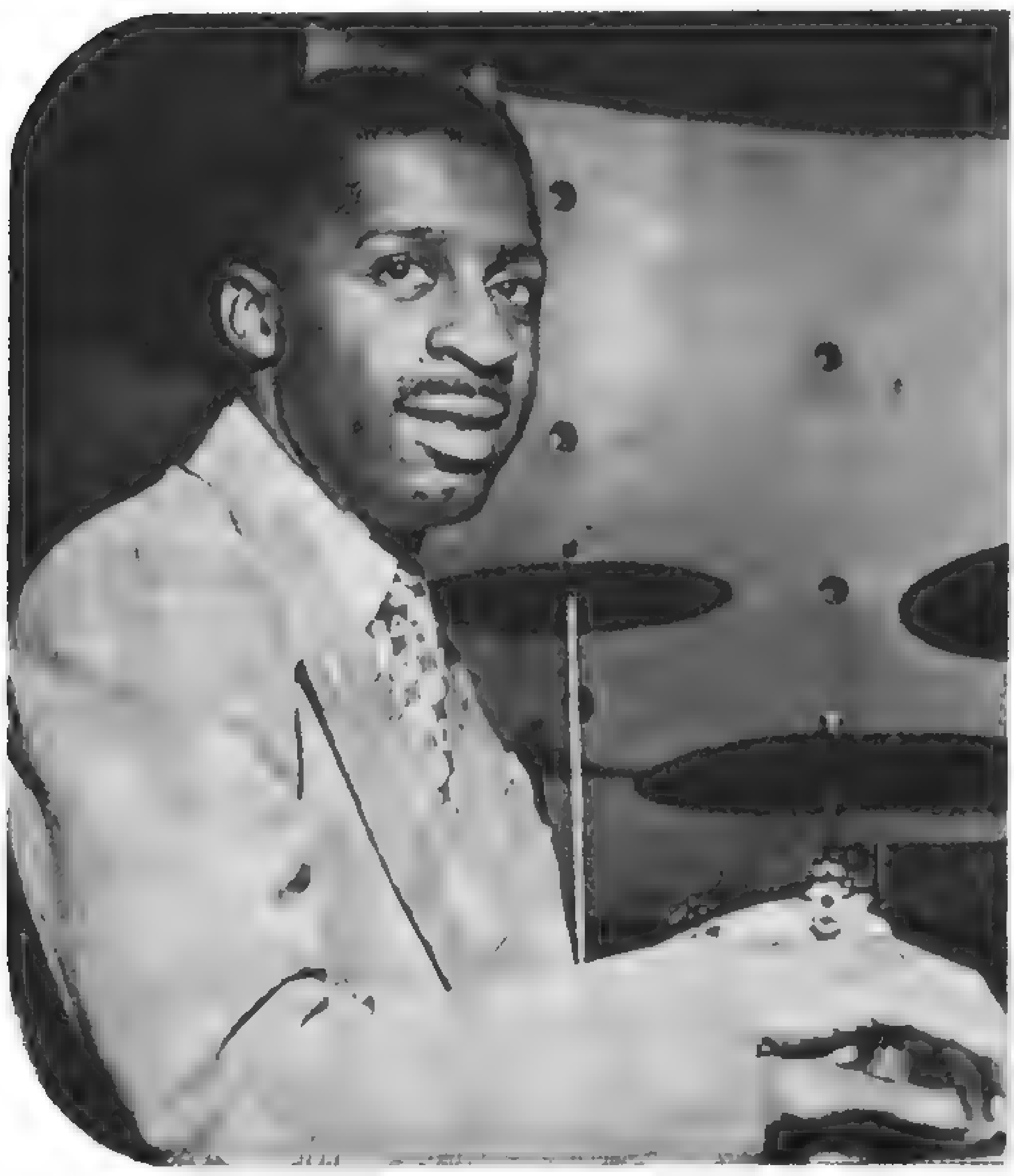
As in 1945, Duke Ellington again became a double Gold Award winner—as leader-pianist of the Experts' favorite band and as arranger.



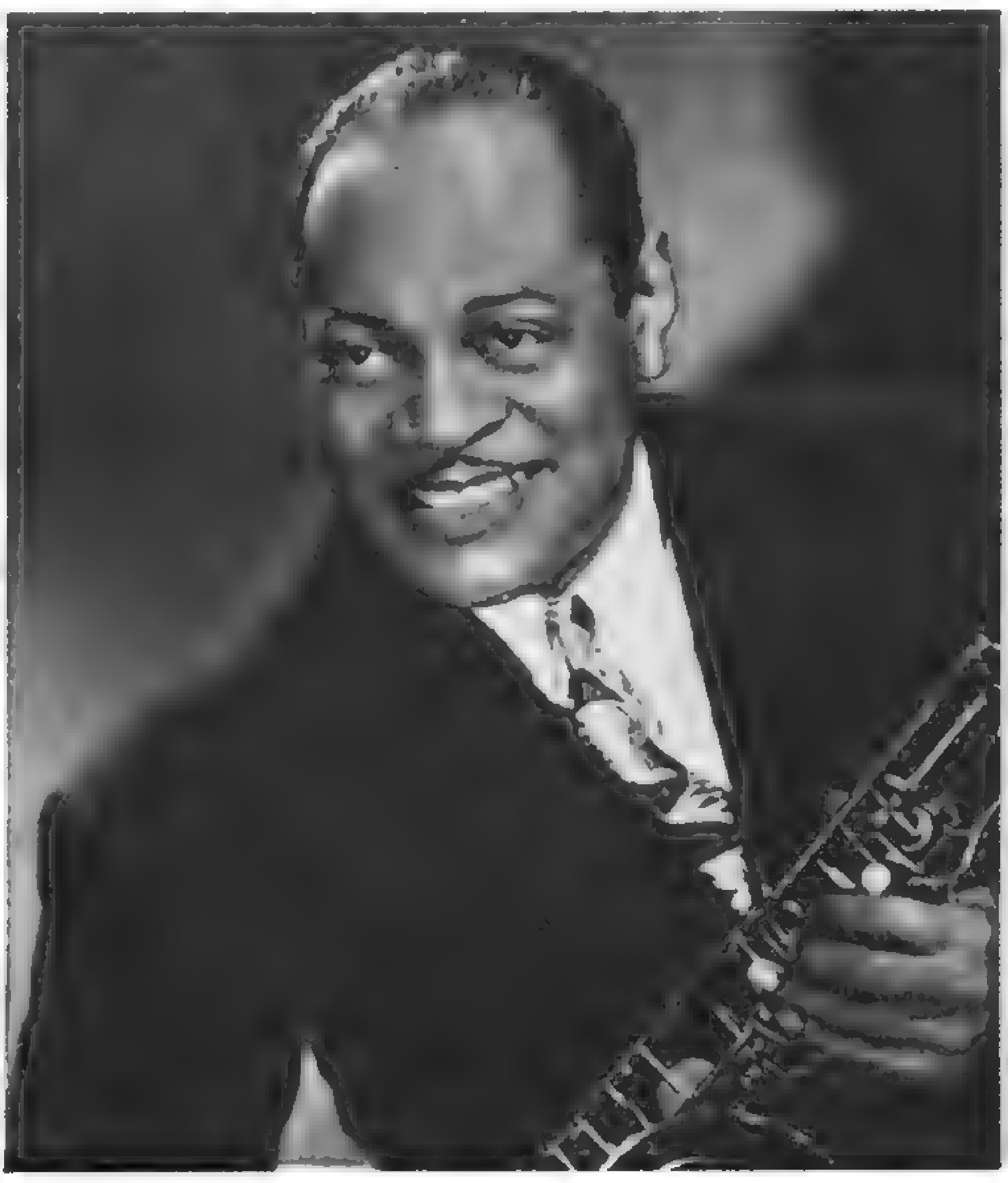
As co-winner for the vocalist Gold Award, Ella Fitzgerald impressed her vocal ability on some of the Experts. She's a Chick Webb alumnus.



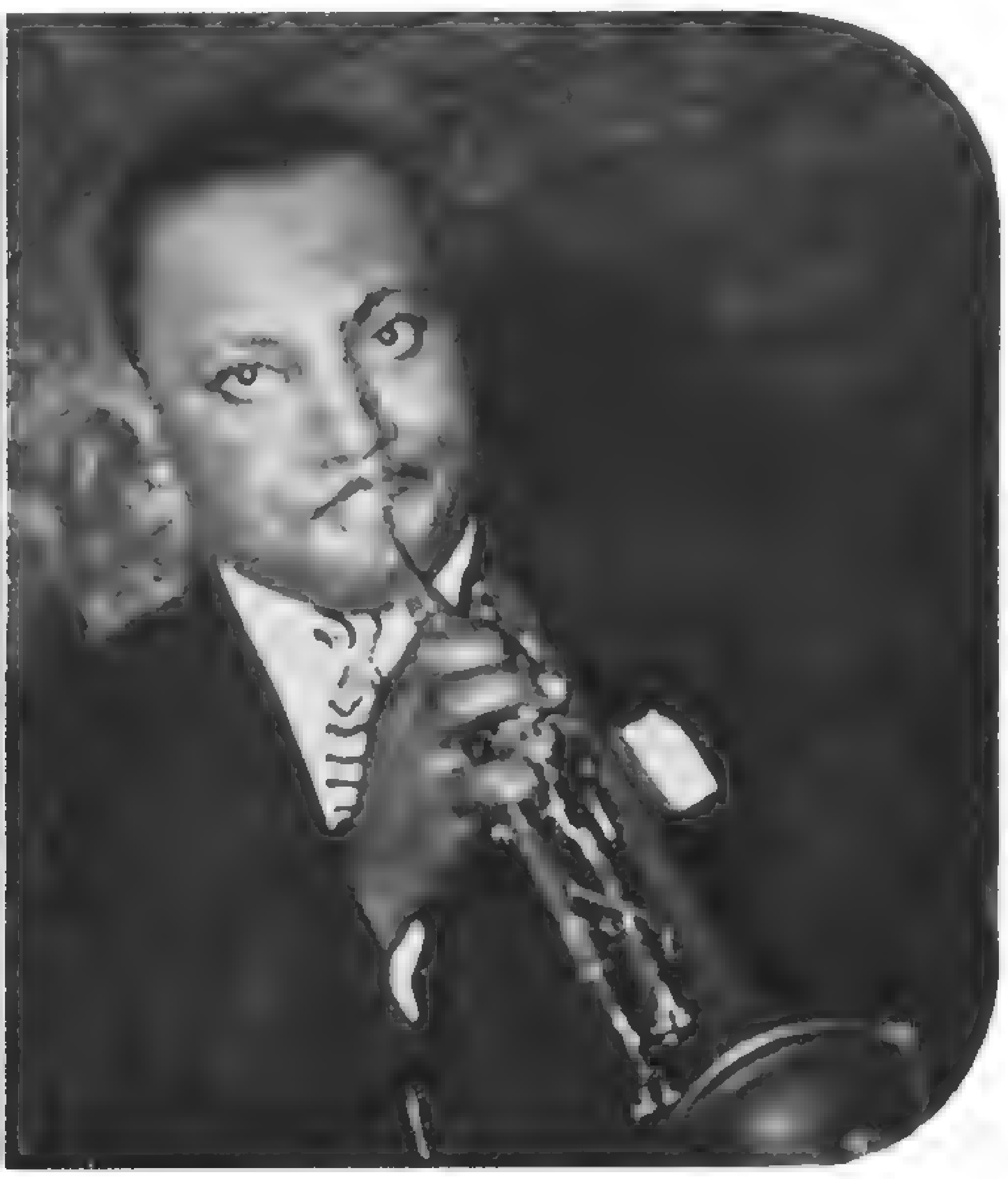
During the ABC broadcast, as he was singing Back o' Town Blues, *this informal shot of Louis Armstrong was taken in his native city.*



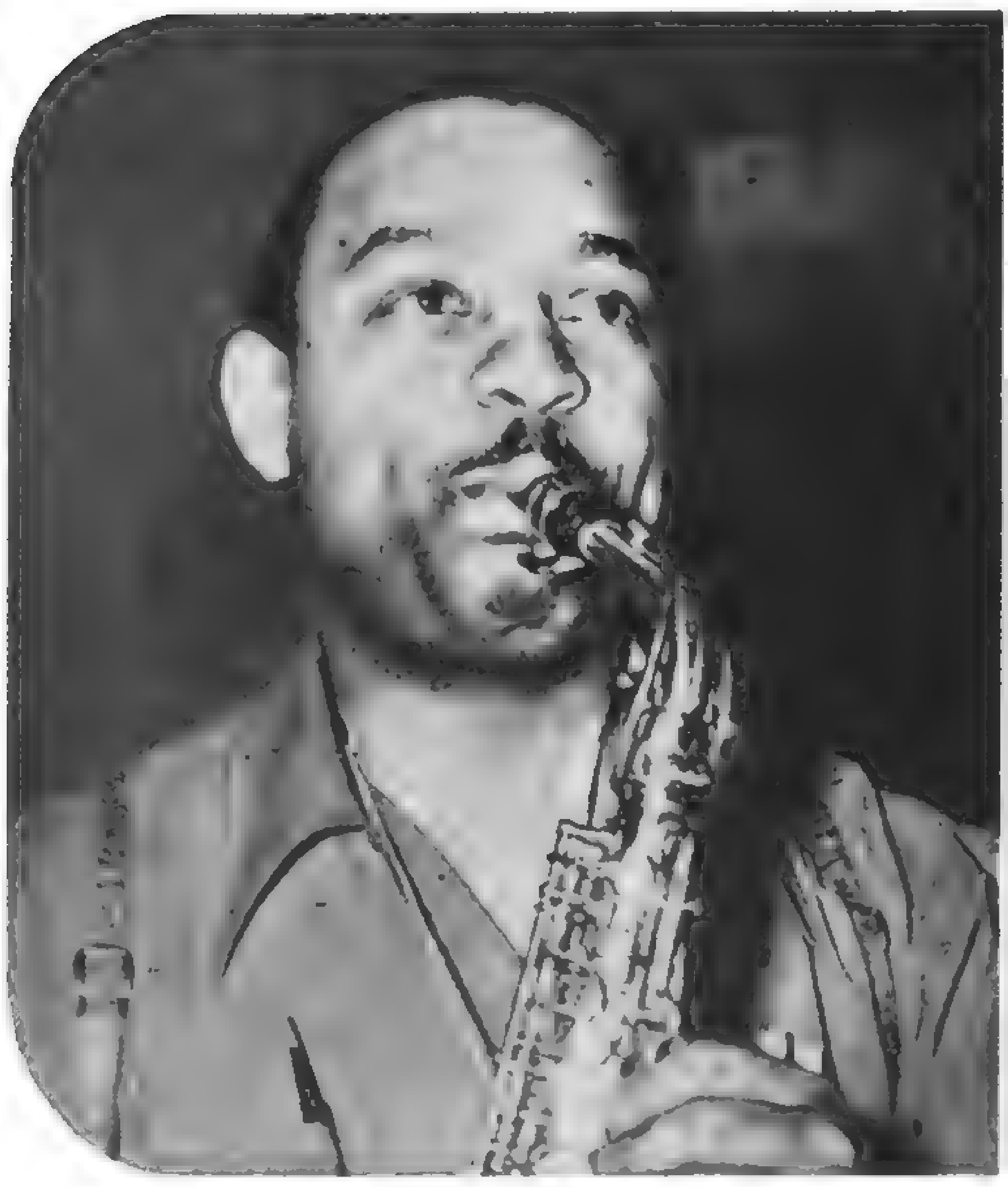
New Star pianist Erroll Garner has been heard only in New York; yet this was enough to give him a large majority from fellow musicians.



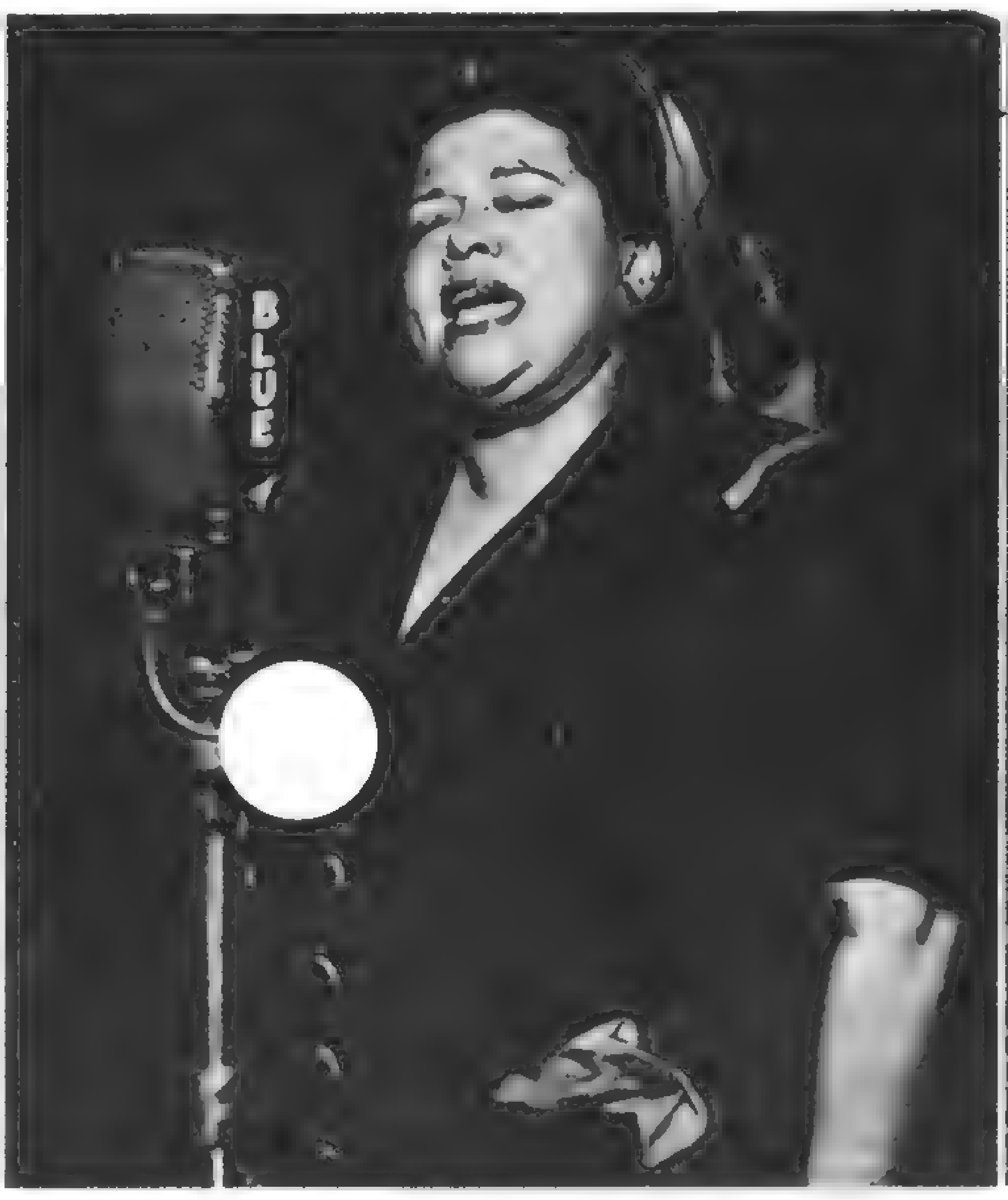
Gold Award tenorman Coleman Hawkins recorded prolifically during 1945—among other items were albums by Capitol and Asch labels.



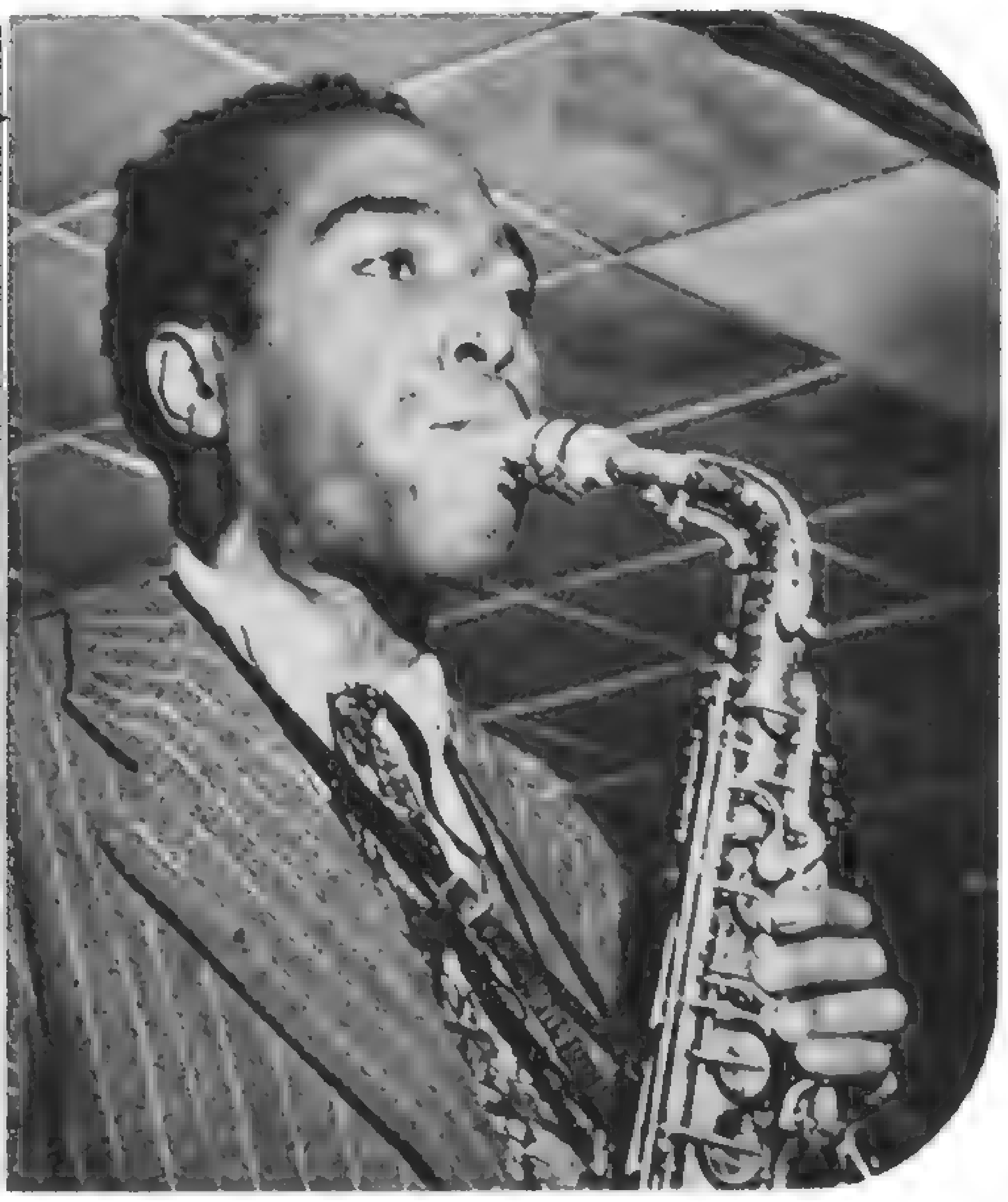
For the second consecutive year, Cootie Williams receives the Gold Award Esky as trumpeter. Williams now heads his own band.



This year Esquire's Board of Experts gave Benny Carter (above) the edge over Johnny Hodges on the alto sax. Capitol photo by Mihn.



Co-winner Gold Award vocalist Mildred Bailey has gained her reputation through records and radio and through her work with Red Norvo.



Another New Star choice of Esquire's Board of Musicians, Charlie Parker, after brief stays with name bands, now heads his own group.

made some records for Black & White, Signature, Savoy and a few others, and some excellent radio transcriptions for Muzak, but Garner as an in-person thrill is something without which your jazz diet can never be complete.

Woody Herman's victory in the New Band division was all the more sensational inasmuch as he also received the Silver Award in the band department of the critics' ballot. It was the first time a duplication of this kind had occurred in one of our polls, and, looking over the staggering list of people who preferred to think of this as a "New Band," despite Woody's nine years with a baton, we decided their verdict ought to stand.

In the other New Star departments the voting was more evenly divided. Presumably because everyone wanted to vote for Dizzy Gillespie, but couldn't do so owing to the rule against voting for last year's winner in this section of the poll, the musicians between them named almost as many trumpet players as there were voters. At the last minute, a vote or two for Pete Candoli, high-note expert of Woody Herman's band, pulled him into the lead.

Our find of the year on trombone, J. J. Johnson, known to fellow musicians simply as "Jay Jay," is a twenty-one-year-old Indianapolis product who graduated from Snookum Russell's band into the big time with Benny Carter and Count Basie. He plays the kind of fiery, rough trombone that made J. C. Higginbotham top man for years.

The tenor sax voting provided some confusion. Don Byas, who became a name among musicians several years ago as a Basie discovery, came close to winning New Star as well as Silver Award, but lost out to Krupa's featured soloist, Charlie Venturo. Charlie is a great tenor sax in the Hawkins tradition, with solo records on Savoy and Sunset as well as several solos with Krupa on Columbia.

New guitarists were almost as numerous as hot tenors. Because the complete acceptance of the electric guitar as a jazz instrument has made it possible for the plectrist to make himself heard even in a nineteen-piece band, there seems to have been a renaissance. Chuck Wayne seemed like a good candidate; Tiny Grimes, former Tatum partner, and Teddy Walters, better known as a singer, each had several votes, but a young boy from Cleveland who had crept into town during the summer, stole the glory. Bill de Arango, whose entire big-time professional career at the time of the voting consisted of a couple of 52nd Street jobs with Ben Webster, raised so many eyebrows with his fleet, fevered single-string solo work that even Duke Ellington, along with several members of the Ellington band, voted for him.

Answers to KNIGHTS OF THE NIGHT, page 50

1. RED NICHOLS—*A cornet, red hair, red nickels, initials of some of the famous men who played under him (Gene Krupa, Benny Goodman, Artie Shaw, Pee Wee Russell).*

2. LOUIS ARMSTRONG—*A trumpet, a mouth on suitcase ("Satchmo") a strong arm, "West End Blues," "Hot Fives," and "Hot Seven."*

3. JACK TEAGARDEN—*A trombone, T-e-a and garden, bottle of bluing (for the blues he sings), "The Sheik," "After You've Gone."*

4. COLEMAN HAWKINS—*A tenor sax, a hawk ("The Hawk"), Eifel Tower (played in Paris), "Star Dust," "It's the Talk of the Town" and "Sugar Foot Stomp."*

5. MILDRED BAILEY—*mouth (vocalist), bale of cotton—Y, "The Rockin' Chair Lady," silhouettes of her and Red Norvo (Mr. and Mrs. Swing), "Smoke Dreams," "Washboard Blues," "Someday Sweetheart."*

6. CHICK WEBB—*Chick and spider web, drums, tombstone with dates, Savoy Ballroom and "Stompin' at the Savoy."*

7. BENNY GOODMAN—*A clarinet, blackboard (instructor at Juilliard School of Music), 3-4-5-6 (trio, quartet, quintet, sextet), recorded with Chamber Music group, Hull House (where he started).*

8. KING OLIVER—*A trumpet, a crown, tombstone with dates, lump of sugar and foot ("Sugar Foot Stomp"), and New Orleans.*

9. DUKE ELLINGTON—*A piano, a fist ("duke"), wild neckties, manuscript of his composition "Black, Brown and Beige," and a "Sophisticated Lady."*

The capture of the percussion prize by J. C. Heard was no shock, for J. C. is everything that is meant by the term "musicians' musician." All the other drummers admire his good taste and steady beat; countless top jazzmen enlisted his aid on recording dates during the year, and J. C. eventually decided to give up his traveling job with Cab Calloway and settle in New York to free-lance.

The victory of Junior Raglin in the bass division has an ironical touch, in that he no longer has the job which brought him out of San Francisco obscurity four years ago and ultimately won him this award. Duke Ellington changed bass players at the end of October, and Junior's plans remain undecided.

The miscellaneous instruments department looked like a tie between Marjorie Hyams, the young girl who played such wonderful vibraharp with Woody Herman's band for several months, and Ray Perry, an alto sax man who also happens to play superb jazz violin. Perry, who came to New York during the year, made the Number One slot by one point. His victory was all the stranger since, except for a brief glow of limelight with Lionel Hampton's band some four years ago, he has never had a real chance to display his talents.

Ralph Burns, the new arranger, was a sure bet. He has contributed as much as any individual to the success of the present Woody Herman band. Woody's boys like to play his brilliant music as much as Burns likes to listen to Ravel, Debussy and the wide variety of composers who have helped to furnish his musical inspiration. Frances Wayne, who sings a ballad the way musicians like to hear it, was still another product of the Herman organization to win honors this year, though it was a close fight between Frances and Sara Vaughn, the young colored girl who, as the musicians say, "sings chords"—something we also don't intend to try to explain in words.

Billy Eckstine, the "sepia Sinatra," is well-liked by musicians for the same reasons that earned Frances Wayne her victory. Too, he's a musician himself, which contributes to the good taste of his singing.

Gold and Silver Winners

Not very much comment is needed on the results of the Gold and Silver award voting, since the musicians are mostly well known to anyone who takes more than a layman's interest in the subject. Assuming, however, that your interest is casual, and susceptible to development, here are a few footnotes:

Both teams of winners were elected by a board composed of a score of jazz experts. A list of voters and votes will be found in *Esquire's 1946 Jazz Book.* (We'd print it here, but, like a Lionel Hampton jam session on *Flying Home,* it goes on almost forever.)

There are many differences from last year's results. A couple of points one way or the other, changed on a last-minute whim by one voter, might have completely upset the results in the piano and the male and female vocal departments. Ella Fitzgerald, Mildred Bailey and Billie Holiday were all within one point of each other.

One fact stands out. The impact of Woody Herman on the critics' jazz senses had an emphatic effect on results. Bill Harris and Chubby Jackson, New Stars only last year, were selected as the country's foremost trombone and bass men, ousting such perennials as Higginbotham and Teagarden, Pettiford and Slam. Even Dave Tough, respected among musicians for a decade or more, undoubtedly got the Gold Award on the strength of the lift he and the Herman band gave each other.

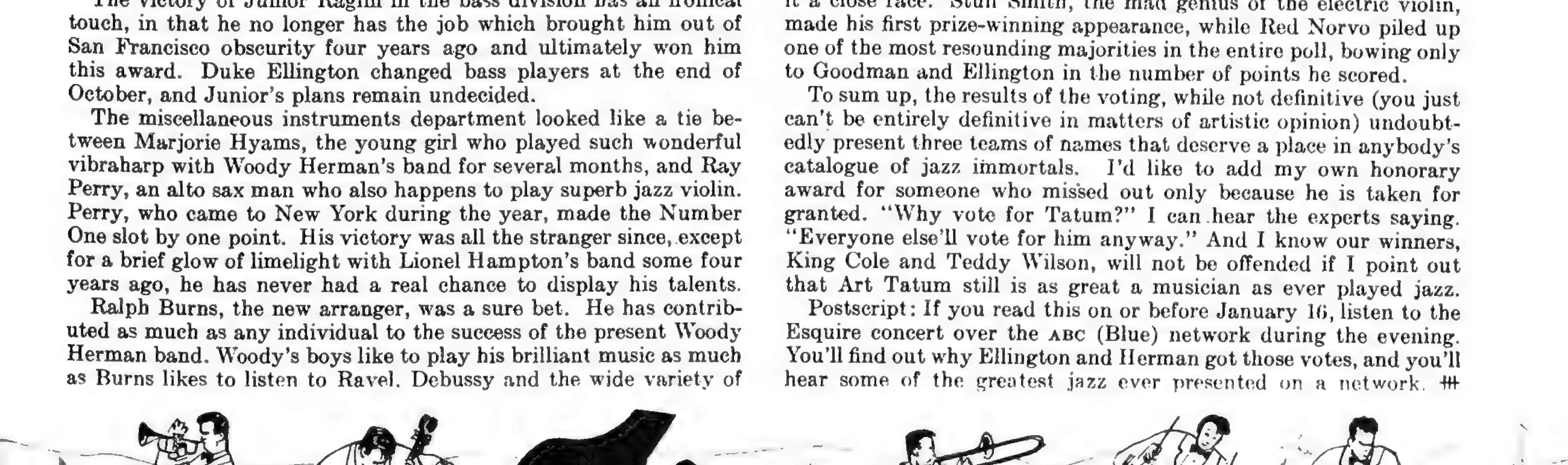
Charlie Shavers, our Silver Award trumpet, was very active on records during the year, while Roy Eldridge, last year's runner-up, was somewhat less than adequately heard during his long term in the Artie Shaw band, away from New York.

Jazz lovers who expressed surprise that King Cole never won anything, while his guitarist, Oscar Moore, made the second team in both previous polls, will be happy to see that the Cole trio is now triply represented, with Oscar moving up to the Gold department and Nat grabbing two statuettes, a Gold for his superlative piano and a Silver for his intimate, rhythmic singing.

Barney Bigard, who dropped out last year, comes back again as second to the perennial Benny Goodman. Barney's activities were confined mostly to small night clubs and a few records, but it didn't take his fans many hearings to be convinced that Bigard is still one of the greats of jazz. Don Byas, perhaps the busiest of all recording men in '45, took a lot of votes away from Coleman Hawkins to make it a close race. Stuff Smith, the mad genius of the electric violin, made his first prize-winning appearance, while Red Norvo piled up one of the most resounding majorities in the entire poll, bowing only to Goodman and Ellington in the number of points he scored.

To sum up, the results of the voting, while not definitive (you just can't be entirely definitive in matters of artistic opinion) undoubtedly present three teams of names that deserve a place in anybody's catalogue of jazz immortals. I'd like to add my own honorary award for someone who missed out only because he is taken for granted. "Why vote for Tatum?" I can hear the experts saying. "Everyone else'll vote for him anyway." And I know our winners, King Cole and Teddy Wilson, will not be offended if I point out that Art Tatum still is as great a musician as ever played jazz.

Postscript: If you read this on or before January 16, listen to the Esquire concert over the ABC (Blue) network during the evening. You'll find out why Ellington and Herman got those votes, and you'll hear some of the greatest jazz ever presented on a network. ##



Anyone with sufficient predisposition toward music to "know what he likes" has also a potential liking for jazz

PALAZZO

Jazz for the Layman

by PAUL EDUARD MILLER

I WANT to talk about jazz for the average listener. Perhaps he hears symphony broadcasts and sometimes attends concerts. Maybe he frequents the supper rooms of the more expensive hotels and night clubs where, more than likely, he has heard what he presumes to be jazz. Or he is an habitué of the so-called cocktail lounges where, on rare occasions, he hears jazz, but like his wealthier confrere, he presumes he has heard it even when he hasn't. Or he dials his radio for light classical music and tunes from musical productions. Or he simply likes the popular hit tunes of the moment. For all such music-minded laymen, jazz offers opportunities for extending the scope of listening pleasures and satisfactions.

How? By the simple expedient of giving jazz music a chance to prove itself—through examples of its finest creations. The best jazz, I hasten to add, is not too easily available. That is to say, most records, most radio programs and most in-person performances afford the seeker-after-the-best only a small proportion of superior jazz. The reason for this lies partly in the eagerness to make profits with what sells easiest, regardless of its musical worth; but partly, also, in the public's failure to appreciate and support quality jazz. The latter predicament, of course, may be traced in large measure to a lack of education in the finest features of jazz. As children we learn something about classical music, but the professors seem to think jazz is too much a product of our own times to consider it worthy of serious attention. Still, the atomic bomb, too, is a product of our times. We cannot venture that excuse for ignoring current products—whether they be scientific or cultural. I believe, therefore, that anyone who possesses an ordinary predisposition toward music of any kind possesses also a potential liking for jazz. I insist that if such laymen-listeners are likewise dissatisfied to hear less than the best and are curious enough to act on a desire to investigate quality jazz, they very well may be agreeably surprised to discover the wealth of musical enjoyment in such music.

Let me emphasize, however, that to make a fair test of the merits and musical satisfactions of jazz, it is essential to sample a reasonably sufficient selection of the finest jazz—or, at the minimum, acceptably meritorious jazz which provides a foundation for the appreciation of the best. The primary requisite is listening, not as one might listen to a popular song or show tune (casually), but as one listens to a great symphony or sonata (seriously). It is the music itself which demands the attention. One average listener told me: "I get a bad impression of jazz because the people who like it are cheap and superficial." Such an attitude is extraneous to the music itself. For some laymen-listeners, the jitterbug and bobby-socks brigade appear to make more impression on critical judgments toward jazz than does the actual music produced by a Benny Goodman or a Sidney Bechet. But surely, a sympathetic approach requires that the listener reject the idea that jazz is music for the cultural adolescent. The truth is that the age-group which appreciates and supports quality jazz ranges from twenty-five to forty-five; it is comprised of persons far removed culturally from the jitterbug gyrations and emotional spasms of teen-agers.

For a sampling of jazz, then, I shall make some suggestions of specific performances. I have purposely chosen, as a point of departure, the work of the eight jazzmen pictured on the two pages immediately following this one. Among those eight are several widely-known personalities, through whom I hope to establish a connecting link between what is familiar and what may be unknown.

Harry James, for example, is a known quantity in the world of the popular song, the radio and the movies. What is more obscure is that his earlier performances with other bands are highly regarded in jazz circles. His present-day organization is hardly more than a vehicle for the publicity build-ups of Tin Pan Alley. To hear James, the jazzman, listen to his work on Ben Pollack's *Deep Elm* or *Jimtown Blues* (Brunswick); Teddy Wilson's *Just a Mood* (Brunswick); or Benny Goodman's *Sugar Foot Stomp, Roll 'Em* or *Sing Sing Sing* (Victor). The late Glenn Miller, who abandoned an orchestra which was the pride of Young America to lead an Army Air Forces band which toured the European theater of war, recorded two of his best jazz solos over thirteen years ago: *One Hour* and *Hello Lola* with the Mound City Blue Blowers (Bluebird). With his own outfit he performed acceptable jazz likely to appeal to average listeners on pieces such as *Take the "A" Train, In the Mood, Tuxedo Junction, Star Dust, Rug Cutter's Swing, Song of the Volga Boatman* and *Slow Freight* (Bluebird).

Ben Webster and Billy Butterfield are what professionals call sidemen—players who work under a leader rather than head their own group. Webster has served under Andy Kirk, Benny Carter, Fletcher Henderson, Teddy Wilson and Duke Ellington. With Henderson he produced *Limehouse Blues* (Decca); with Ellington *Blue Serge, Bojangles, Conga Brava, Cotton Tail* (Victor); with Wilson *Sweet Lorraine*. When the Ellington organization was at its peak (1935-41), it offered the excellent jazz of *Crescendo and Diminuendo in Blue*, (Brunswick); *Ko Ko, Warm Valley* (Victor). As a sideman with Artie Shaw, Butterfield performed *Summit Ridge Drive, Star Dust, Dr. Livingston, I Presume* (Victor); with Bob Crosby the melodic popular standards *I'm Free* and *Embraceable You* (Decca).

Like James and Miller, Gene Krupa is a household name. That his drumming still rates is evidenced by his choice as a 1946 Silver Award winner in Esquire's All-American Jazz Band. As a jazzman he may be heard to advantage on the early Trio and Quartet work of Benny Goodman: *More Than You Know, Lady Be Good, Vibraphone Blues, Runnin' Wild, Blues in Your Flat and My Flat, Dizzy Spells* (Victor). The later Goodman Sextet, without Krupa, gives a convincing account of itself, melodically, in *Soft Winds, Memories of You, Poor Butterfly*; and in a more driving and intense jazz manner, *The Sheik* and *Six Appeal* (all Columbia).

As a pianist who creates quality jazz, Joe Sullivan is heard at his best in solos of *Gin Mill Blues* and *Onyx Bringdown* (Columbia). Through his soprano saxophone, Sidney Bechet expresses deep emotion in *Dear Old Southland, Summertime* (Blue Note), *Blues in the Air* (Victor) and *Chant in the Night* (Vocalion), through his clarinet in *Blue Horizon* (Blue Note). Pianist-vibraphonist Max Miller points the way to new directions for jazz. His knowledge and consistent utilization of extended chord harmonies surpass all jazzmen of the past and present. For the listener who likes Stravinsky, Bartók and Hindemith and appreciates polyphony and polytonality, I recommend Max Miller's *Solar Plexus Blues, Heart Beat Blues, Blues at Twilight, Lumbar Ganglion Jump* and *Blues at Moonrise*.

To listen to these many compositions and performances is to begin to know jazz. The layman-listener who hears them all and listens carefully, critically and seriously can claim a speaking acquaintance with quality jazz. If he does not find them all to his taste, he is almost sure to find some. It is from such a beginning that appreciation emanates and grows. #

Trumpeter Harry James, the jazzman, gives a good account of himself as a sideman with Benny Goodman in Sugar Foot Stomp *and* Sing Sing Sing; *and with Teddy Wilson's Quartet in the excellent* Just a Mood.

Major Glenn Miller, missing in a flight from London to Paris, was trombonist-leader of the Army Air Forces Band which played for G.I.s in Europe. Some of his better recordings are cited in Miller's article.

Tenorman Ben Webster has been a sideman with many prominent orchestras of the past fifteen years. With the great Duke Ellington organization of 1940-41, he recorded Conga Brava, Cotton Tail *and* Bojangles.

Versatile trumpeter Billy Butterfield has successfully upheld his reputation as a fine section man and as a hot soloist. In this latter capacity, listen to his intense work on Artie Shaw's Summit Ridge Drive.

Gene Krupa's drumming was first heard on records with the McKenzie-Condon Chicagoans in 1928. His career as a popular jazzman was launched with Benny Goodman, with whom he recorded profusely.

Joe Sullivan, too, has been associated with several name bands. But it is as a piano soloist and as sideman in small groups that he is most widely known. Listen to his Onyx Bringdown *and* Gin Mill Blues.

For thirty-five years soprano saxophonist Sidney Bechet has been blowing out the message of jazz. A Swiss critic praised his work as early as 1919, calling his style "brusque and pitiless." RCA-Victor photo.

A pianist-vibraphonist who knows and consistently utilizes extended harmonies to a greater extent than any other jazzman, Max Miller is pointing the way for new directions in jazz with his Solar Plexus Blues.

CLUB
GREENHALGH

Shorty figured the crooner had a stern lesson coming to him and he was in a strong mood for teaching

He Who Gets Socked

by ROBERT FONTAINE

THE tall man in the blue raincoat shook the rain from his soaken, turned-down hat. The short man who wore neither coat nor hat looked up at his friend. In the neon light the small man's face was pink and purple and he looked sad.

"He must have gone out some other way. There's another exit somewhere."

He looked up at the sign that said:

JACK WINTERS

and spat in the rain.

"It's a good thing," the tall man said casually. "You might get in trouble. You might get hurt."

"It's past time for him to come out," the short man said. "Maybe some beautiful girl is paying him extra to croon *Night and Day* or something special."

"What've you got against him anyway?" the tall man said. He put his hat back on and a raindrop landed on his sharp nose.

"Nothing," the short man said. His face was shining with rain and his blond hair was plastered wet. "Nothing and everything."

The tall man took a bottle from his hip and took a drink. He handed it to the short man.

"Where'd I pick you up anyway?" the man in the blue raincoat said.

"The name is Shorty Ware. I work in a bank downtown. I run a comptometer."

"What's a comptometer?" the tall man said. "I know where I met you. In the Three Deuces. You were drunk."

"You were drunk, too. We were both drunk. Now we're friends and we're after Jack Winters. What's your name?"

"My name is Zeke Flint. I travel in bassinets."

"That's a hell of a way to travel," the short man said and laughed. "Only kidding."

"My wife stayed home this time. Rochester."

"Rochester is a nice town," the short man said. He stopped a moment and watched carefully a figure that emerged from the side door of the night club. "That ain't him."

"What's a comptometer?" the tall man asked him a second time.

Shorty snorted. "A comptometer is something that adds, subtracts, divides, multiplies, discounts, and wears your life out for twenty-eight dollars a week. The guy who invented it went nuts."

"No kidding."

"That's what they say."

Shorty watched carefully as another man came out of the club carrying a bass fiddle.

"That fiddle reminds me of my wife," Shorty said.

"My wife is more like an oboe," Mr. Flint said dreamily.

"Does she like Jack Winters, the voice with the heart in it?"

"She never listens to anything else when he's on the radio."

The rain had stopped now and the short man wiped his face with a handkerchief.

"What're you going to do when Winters comes out? If he comes out."

"Punch him right in the nose."

"What for?" the tall man said very puzzledly.

"Because I don't like him."

"You can't go around punching everybody in the nose you don't like," Flint said. "In bassinets you meet all sorts of strange people, but you don't punch them in the nose."

"Maybe you haven't got my feelings. I believe in a world where quality and integrity are rewarded. What do you think the world will come to if people like Winters go along the way they are? He made one million, two hundred and fifty thousand dollars last year. For what? For singing a couple of droopy songs every night. For standing foolishly in a couple of movies. Is that justice? Is that democracy? How do you think I feel bending over a comptometer day after day, year in year out, saving a dollar or two a week, and along comes a guy who can't even sing as good as I can, and he just picks up a million bucks like it was lying in the gutter. How does a man like that get to know about Life? He walks out of college singing and immediately he gets a million bucks. Well, I wish to sock him in the nose for nothing. I wish to step up to him and sock him in the nose and say: 'Mr. Winters, this will give you an idea how the world is to the rest of us people. You don't do a damn thing but mind your own business and somebody socks you in the nose.'"

The tall man had been listening intently. When Shorty stopped, he rubbed his hair with his hand.

"It don't make sense," Mr. Flint said. "In bassinets some people fall into all the luck, others don't. That's democracy You don't go around punching people for nothing."

"You miss the point entirely," Shorty insisted.

"Don't tell me I miss no point," the tall man said belligerently. He took another drink from his bottle, but did not offer Shorty any. "I just came along with you, being drunk and lonely, and you looked like a nice fellow in those pink lights. I'm not looking for no trouble comes from socking perfect strangers in the nose."

"He's no perfect stranger," Shorty said. "All I hear all day and all night is how wonderful his voice is. My wife, my daughter, the girls in the office. I can sing better than he can. I studied opera."

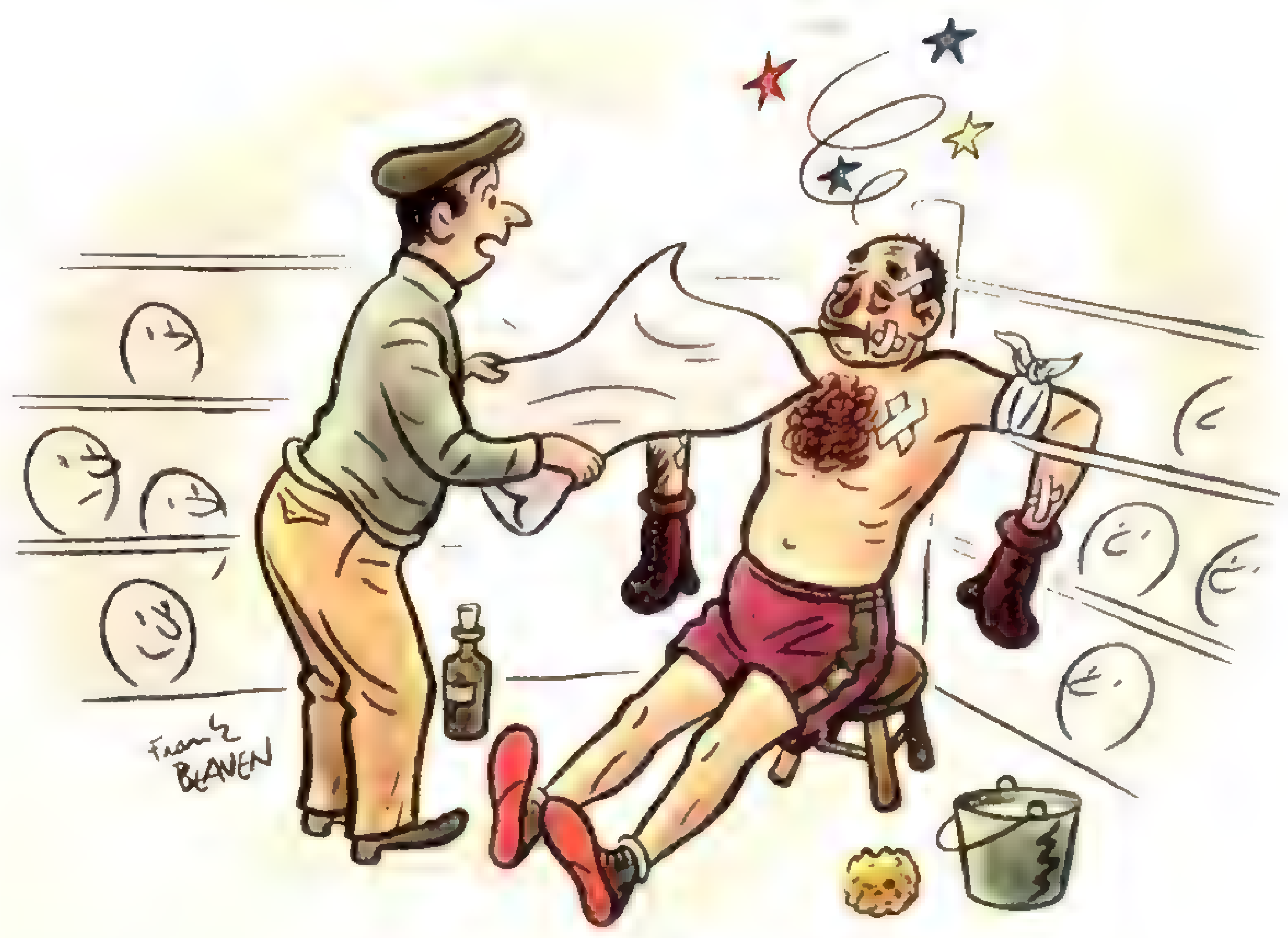
"You did?" Mr. Flint said cautiously.

Shorty smiled proudly.

"I studied opera six whole months from Mrs. I. J. Winward in Hudson Vale, New York. Mrs. Winward only had one eye, but she certainly could teach opera."

"What the hell," Mr. Flint said sarcastically, "has the one eye got to do with it?"

"Listen, Mrs. Winward was the only opera teacher I ever knew had one eye. That's all. Is it a crime to mention the fact that an



"As things stand now you gotta knock this guy out to get a draw"

old friend who was a teacher and opera singer had only one eye?"

"What's the matter with you anyway?"

The tall man shoved Shorty gently but irritatingly.

The lights went out abruptly and there was only a faint light around them.

The doorman came and started to lock the doors.

"Pardon me," Shorty said politely to the doorman. "Is everybody gone?"

"Everybody's gone long ago, Boss. Long ago."

Shorty stepped back to the tall man in the blue raincoat and said: "Let's go. He's gone home. We missed him. How about a drink. You got any left, pal?"

"What do you mean, pal?"

"What's wrong with you?" Shorty looked at Mr. Flint in a puzzled way.

Mr. Flint wheeled Shorty around by grabbing him by the shoulder.

"I don't like people who go around punching people for nothing. It ain't democratic," Mr. Flint added in a belligerent manner.

Shorty tried to smile. "I didn't punch anyway. Gosh sakes, I didn't even *see* him."

"I don't like the idea, that's all."

"Well lump it," Shorty said as he squared his shoulders and started to walk away.

The tall man grabbed Shorty's coat lapels in one hand and said: "Somebody ought to teach a fellow lessons who goes around punching people for nothing. A man won't be safe on the streets if this attitude spreads."

"You're drunk," Shorty said, trying to pull away his coat from the tall man's clutching fingers.

Mr. Flint's arm came up and he hit Shorty very hard on the jaw and Shorty went sprawling into the street. When he opened his eyes Mr. Flint was gone and the doorman was standing over Shorty.

"What'd he do that for, Boss?" the doorman asked when Shorty opened his eyes.

"For nothing," Shorty said. #

Our hoofers with a minstrel heritage invent their own routines, swing the classics and combine ballet with tap

Dancing American

by CHARLES EDWARD SMITH

"Don't clear out when the quadrilles are over, for we are going to have a breakdown to wind up with."

You might have thought that came from the South, where breakdowns rubbed elbows with the more dignified quadrilles, but it's actually a quotation from an old volume called *New England Tales.* America's popular dance patterns, like the country's music, have been and remain fluid, national and alive. It is a country in which old and new represent an over-all synthesis rather than its opposite. And if one starts out with the notion, a pretty sound one, that taps are typically America, he must admit that taps, in turn, have succumbed to other influences in the routines of some of our top-notch dancers.

The year 1945 found sixty-five-year-old Pat Rooney again on Broadway, doing his famous Bell step. Tom Patricola appeared in the Gershwin film, *Rhapsody in Blue*, to do the tap routine he had created for George White's *Scandals* back in the 1920's. Bill Robinson was on a country-wide tour, rounding out sixty years of dancing American. In films Fred Astaire continued to invent original and exciting routines and Gene Kelly, the dancer who stopped the show in *Anchors Aweigh*, brought to movie audiences new and fresh developments in styles and choreography. And Paul Draper, using ballet as well as taps, proved that a Tin Pan Alley tune could take on dignity, a Scarlatti theme, be backdrop for entertainment.

"I'll have your check in a moment, sir"

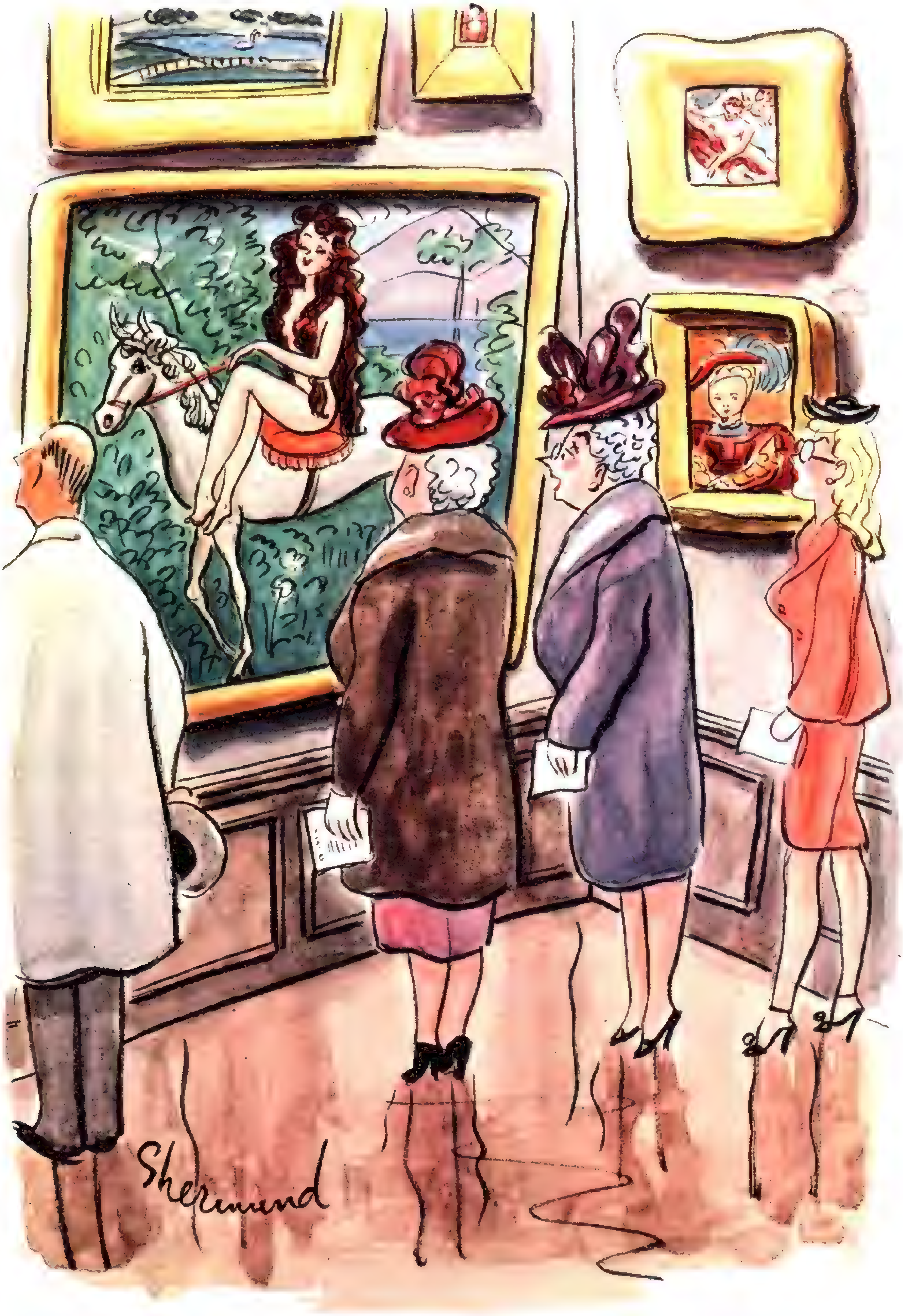
Probably nowhere in the world has popular dancing shown such vitality and flexibility as in the United States. One reason for this has been the naturalness with which Americans assimilate influences. No hard and fast traditions stood in the way of Gershwin when he brought into concert music the folk-rooted melodies and rhythms of jazz, nor was there anything sacrilegious about Paul Draper when he combined close-to-the-floor taps with movements learned at the School of American Ballet. "I am certainly not a ballet dancer," he admits. "But I often use ballet and it's helpful to me in planning my routines."

This fluid state of affairs is nothing new to American dancing. Edward Le Roy Rice in *Monarchs of Minstrelsy* tells how Tom Rice, watching a Negro stage driver rub down horses in a Louisville stable in 1811, created the routine, *Rockin' de Heel*, to a slave-era song:

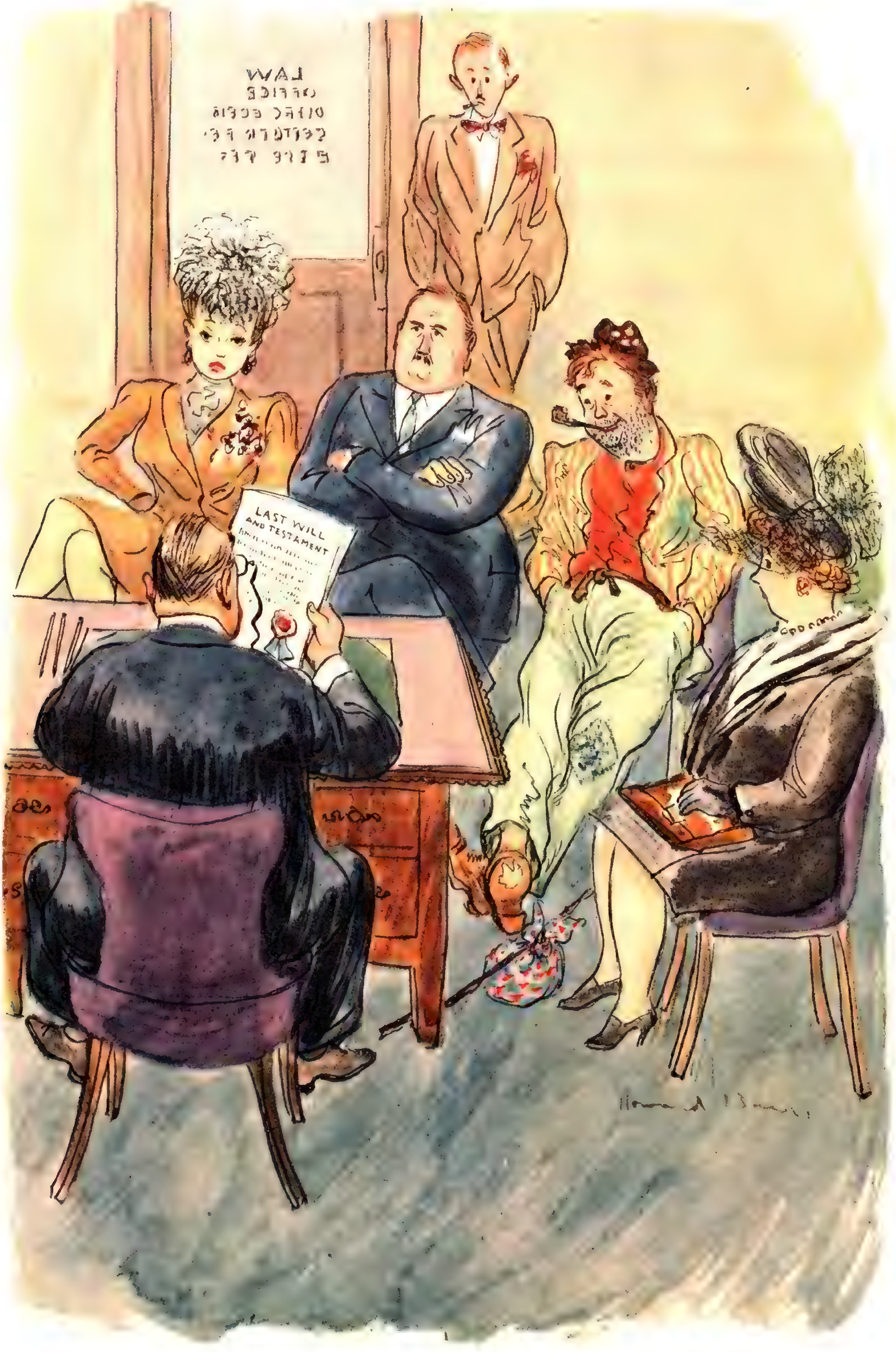
> *"Ol' Jim Crow's come to town, as you all must know,*
> *An' he wheel about, he turn about, he do just so,*
> *An' ebery time he wheel he jump Jim Crow."*

By the early 19th century the seeds of minstrelsy were already planted in the afterpieces—"stalls in one"—of traveling shows. Blackface acts were already common. With the curtain rung down for a scene change, the "stall in one" was often a dancer, imitating Negro breakdowns or dancing clogs and jigs. These steps, so diverse in origin, were to become part of American taps while—especially in early minstrels and riverboat shows—remaining separate styles. A Negro breakdown, with its shuffle steps and syncopation, however, might even then show fragments of English folk dances. And in the colorful riverboat shows there were Irish reels, jigs and lilts. The interchange of styles was rapid and inevitable. A showboat dancer, Ralph Keeler, put pennies on the heels of his shoes and danced the Negro-inspired Juba. Later, anticipating Paul Draper, he

(*Continued on page 167*)



"Probably had to hock her riding habit to hire the horse"


LAW
OFFICE
LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

GREENE

He had staked his life on the pleasure of a basket dinner and a square dance with the prettiest girl in the hills

Still Was the Day

by HEATH THOMAS

JOHN HINOTE listened to the March wind, saw the broom sedge stirring before it on the high ground back of the cabin, and wondered if tomorrow would find him in some strange, new land. Now he looked into the cracked mirror of the washstand, gave a final brush to his stubborn, black hair. He wondered whether he'd ever brush it again.

In a little while he would ride down to Rocky River Junction and somewhere along the town's single narrow street he would meet Jed Turner. One of them would come back to the hills in a cypress box.

A week ago tonight John Hinote had gone to the box-supper at Cedar Ridge Church. The five-mile walk across the Devil's Backbone was a long hike, and he had found no girl to go there with him. But he had gone, intending to bid up high for one of the girls' boxes, just the same. This purchase would privilege him to eat supper with the girl who had prepared it and to walk home with her afterwards.

When John Hinote entered the church house, he had stopped but a moment on the men's side of the room. Over on the women's side he saw a girl who looked boldly and invitingly into his eyes. Warmed by the apple brandy he had drunk and the confidence inspired by eleven dollars in his pocket, he walked to the other side and introduced himself.

"I'm Exie Weaver," the young woman had said. "I've heard of you."

"Exie," he said, "I'd like right well to bid up your box if you'd give me a hint." At these affairs no male guest was supposed to know the ownership of a box, yet the frequency with which the young men succeeded in buying the boxes of their choice was most amazing.

Now John Hinote looked at her again, seeing more than he had seen when he saw her from across the room. The green eyes smiled and her beauty struck him like the feel of water that has been warmed by the sun. He inhaled the details of the yellow hair that framed the oval face, the short straight nose over a full, red mouth. Next he saw the rounded breasts that were molded like wild fox grapes beneath the tight gingham waist.

Suddenly John Hinote flushed as he felt other eyes looking at him.

Now Exie spoke again. "Jed Turner brung me here," she said.

Some of the other girls tittered at her reply.

"I'd hoped I could bid up your box," John had answered. "I'd run it higher'n a cat's back."

As he turned to go Exie had caught his sleeve. She let her warm hand slide down his arm until it touched his wrist. And in that moment he thought of a new cabin on the hillside, a new place in which to live.

"My box," Exie had whispered, "has got an arrow on it, sticking in a heart."

When the sale began and the auctioneer offered the box with the paper arrow and heart upon it, Jed Turner opened the bidding at one dollar. John Hinote said just two words:

"Eleven dollars!"

A slow flush covered Jed Turner's face, telling the crowd that John Hinote's bid had surpassed the other boy's cash in hand.

In a few minutes Turner quietly left the room. It was after the supper and the dance that followed that John Hinote saw Jed again. The fiddle and banjo music of *Skip to My Lou* had suddenly changed to *Roosters Crowing for Daybreak* which was the signal that the dance would break up with the end of the tune. As the music stopped, John helped Exie into her coat and then she slid her arm into his.

Now he remembered how their breath came from their mouths in little white clouds when they walked out into the frosty night. A cold moon was rising over the Devil's Backbone, leaving the dark ranges soaring up against a yellow, inverted sea.

Then Jed Turner had appeared in their path, proclaiming his proposal that they chance the lottery of death together. Turner's words and his own answer had resounded in John Hinote's ears since last Saturday night:

"The Turners wouldn't shoot a sheep-killing dog when a lady's present, but I'll see you in town Saturday."

"Anywhere you like, Jed."

John Hinote heard the gravel cracking beneath the wheels of the wagon. In another minute he knew his father would drive from the barn lot and stop before the cabin door. Then would begin the trip to Rocky River Junction and the conclusion of life for himself or Jed Turner.

He looked out to the crest of the ridge that ran upward from the back door of the cabin, saw the martin gourds he had erected last year swaying on the crossarms of the hickory pole, and heard the March wind in the spruce pines on the hills.

Now the rattle of the wagon stopped, and he knew his father was waiting in the front yard. His mother spoke to him as he walked through the room where she sat in her rocking chair by the pine knot fire.

"Bring your pa back early, John," she said. "The night air in this March weather is bad for his rheumatism."

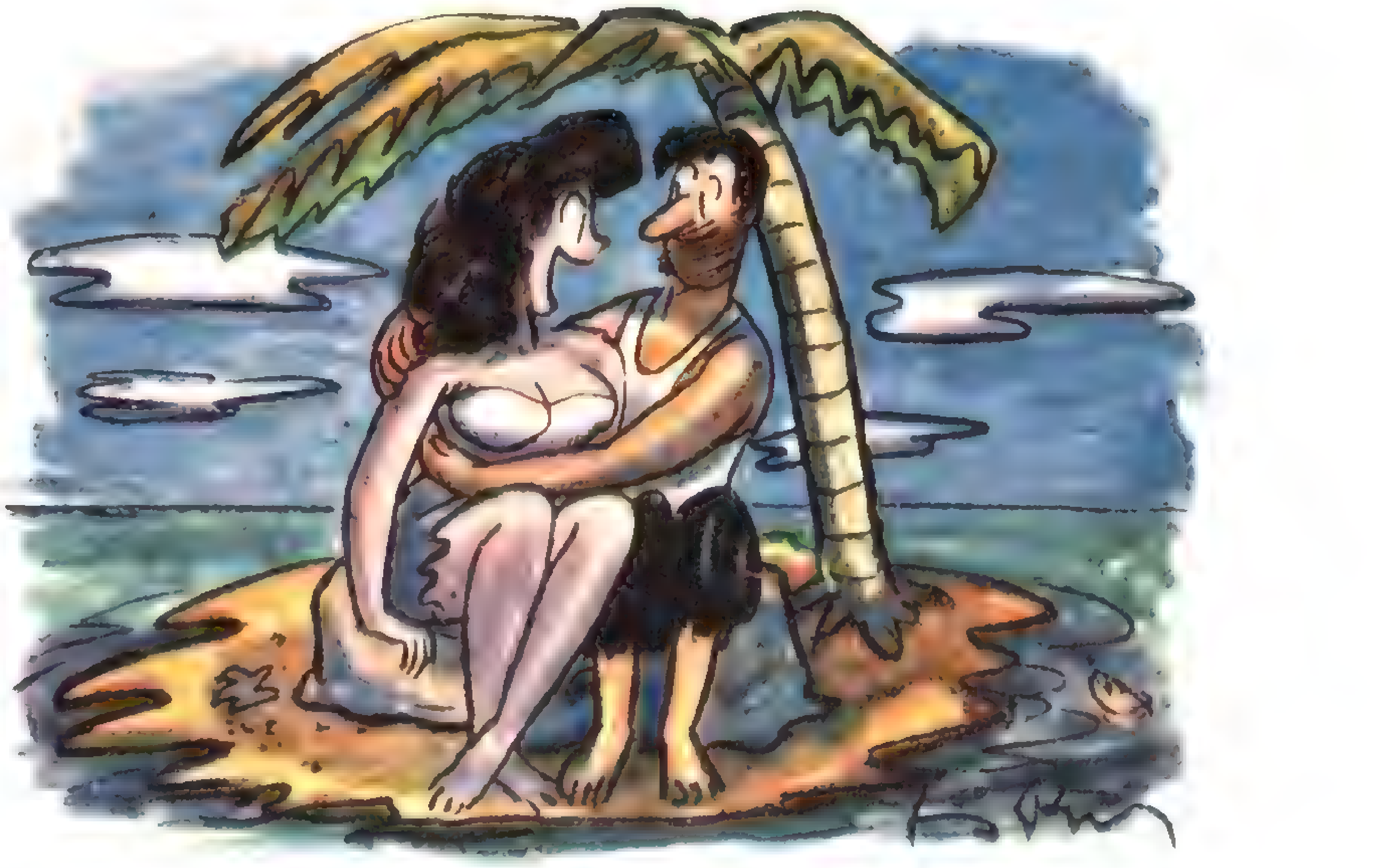
"I'll bring him back early, Ma," he answered.

When John stepped into the yard he was struck by the thought that his father looked old and thin. Ef Hinote's white hair straggled from beneath the black, slouch hat, and lay against his brown neck like snow on dead oak leaves.

Ef looked at the bulge of the shoulder holster beneath his son's coat, then glanced quickly at the house. "She ain't guessed that anything's up, has she, Son?"

"No, she don't know," said John.

When Ef had clucked to the mule, and the wagon had turned from the yard into the trail, he spoke *(Continued on page 151)*



"Isn't it funny—on board ship I just couldn't see you"

De Paul's towering, high-scoring center laughed off a doctor's orders, to become one of the greatest players of basketball

Pivot Man Mikan

by JAMES S. KEARNS

GREENHALGH

In many ways, it was the most remarkable score of the 1945 sporting year.

Rhode Island State College, for several winters one of the craziest, high-scoring teams in the crazy, high-scoring game of basketball, was playing De Paul University of Chicago in the second round of the National Invitational Tournament at New York's Madison Square Garden.

The Rhodies had, across those winters, run up such totals as 127 points, and 113, and many more odd numbers over 100, in various 40-minute sessions of intercollegiate competition.

This time Rhode Island got 53 points. De Paul counted 97. But that wasn't the remarkable part of it.

George Mikan, playing center for De Paul, personally scored 53 points during the game, thereby breaking all Garden records and equaling the point output of the entire Rhode Island mass-production machine.

It is by reason of such operations, and his total New York performance last year (he scored 120 points in three tournament games that lasted 120 minutes) that the giant, amiable De Paul boy is Mr. Big of basketball as he moves into his fourth year of play.

Mikan is Mr. Big in several ways.

For one thing he stands six feet, nine and one-half inches tall without benefit of shoes. For another, he has scored 1,315 points in 74 college basketball games, an average of 17.8 for each contest.

Further evidence needed to sustain the nomination is furnished by Abe Saperstein, who for the past 25 years has shepherded a variety of basketball squads around the country, the wandering Harlem Globe Trotters being his Number One troupe. The Globe Trotters, winter after winter, have met college, professional, semi-pro and service teams in all parts of the United States, Canada and Mexico.

Thus it has been Saperstein's chore to look at nearly every great player the game has produced. And he offers no qualification to this estimate:

"George Mikan is the best big man who ever played the game in college."

That big "Mike" should have attained such stature is largely the result of three factors: His size. His willingness to work. The teaching skill of Ray Meyer, rotund young De Paul coach who took Mikan in the late Spring of 1942 and hand-worked him into basketball greatness.

Mikan was 17 when Meyer first eyed him, after taking over the De Paul coaching job. He was a tall, utterly awkward kid who had played only three games of high school basketball, though he had been active with a church team in the Catholic Youth Organization in Chicago, and had played, too, with a Loyal Order of Moose boys' team in Joliet.

It was the C.Y.O. competition that almost finished Mikan's basketball. Playing for St. Mary's of Joliet as a gangling 15-year-old, he and his mates made a 100-mile trip in a delivery truck to play a C.Y.O. team in Waukegan, Illinois.

On the opening play of the game, Mikan tipped the ball to his brother Joe, accepted a return pass and started to dribble down the court. He whoaed up suddenly in order to throw the ball, and the traffic behind him piled right in, moving fast.

George went down with his right leg broken in numerous places halfway between his ankle and his knee. A temporary cast was slapped on, and George rode the 100 miles home in the delivery truck that night. The next morning, having seen X-rays of the damage, the doctor informed Mikan that he would be walking again in a matter of months, but could never play basketball again.

When Mikan got to De Paul two years later, the effects of the Waukegan collision were still evident in his lack of muscular co-ordination.

Yet when Coach Ray Meyer saw Mikan, he saw a chance to make basketball history.

Two hours a day, five days a week, Meyer worked to capitalize that chance. He had Mikan report early and stay late for individual attention. When the rest of the squad was dismissed at the end of a spring practice period, Mikan went into one of his own. Each day he would start by skipping rope for 15 minutes, then he would shadowbox for 15 minutes. Finally Meyer would get a basketball, and they'd play a two-man game, to the steady accompaniment of Meyer's theme song: "You're not going to be just a big guy who can't get off a dime. You're going to move. You have to move . . . move, move, move . . ."

Meyer, though conceding a foot in height to his towering pupil, could give him plenty of opposition as he taught him to wheel and pivot and jump in the area around the basket.

One day Meyer was lobbing the ball across the top of the basket and making Mikan jump up to

FRANKFORTER

Which way does a crow fly?

Just as a motorist may stop at a filling station to ask directions, this air traveler has plopped down at an airport to find out if he's going where he thinks he's going. He knows which way is up, but where does he go from here? His winged chariot is a Fairchild F-24, a popular prewar design which will soon be on the market again with a few improvements. Powered by a 175 h.p. engine, with cruising speed of 118 m.p.h and range of 620 miles, this four-place "sedan" saw plenty of war service. Known as the Forwarder, it served as a liaison plane to transport personnel and light cargo on quick missions. In private life it meets the need for a medium-priced cross-country plane. Interior resembles an automobile, in custom colors. Front seats are adjustable. Slanted windshield of shatterproof glass gives 180° horizon.

tip it back into the hoop. The coach discovered that his big man was reaching higher than the hoop itself.

The next winter, which was 1942-43, De Paul moved along very well, winning 13 of its first 17 games, with the sophomore Mikan playing on the first team before the season was half gone.

The 18th game was against Kentucky, fresh from a triumph over Notre Dame. Kentucky had a team of excellent scorers, particularly adept at hitting the basket from out on the floor if a defense succeeded in keeping them away from close-in opportunities.

All week, before the game, Meyer gave Mikan a terrific drilling on jumping for the ball at the basket.

Early in the Kentucky game Big George took his regular position on defense, guarding Kentucky's center on the pivot line. The visiting boy soon changed tactics, and instead of going to the pivot position, swung out to a corner of the court. He got the ball there and noted, with a grin, that Mikan had not followed him out but had, instead, taken a position close to the basket. This looked like duck soup, a free, unhurried pot shot.

The ball arched up and began its descent toward the hoop. Then Mikan leaped, stretched high with his hands and batted the ball downcourt. There wasn't a grin left on the Kentucky squad. Their big weapon, the set shot from the floor, was spiked. De Paul roared out to a long lead and went on to win by 53 to 44.

Thus did Mikan become a "goal tender," a development which helped consolidate an excellent season's record of 19 victories and five defeats for De Paul, but which did not make the large boy any too happy, for all that it made him famous.

He kept on goal tending, however, through the 1943-44 campaign, but when the rules committee of basketball finally barred such play, Mikan was the first to arise and cheer.

"Playing that kind of defense didn't leave enough time for basketball," he explains. "By the time I'd get the ball, or bat it away, the next play would develop and I wouldn't have time to get into it. Besides, all that jumping took an awful lot out of me, and I very seldom finished strong in a game."

Be that as it may, and Meyer agrees with Mikan, Big George did manage to finish strong in De Paul's biggest game of 1943-44.

That was the battle against Ohio State in Chicago Stadium. De Paul, having won 18 out of 21 games, was the ranking "independent" squad in the Middle West. Ohio State had already clinched the Big Ten conference championship. The game was not only a settlement of sectional honors, for with it rode the likelihood of place in one of the post-season tournaments for the winner.

Mikan was unable to practice all week. He had suffered a severely sprained ankle the previous week, and as late as the day of the Ohio State game the ankle was swollen to almost twice its normal size. Still he played, with his leg bound tightly in tape, and in the biggest clutch of De Paul's season, he came up with the ball game.

De Paul, yielding what had seemed to be a commanding lead, just managed to hang on for a 47-all tie at the end of the regulation 40 minutes. With Ohio State surging uphill and with Mikan obviously weary as he hobbled on his bad ankle, De Paul's chances in the impending five minutes of overtime were not what could reasonably be called bright. Mikan had made 15 points in the first 30 minutes, but none in the last 10.

At the start of the decisive extra session, Mikan of course got the tip at center, batting the ball back to a team mate. He then limped down to his favorite spot near the basket. Within 20 seconds he had the ball. Feinting to his left, he spun back with his full 220-pound weight on the injured right ankle, whirled around, leaping, and pushed the ball into the basket with his left hand. Three more times, in two minutes and 20 seconds, he did it just that way, and De Paul won, going away.

The matter of shooting left-handed was, in itself, a mark of his development from one season to the next. As a sophomore he was at least 99 per cent right-handed. Standing with his back to the basket to take the ball, he almost invariably pivoted on his left foot and laid the ball up with his right hand. But across the late stages of that season, through a spring practice and a fall practice and the campaign of 1943-44, Meyer drilled him to work the other way. For a while he overdid the left-handed business, particularly if he happened to make the first shot he took that way. But eventually he became as close to being ambidexterous as any basketball player, and the problem of stopping him from scoring increased.

The reaction of audiences to the play of the large young man is something of a phenomenon in crowd psychology. There are some nights when he is the darling of the house. There are others when he can't mop the sweat off his face without being booed.

The resentment which sometimes pours down on him from the balconies probably stems from ordinary factors: He is usually bigger than anybody else on the floor and his opponent is automatically the underdog. Wearing heavy-rimmed glasses while he plays, the natural seriousness of his expression is emphasized until he appears always to be scowling. Because he is the nominal and actual leader of his team on the floor, he has more or less frequent need to speak to the officials. Since he can't talk to them without stooping over, he manages to get into a menacing pose even while merely saying "Good evening" or asking how much time is left in the game.

CARPENTER

Alice Wallace, one of the nebulae of Hollywood

Slim, hazel-eyed Alice Wallace is possessed of such superabundant energy that she manages to convey the idea of motion while sitting still—a talent that has endeared her to photographers. A native Californian, she left UCLA *after her freshman year to model for magazine covers, billboards and fashion shots. Her photographs struck the discerning eyes of* M-G-M*'s talent scouts and before you could say "Hold it" she was signed for a long-term contract. She made her film debut in the Technicolor musical, Ziegfeld Follies. Now twenty-two, she's in dead earnest about her screen career, is studying voice and dramatics. Miss Wallace is a crack tennis player, likes to dance, and prefers men who are not in motion pictures. Vital statistics:* height: *5' 8"*; bust: *36"*; waist: *24"*; hips: *36"*; weight: *125.*

Elimination of the goal tending has done much to make him less of an annoyance to people rooting for the other team, even though it has freed him to concentrate more on making points, which is just as fatal to the opposition, but not quite so frustrating.

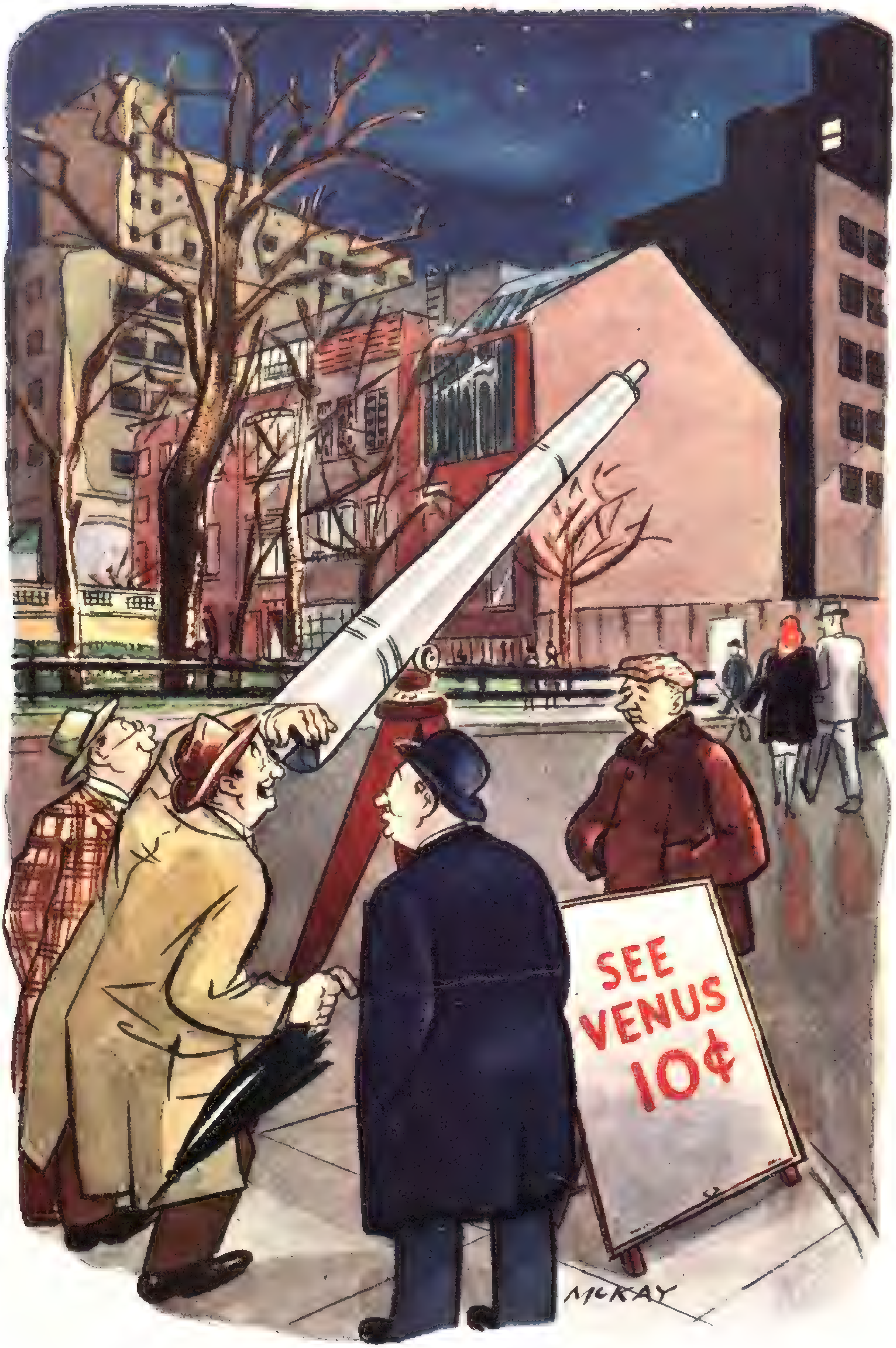
Were it not for the wartime eligibility situation which lets him play a fourth year, Mikan might have made himself a sizable piece of money this winter as a professional basketball player. He turned down a 5,000-dollar contract at the end of the 1944-45 season, not that he doesn't need the money, but because he was planning to go to De Paul anyway, and he likes to play college basketball.

Too tall to have got into service during the war, even if his eyes had been good enough, Mikan has been working toward a law degree which he'll probably get in another year.

He had, once, tentatively started on the scholastic road toward the Catholic priesthood. That took him, after one year in Joliet Catholic High School, to Quigley Preparatory Seminary in Chicago, where intramural basketball rather than the interscholastic sort was the chief athletic activity, hence his lack of prep experience when he got to De Paul.

Living in Joliet, which is approximately 40 miles from downtown Chicago, Big George has been commuting so long to Quigley and De Paul that it's a wonder the road hasn't been named after him. At times, he and his little—six feet, seven inches—brother Ed have boarded near De Paul at the home of Nick Comerford, one of their basketball mates. Now that his law classes are all held in De Paul's downtown building, three miles from the gymnasium where basketball is practiced, Mikan faces further commuting.

It isn't a major problem, of course. Traveling in and for basketball can't be much of a trial for a fellow who has moved as far as Mikan: From a doctor's verdict that he would never play the game, to a record of having led De Paul to 62 victories in 74 games across three years, and to all-but-unanimous acceptance as Mr. Big of the college game. #


SEE
VENUS
10¢
McKAY

"By golly, I never knew before that Venus had a dimple in each knee!"

BRY

José felt pride and anger rise against this gringo who thought he could lower a man's price by sneering at his wares

The Cloisonné Watch

by P. FENT ROSS

José hesitated about buying the watch. Not that it wasn't worth what Manuel was asking for it. It was a good watch. It still ran, and the delicate enamel case was quite beautiful. Probably it was worth as much as twenty-five pesos, and he could surely get eighteen or twenty. But he knew why Manuel was so anxious to get rid of it. José did not like to handle stolen goods. There was too much stolen stuff sold at the Sunday morning market. People even called this the thieves' market. José did not like it. But he felt sorry for Manuel so he bought the watch, knowing he would be nervous about it until it was sold.

It was a bright morning and the market was crowded. A great many people stopped by José's little glass-covered case on its wobbly legs. He sold a few cheap new rings, with lovely glass sets, and the old bracelet he had bought from the sweet-faced old lady who had come in just before closing time last Sunday. But no one looked at the tiny beautiful watch of blue and white enamel that lay in one corner of the case.

After all, it was terribly old-fashioned. Ladies wore wrist watches nowadays. It never occurred to José to call anyone's attention to the watch, even though it made him nervous. Any moment now some old lady might come along and say, "Manuel stole that watch from me." Then he would lose his investment.

It was only a couple of hours until closing time when the tall Englishman paused beside the glass case. José looked at his face and instantly disliked him. He did not dislike foreigners just because they were foreigners. Some of them were really *buena gente.* But this was the sort of gringo he did not like, with a pale sneering face and cold eyes. José never knew the difference between an Englishman and an American. They all looked alike and they all spoke terrible Spanish with the same sort of accent. They were all gringos to José.

But this was one of those gringos who must show his pride of race by sneering at other races. It seemed to José a queer, distorted sort of pride that could exist only by constantly calling attention to itself. Not at all like the warm internal pride of the Indian that was a real live thing in each man's heart and could therefore carry his race through any hardship.

All these things were in José's mind, not as thoughts, but more as instinctive knowledge, as he watched the foreigner's face bent over the little glass case.

"That cloisonné watch in the corner. How much?" said the man.

"Twenty pesos," José said softly.

He had meant to ask only eighteen, but he knew he would probably have to come down to ten or twelve to make a sale to this man.

"Twenty pesos! Are you crazy? Isn't worth five!"

José shrugged.

"Of course, it doesn't run." The Englishman laughed unpleasantly. "Cost more than it's worth to put it in order. What is the least you will take for it?" And José answered quickly, "Twenty pesos."

Ordinarily he would have lowered the price on this question, but now he was angry. Worth five pesos! José knew it was worth at least twenty-five. But it wasn't that exactly. That was the gringo's way of getting the price down, José understood perfectly. The man's manner outraged him.

Again that insulting little laugh. "It isn't worth it, but I want the watch. I'll give you ten pesos for it."

"The price," said José, "is twenty pesos."

"Look here, you don't really expect to get twenty pesos; I'll give you fifteen, and that's much more than it is worth."

Again José's shoulders moved eloquently under the clean white shirt. His face was quite expressionless as he turned to a peon woman who was looking at the gaudy rings. The Englishman turned and walked away, but he stopped at Elias' shirt stall. José smiled inwardly. He knew the man was not interested in the cheap shirts of the market. He was waiting, watching him, expecting José to call him back and accept the fifteen pesos.

As the young woman moved on with her bright new ring, the foreigner suddenly came back. He had some bills in his hand.

"It is only because I'm a foreigner that you are asking so much for the watch," he said angrily. "But here, I'll give you eighteen pesos."

"I'm sorry, señor," José's voice was soft and very polite, with even a note of subservience in it. "But I have changed my mind. The watch is not for sale."

The man looked at him, for a moment too exasperated to speak. Then he threw two ten peso notes on the glass case.

"He went that way!!!"

"Oh, all right. Here is the twenty pesos. Now give me the watch."

José did not move. The two ten peso notes, more money than he would earn in a week, lay on the case, untouched.

"I am sorry. I believe the señor did not understand me. I said the watch is not for sale."

"But you asked twenty pesos, and I'm giving you the twenty pesos!"

"Yes. But when I offered the watch for twenty pesos, the señor refused it. Since then I have changed my mind. The watch is not for sale."

José's rather full lips broke into a sudden smile, but the smile did not touch the black, expressionless eyes. He turned to another customer, and after a moment the Englishman snatched up his money and walked quickly away.

It was almost closing time when the other gringo came. José was down talking to Elias at the shirt stall, when he looked up and saw him standing by the case, whistling. He hurried back to his place. The new foreigner was young and a little rakish looking. He looked up and smiled.

"Don't molest yourself. I'm just looking."

José smiled, too, with his eyes this time. He lifted the lid of the case that the gringo might better see the treasures inside. Suddenly the young man stretched out his hand and touched the blue and white watch.

"That is beautiful," he said with a smile, "and it looks quite genuine."

"You like old things, perhaps?" said José.

He took the watch from the case and handed it to him. Because of the way the stranger turned the watch in his hands and the way his face shone, José knew that he was a man who loved beauty, and his heart swelled with friendliness. Suddenly he wanted very much that this young gringo should have the lovely blue and white watch.

"It is a fine watch and a great bargain," said José.

"It is beautiful." There was a note of regret in the gringo's voice. "But I have no use for it. It is a lady's watch, and I have no wife nor sister, not even a sweetheart to give it to. So you see I could not use it."

"I will sell it very cheap. In fact I will sell it to you for what I paid for it."

"I am sure it is worth all you would ask. And it is very beautiful. But I have no use for it, and I cannot afford to buy it."

"But I paid only three pesos for it," José said smilingly.

"Three pesos! But in an antique store it would be worth a couple of hundred. Why don't you try the stores?"

"There are reasons. I can sell only in the market," José explained patiently. "And for these personal reasons I do not want to keep the watch over the week for next Sunday's market. It is now closing time and I want only to get back what I paid. Will you give me three pesos for it?"

"You crazy Indian!" said the young man, but it was not insulting as when the gringo with the cold eyes had called him crazy. He pulled a five peso note from his pocket and held it a moment in his hand before offering it to José.

"Look. I'm rather poor myself. This is all the money I have with me, so I will give you five pesos for it. But you are giving it away."

José laughed, his eyes shining with pleasure. This gringo was *buena gente.* As he walked back to Elias' shirt stall he was singing a gay bit of song in his soft, low voice. He felt very light-hearted now that the watch was sold. It was in hands that knew beauty. And he disliked handling stolen goods. But he had got rid of it, and actually made a profit of two pesos.

He did not even remember that he might have made a profit of seventeen pesos on it. José's pride was worth a great deal more than seventeen pesos. ##

Giving some reasons why gorgeous girls almost always specialize in pug-uglies whose strength is in their pocketbooks

Beauty and Mr. Beast

by HERB GRAFFIS

ARE you, my dear sir, a student of the news photographs of social life in Hollywood saloons?

There is something that these pictures are bound to impress upon you. That is the exceedingly high per cent of really beautiful women who have the jolliest of all times in public with notorious and horrid male characters.

In the Hollywood saloon pictures, beautiful women who are with handsome men appear just as fun-loving as so many black widow spiders. Of course, in view of the Hollywood competitive situation one could not expect any radiant female notable to enjoy sharing a lens with any other living creature who might get top billing. The superficial student might make the mistake of thinking that a brilliant belle would register delight at being the public comrade of a male for whose company millions of maidens would surrender that which is said, but not in Hollywood, to be more precious than life itself.

But that's not what happens. The splendid and steamy sirens of the cinemas, as shown by the news picture evidence, are plainly unhappy unless they're with fellows who resemble the Beast of Belsen.

The grimaces of Hollywood ornamental ladies, when close to bonny boys and comely adult males of pictures, are certainly not ecstatic. But look at the same does sitting in with leering satyrs. Then the females are in their cheeriest public mood.

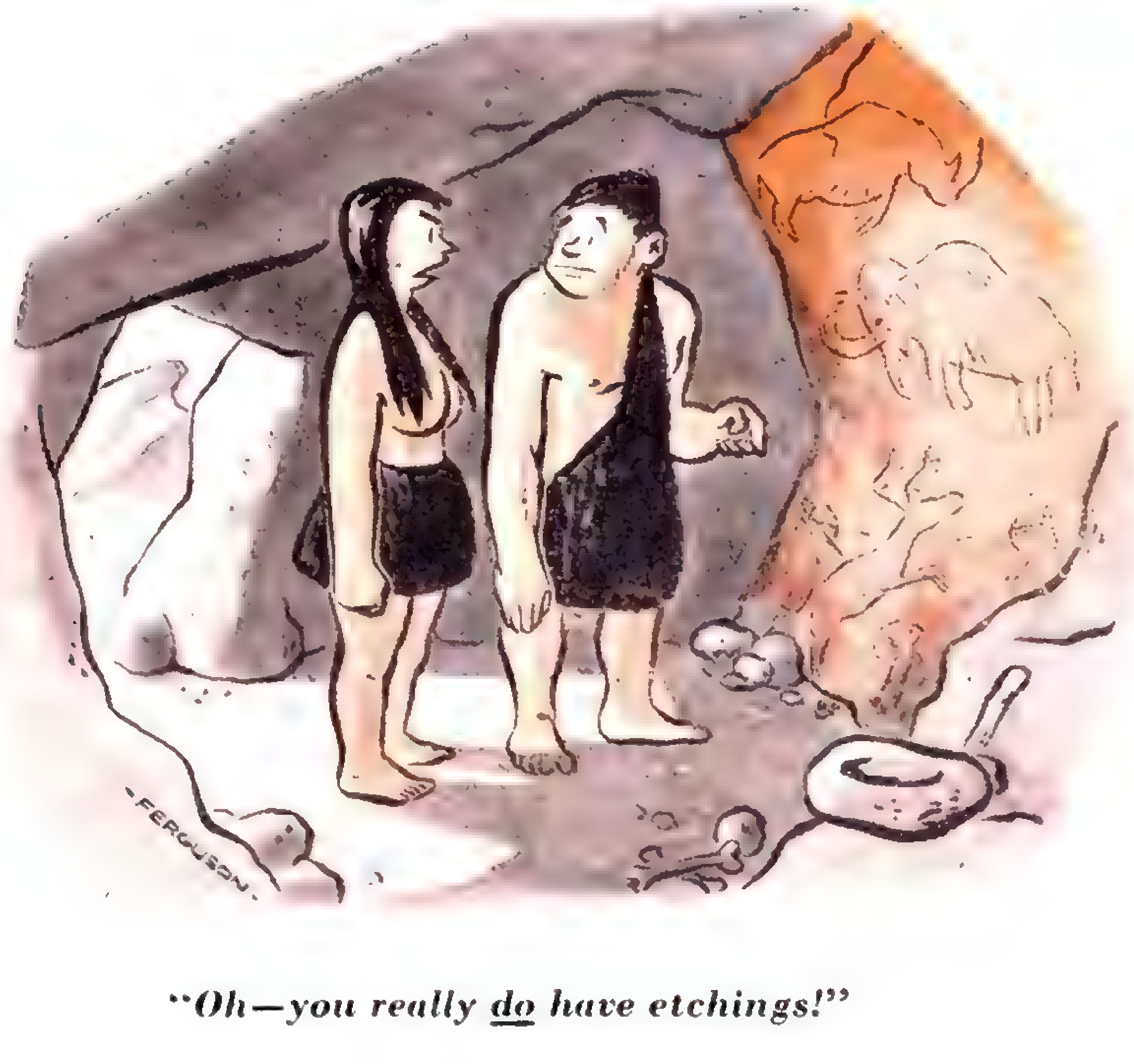
So much for that pictorial testimony. The news camera does not lie. The bums get the beauties, and don't think that is peculiar to Hollywood's *mores.*

In Keokuk, Kankakee, Kennebunk Port and Kenya Colony there are good men and true, wondering why local Venuses are allergic to them. It has ever been thus.

The story of Beauty and the Beast is one of the oldest of tales. There are numerous scriptural exhibits of the basic plot: Boy meets girl; girl meets bum, bye-bye boy.

Even Solomon, who generally had things his own regal way, seems to have been given the short count by one or more exquisite concubines. He recorded his dim view of the procedure in Proverbs 11:22—"as a jewel of gold in a swine's snout, so is a fair woman which is without discretion." A beautiful lady who was indiscreet to the extent she gave another man priority over Solomon was not a good risk for the insurance companies; nevertheless Solomon had to have his prizes guarded by big tenor-talking persons armed with nasty-looking weapons.

Recording of mankind's customary experience into the currently popular fictional form of the Beauty and Beast partnership was made in 1550. The tale is included in the Piacevoli Notti of



"Oh—you really do have etchings!"

Straparola. In that script, Beauty is described as sacrificing herself to the Beast in order to save her old man from being rubbed out by Mr. Beast.

The reference to Beauty's sacrifice in the fable is made in the same loose manner in which the word "sacrifice" was so often employed during the war when civilians "sacrificed" what they couldn't normally afford, or had no need of, and made off that they were very noble in so doing. Beauty sacrificed nothing in taking the Beast. She went for Mr. Beast in such an enthusiastic way, the neighbors started talking. Inevitably she married him. Whereupon the ugly monster turned into a prince who looked like Van Johnson, sang like Frankie Sinatra, and had a checkbook like Tommy Manville.

Of course, the lads who used to hang around Beauty's house showing friendly signals were burned up at Beauty's brushing them off. Beauty's friends did not take the news of the union very gracefully either. These girls had married very nice-looking young fellows who treated them in the normal manner, without melodrama.

With all that background, are you still inclined to be puzzled because you happen to be a glowing and jaunty fellow, yet lose out to some graceless cad when you are making a bid for the favors of a highly decorative nymph?

DRUGS
Reamer Keller

"You remember Janie—she was in the crib on our right at St. Luke's Hospital"

Relax, bub, because you are merely one of a male multitude. Look about you and with depressing frequency you will see that the most gorgeous houris are the contented chattels of low male specimens.

The Beauty almost invariably desires the Beast. To a personable gentleman the Beauty gives a chill colder than 75,000 feet up.

That's life for you.

Why is that? What has a male louse got that you haven't got? Of course, assuming that you are not a louse.

Can it be that the louse, who in the traditional chronicle is the Beast, always is a prince charming in disguise and Beauty is so smart she sees through the camouflage and detects true worth?

No. The I.Q. of the Beauty who is the Beast's playmate seldom is any higher than that required for counting change correctly. And that is one thing Beauty does.

Beauty does not have to exert herself to be intelligent. She has the young reliable odds on her side anyway. Likewise on her front, back, and other side. Why should she get wrinkles thinking?

But as intellectually inert as Beauty may be, she is not ignorant of the fact that the Beast has all the specifications of a louse, a heel and super-bum. Perhaps the Beast is (he often is) one whose next of kin is passing the hat among the neighbors to keep the sheriff's men from moving the furniture out onto the sidewalk. That scandalous intelligence is nothing to make Beauty melancholy. Her reflection is that she is bringing out the best in the Beast—his cash.

Beauty's interest in the Beast is fiscal. She prefers him to a superior specimen of the breed because Beast will spend freely to show off Beauty.

Beast is nothing to look at himself. Generally he is a mug with a mania for exhibitionism and is frustrated in this respect because he looks like a fungus growth. If he didn't have a bale of nice fresh bills of large denominations and a comely wench to guarantee circulation of the tender, night club headwaiters would chase him out of their establishments with a spray of D.D.T.

Miss Beauty herself is no one to hide her lights under a cheap little old last year's number and stay home to help Maw with the ironing.

She wants what the Beast wants; a chance to show off.

Why can't she get that from a solvent, smart gentleman who looks as if he drinks Lord Calvert? The personable male generally gambols around Beauty, in a very polite manner of course, but unmistakably indicates willingness to be Miss Beauty's close companion.

He would take her to show-off places, too. She would be on display, just as she would be with Beast.

However—and here's where Beauty's animal cunning comes in—she would not enjoy with the charming Prince McCoy the thrill and benefit of contrast which are a certainty to her when she's with Beast. She is a grandstander who wants to steal the picture.

Don't be hard on Miss Beauty. Beauty is what she has to sell and she has an unerring instinct for peddling it to the most responsive, richest market. The fairly handsome chap may have been somewhat spoiled by flattering attentions of many women and might be a bit tough for Beauty to handle. Sometimes he may want his shoes off just because his bunions burn, and Beauty is not the one to trot for Daddy's carpet slippers and spend the evening curled up in bed with a good book. She's got to be where people can look at her. Otherwise she thinks she is doing Nature wrong in failing to show what it did for her.

There are instances, fortunately fairly infrequent, when Beauty mates with a male who is somewhat photogenic and has a dashing devil-may-care air about him. It seldom works out well as it is a result of Beauty's misplaced confidence in her capacity to reform a male.

Beauty, in following her natural bent, is not deluded by the immutable Beast. The only change that seriously concerns her about Beast is the possibility that he may get more money and hold out the increase on her. If he gets less, that's his tough luck. She then quickly trades him to the minor leagues and with never a scratch on her heart, if any.

By the time mileage begins to make itself evident on Beauty, she is much better off financially than the less decorative woman who had to make the most of merely brains. Unless Beauty is greedy for grog, she is a competent party at clutching a dollar in a passionate and enduring embrace. She may be somewhat amateurish in finance when she presents herself as a young and tender morsel of wolf trap bait, but she smarts up plenty as she looks around and is reminded of fresh competition coming out of the bushes.

The average presentable male is a pitiable bewildered dope when he tries to figure out why Beauty goes for the Beast but shakes off a gentleman with no more concern than an All-American back would pay to a high school tackler. He does not realize that he is the beneficiary of nature's infinite wisdom. It is a harsh career being Beast to Beauty. The gullible public has been supplied with false folk lore about the Beast treating the Beauty cruelly.

The ballad *My Man* is an example of this untrue propaganda. In that song, the depraved Apache is supposed to kick the teeth down the gullet of the beautiful creature whose love increases with each impact of leather on her bleeding mouth. Actually the Apache is punting her because her flagrant affairs with the janitor, the milkman, et al., are more than any self-respecting Apache could stand.

There is a tradition that the American hoodlum in his gala era administered vigorous corporeal punishment to his moll as a manner of demonstrating his affection. Paragraph two of the tradition is that the moll was a beautiful animal who adored him for it.

How far from the facts that tradition wandered can readily be related in detail by any veteran metropolitan police reporter or gendarme.

The actual situation was that the hoodlums were scared to give a good quasi-connubial batting around to their spectacular mates. The hoodlums' females, without any notable exception, were the type who would voice their piques in the boudoirs of cafés, which was virtually equivalent to speaking their pieces on a national hook-up. The Beauties of the hoodlum Beasts knew more about the hoodlums than the hoodlums themselves knew. And never let it be said that any of those molls was notorious for discretion. Columnists and coppers who wormed themselves into the affection of night club ladies' confidants knew what was going on in the opulent sectors of the underworld.

Although the pulchritude of the underworld Beauties was greatly exaggerated in the tales the newspaper printed, and the gorillas' concubines were specimens who could not have made the big time, they traded cannily on such beauty as they had. This is the explanation of their association with the racket Beasts. Beauty of that strata could get more out of Beasts than out of the virile young male who might have been built like a character in a bathing trunks ad, but who had to have his breakfast early on account of a working date with his truck.

Beauty is psychic in recognizing and exploiting the inferiority consciousness of Beast. She is kept in furs, furniture, gems and groceries by giving Beast the play over the gentleman popularly regarded as a specimen of mankind vastly superior to the Beast. Beauty knows that Beauty collects and collects and it is Beast who pays and pays.

Furthermore, the truth is that Beast really is not cheated, regardless of whom he might meet if he'd run around quickly to the back door after bidding Beauty farewell. Beast gets in public from Beauty what the public never would give Beast by himself. That's what he buys.

There is a particularly grotesque and blatant Beast currently conspicuous in metropolitan night spots. This Beast hits the high in income tax brackets and the low in breeding. Appearing at his very best, he has a startling resemblance to a Mexican horned toad.

This Beast is pay dirt for Beauty. He makes the rounds with never less than two of the ranking commercial Beauties. Prepossessing but predatory males have endeavored in vain to take one or more of the playthings away from the Beast. It never has occurred to them that the Beast charges Beauty up to advertising and that actually Uncle Sam, who is not a bad-looking fellow himself, is paying the Beast's Beauty bill. Uncle also, of course, is paying the Beauties' bills.

That is the sort of thing that makes Beauty prefer Beast. Beast outsmarts the chumps, then Beauty takes Beast with his eyes wide open.

You may think very well of yourself as you survey your features in your shaving mirror, but you are not the man to break up the Beauty-Beast combination. You had better give up trying and explore for a weather-beaten widow with an estate that isn't under the vigilant and shark-eyed surveillance of dispassionate executors.

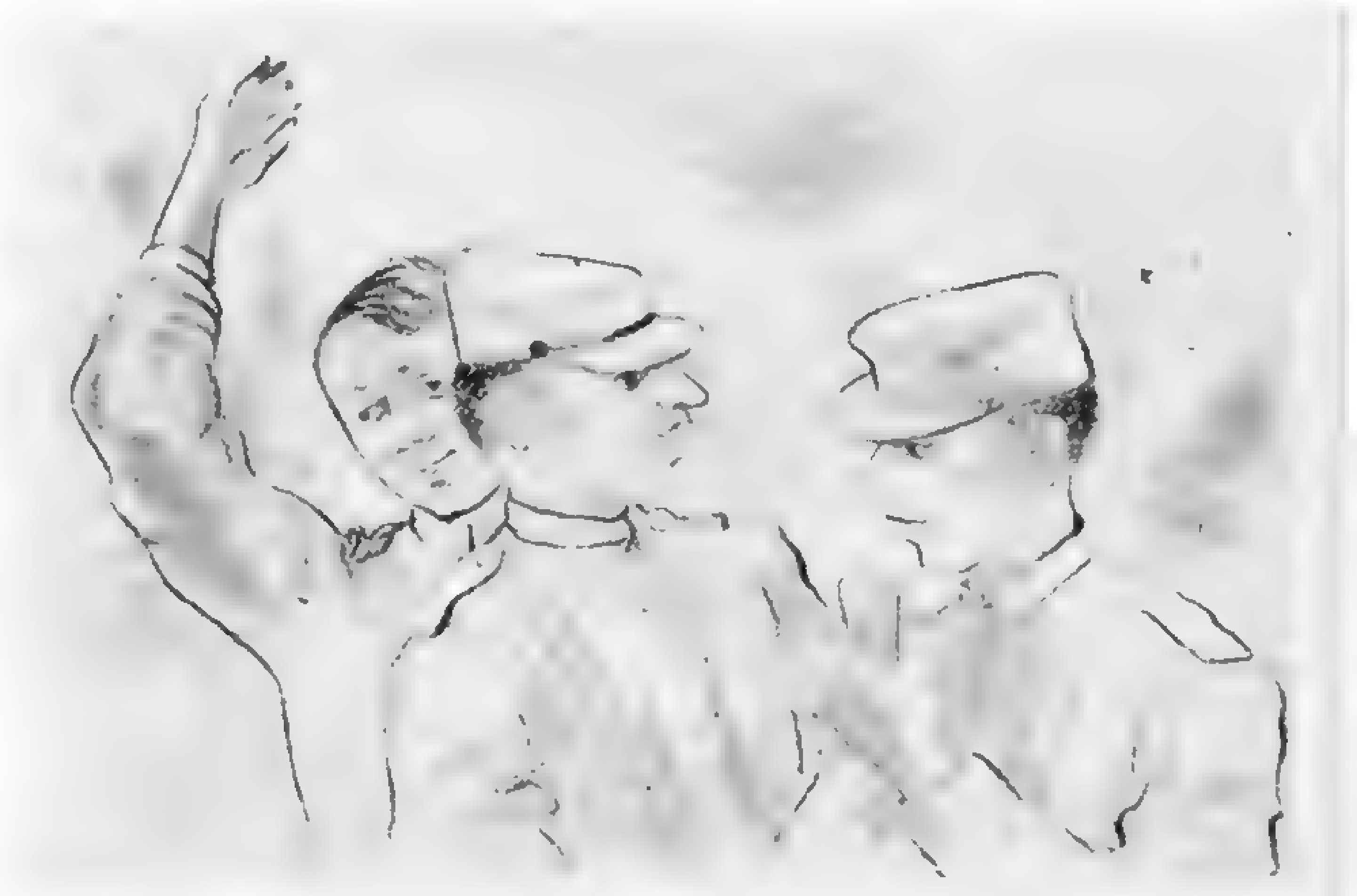
Beauty is going to keep playing along with Beast. Maybe to help nature maintain a normal balance, but much more likely Beauty is thinking only of helping herself.

And don't think that Beauty isn't instinctively a genius at that profitable exercise. ⌗

Fortunately for the erring *cabot* his captain understood that army rules are made for men, not men for rules

Surprise at the Outpost

by GEORGES SURDEZ



GREENE

There were eight infantrymen sprawled in the grass on the bank of a small stream, in the shade of the forest trees. They had stripped off their heavy coats, discarded their equipment; their eight rifles were stacked neatly. They appeared lazy, comfortable, not in the least martial. One of them had dozed off while holding on to an improvised fishing line and slept on the narrow rustic bridge. Yet I knew them to be the 'enemy,' for their kepis had white covers.

The mock battle for the taking of Norteau was continuing in the distance, far on my left. But this scene of absolute peace and contentment was disappointing to me. I had left my comrades to gape at the artillery and cut through the woods to see the outposts, and here was an outpost, with everybody off guard.

"Are you an advanced post?" I asked the corporal in charge. He admitted that this was indeed an advanced post. But when I asked him why he had not "thrown out" a sentry or two into the woods on the other side of the stream, he laughed and indicated his loyal followers: "Try and get one of those slobs to play soldier," he said. I realized then that I was face to face with the kind of corporal my schoolbook on military matters referred to as: "Timid before his men, more anxious to please them and thus win easy popularity than to discharge his duty." I could not approve of him.

"Suppose an officer came along?" I asked of him.

"The guys back there—" he hooked a thumb vaguely over one shoulder, and I understood he thus spoke of his supports—"would tip us off with a whistle." He continued with shocking cynicism: "And what the devil, do you think an officer would move around in this heat when there's an inn down the road?"

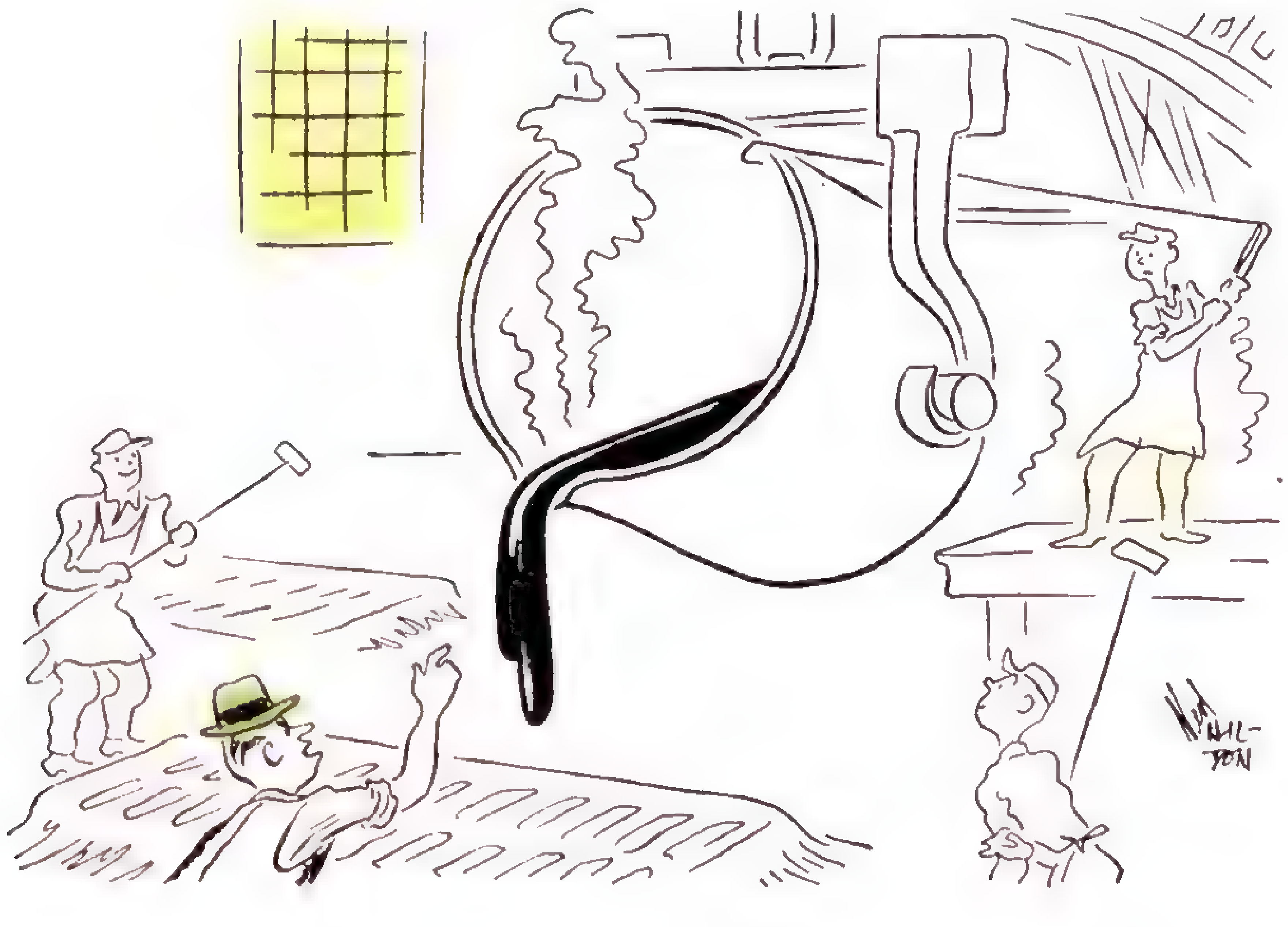
He was inefficient, but friendly. I asked him more questions. One of the sleeping men woke up and spoke without raising his head. He made nasty remarks about me and my talking. But the corporal told him he should be ashamed of himself, that anyone could see I was a fine little fellow, and maybe I would be willing to do them a favor, go somewhere and buy wine.

"There's an idea, *cabot*," the other admitted. The use of the nickname for a corporal, *cabot*, further revealed the man's weakness and inefficiency. My book was against that kind of familiarity between ranks. My disappointment was growing rapidly: no snap, no spirit!

But I agreed to get them wine and the corporal gave me four empty canteens and some money. The surly man hinted that I would probably make off with the dough and the canteens. The corporal said he was crazy, that I looked honest.

"Knows his way around,

(*Continued on page 159*)



"Bethlehem Steel doesn't go in for fudge, Jillson"

A-VOOM, A-VOOM

Joe E. Lewis

Photograph by William Stone,

While the piano vamps, Joe warms himself up with a few bass a-vooms before he launches his rasping voice into a plaintive *Poor Little February* or *Sam, You Made the Pants Too Long*. Virtuoso of the ad lib squash to hecklers, and gifted with a grin that's both bewildered innocence and a leer, he's almost as permanent as the white palm trees at the Copacabana night club in New York. Here he keeps everybody happy except when he's occasionally lured to Miami or Hollywood to bring laughs into *their* night life. We'll assist the fan mail department by adding that the shapely pins represent the eight Samba Sirens, of Copa fame. The pair in back belong to June Williams (a blonde), and the others to Mara Williams (a brunette—and no relation).

AMERICAN BEAUTY

Marion Keats

Photograph by Ravitz

Her candid blue eyes and ice cream complexion make you think of a china doll, but Marion so abounds in vitamins that her dancing role in the musical *Bloomer Girl* wasn't enough to keep her busy. So daytimes she became a model, in addition to taking a ballet lesson every day and courses at Columbia (such as Russian!). This isn't out of character for at the age of twelve she traveled alone to Switzerland to attend the International School for two years. Her ambitions include the Theatre, a future Husband-Home-and-Children, and Travel. And she'll somehow do it all! *On Men:* "A wishy-washy, indecisive man *invites* a girl to use him for a doormat." Vital Statistics: *Height:* 5′ 5″: *Weight:* 120: *Bust:* 34; *Waist:* 24; *Hips:* 34; *Age:* 21.

WEITHAS

A good game for anyone and a lifesaver for the inveterate poker fan whenever he fails to round up the gang for a regular session

Two Can Play at Poke

by **SIDNEY SACKSON**

There are still old-timers who remember when poker claimed more adherents in the United States than any other card game. That was before the current rummy rage, culminating in gin, swept the country making the natives eat, drink, and sleep rummy. Poker is by no means a forgotten art, but by sheer weight of numbers rummy rules.

I am an uncompromising lover of poker. But in these days of male shortage the material for an all-night stud session is rarely found. I borrowed the wife from a gin rummy game, but two-handed poker with buttons for bait is far short of thrilling.

Under the stress of these circumstances, Poke was born. Poke is poker for two, poker that can be played for points. With considerable trepidation, I tried the game on some poker hounds of my acquaintance. They lapped it up. The initial reluctance of the gin rummy bugs was harder to overcome, but after a few trials they took to Poke with their characteristic endurance. The followers of Poke are still not myriad; not enough card players have been exposed to it. But the circle is widening steadily as new converts are contacted and succumb. There is reason for this. The appeal of Poke is wide, as wide as that great American fraternity of those whose hearts have raced at the sight of a well-filled inside straight.

This is strictly a game for two players, using a standard deck of 52 cards. Cut for first deal and alternate in subsequent hands.

Each hand is divided into two stages, the first in which the players draw to improve their poker hand, and the second in which the cards are played out in the form of tricks.

Five cards are dealt to each player. The non-dealer starts by either standing pat or discarding from one to three cards and replacing them from the deck. By doing the latter he "doubles" himself; that is, he is penalized double for each trick he loses in the play-out period. If still not satisfied he may discard and draw a second time. This "redoubles" him and he loses quadruple for each lost trick.

The dealer has the option of one free draw of from one to three cards. He may follow this with a "double" and "redouble," making three possible draws in all. After both players complete their hands, the second stage begins with a lead by the non-dealer. A trick consists of one card from each player. High card takes the trick regardless of suit and there is no obligation to follow suit. In case of two equal cards being played to the same trick, the first led wins. The winner of one trick, leads for the next. Each player keeps his own card and faces it up to indicate a trick won, or down to indicate a trick lost.

A player may lead to two tricks by playing a pair. The opponent can only win the tricks by throwing a larger pair. If he has a smaller pair he is not compelled to play it and may discard any two cards. In the same manner three or four of a kind can be played.

Score is kept, similar to bridge, in columns divided in the middle by a heavy line. Trick scores are marked below the line, while honors and bonuses are entered above the line.

A player gets one point for each trick he takes if opponent is not under penalty. If opponent is doubled, each trick is worth two points and if redoubled, four points.

The player with the winning poker hand, in accordance with official poker rules, receives an honor score as found in the table below. Note that both players may get trick points in the same hand, but only one player may get an honor score.

There is a bonus of 250 points for a player who wins all five tricks in a hand. This is known as a "sweep."

Twenty points below the line constitute a game. The player making game gets a bonus of 100 points above the line and all partial scores of opponent below the line are canceled. When a player wins his second game he gets the 100 point game bonus in addition to a rubber bonus of 750 points if opponent has not won a game, or 500 points if opponent has won a game. When a rubber is completed, the player with the highest score above the line is the winner.

Table of Honor and Bonus Values

Pair	50 points	Straight Flush	750 points
Two Pair	100 points	Royal Flush	1000 points
Three of a Kind	200 points		
Straight	300 points	Game Bonus	100 points
Flush	400 points	2 Game Rubber Bonus	750 points
Full House	500 points	3 Game Rubber Bonus	500 points
Four of a Kind	600 points	Sweep Bonus	250 points

For illustrative purposes let us take a hand played between Mr. A and Mr. B. A deals B ♠ Q, ♥ Q, ♥ 3, ♣ 3, and ♦ 4 and comes up with ♦ 10, ♥ 6, ♥ 4, ♦ 3, and ♣ 2 himself.

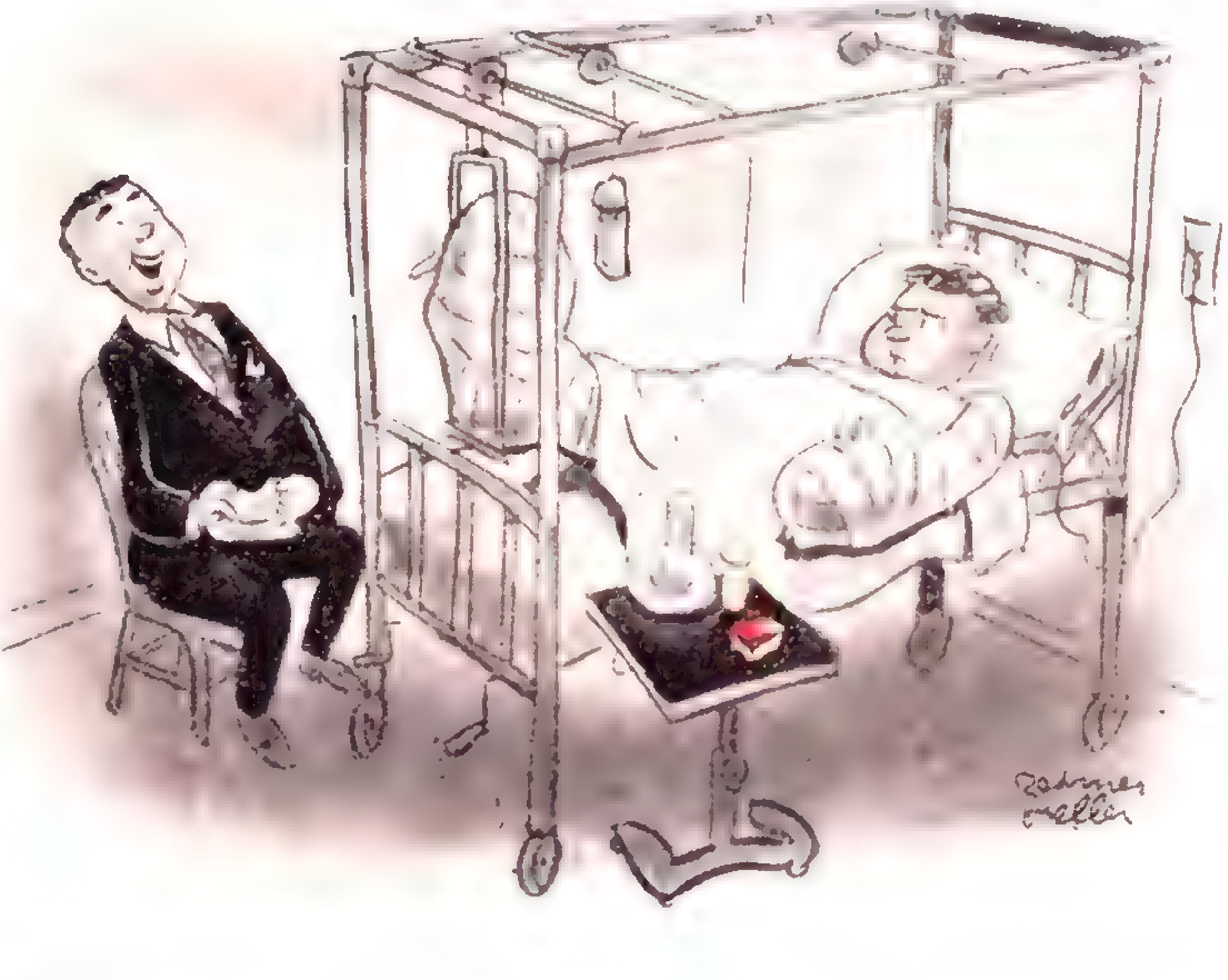
Opening move goes to B, who fishes for a full house by discarding the ♦ 4, doubling himself. He draws ♠ 8 and lets the matter stand.

A has straight possibilities but skips them in favor of improving the strength of his hand. A low straight, although worth 300 points in honors, is wide open to a sweep by opponent. He discards ♥ 4, ♦ 3, and ♣ 2 and replaces them with ♠ 10, ♥ K and ♣ 5. For a "double" he keeps only the pair of tens, but draws three more low cards. For a "redouble" he discards these and draws ♥ 10, ♠ K, and ♦ 5, bringing his hand up to three of a kind.

B opens with his pair of queens and A throws off ♦ 5 and ♥ 10. B next leads the pair of threes which A tops with two tens. The last trick is A's.

Below the line B scores for two tricks at four points each, or a total of eight points. A scores three tricks at two each, or a total of six points. A also scores two hundred points above the line for three of a kind.

If A had stopped after his free draw he could have won the same


"Ha, ha, ha—can I play poker tonight with the boys, dear?"

number of tricks and B would have made only two points below the line. But instead of A's scoring 200 honors, B would have scored 100, a total gain of 300 for B. Which was the more worth-while depends entirely upon the score at the start of the hand.

Poke with Deuces Wild

For those who long for big hands and plenty of them I suggest playing with deuces wild. The rules are the same as for regulation Poke except that a two can be used as any other card. The deuce must represent the same card in both the play-out period and the scoring for honors. To make up for the higher honor values that will result, double the bonus values. Game bonus becomes 200, sweep bonus becomes 500 and rubber bonuses become 1500 and 1000.

With deuces wild, five of a kind is possible and this scores 1000 points in honors or equal to a royal flush.

Bluff Poke

In this variation, devised for inveterate gamblers, a round of betting is introduced at the close of the drawing period and before the play-out. Non-dealer may open with a bet of "double honors." Dealer has the choice of refusing the bet, seeing it, or raising it. If the dealer happens to refuse the bet, non-dealer collects the honor score for the poker hand even if the non-dealer's hand is lower.

If dealer sees the bet, the winning poker hand will score double the regular number of points. If dealer wishes to raise, he calls for "triple honors." Non-dealer may back out, in which case dealer gets double the honor score even if his hand is lower. Non-dealer may also see the bet or raise it to quadruple honors, which is the highest possible bet.

If originally non-dealer passes, dealer may open the betting.

In this variation, as in the preceding one, the bonus values are doubled. If Bluff Poke is played with deuces wild, the bonus values are quadrupled. Game bonus becomes 400, sweep bonus becomes 1000. Rubber bonuses become 3000 and 2000.

Handicap Poke

In this variation the trailing player is given a handicap in the form of the chance to deal. If neither contestant has won a game, or if both have won games, the one with the lower score below the line deals. If the trick score is even, the one trailing above the line deals. If absolutely even cut for deal.

When a player has won one game, the opponent keeps the deal until either the rubber is won or the games are evened one to one. Score is kept the same as in regulation Poke. #

Charlie Williams, obscure Iowan who rivaled Leland Stanford, bred the two finest racing stallions of his time

Saga of a Horseman

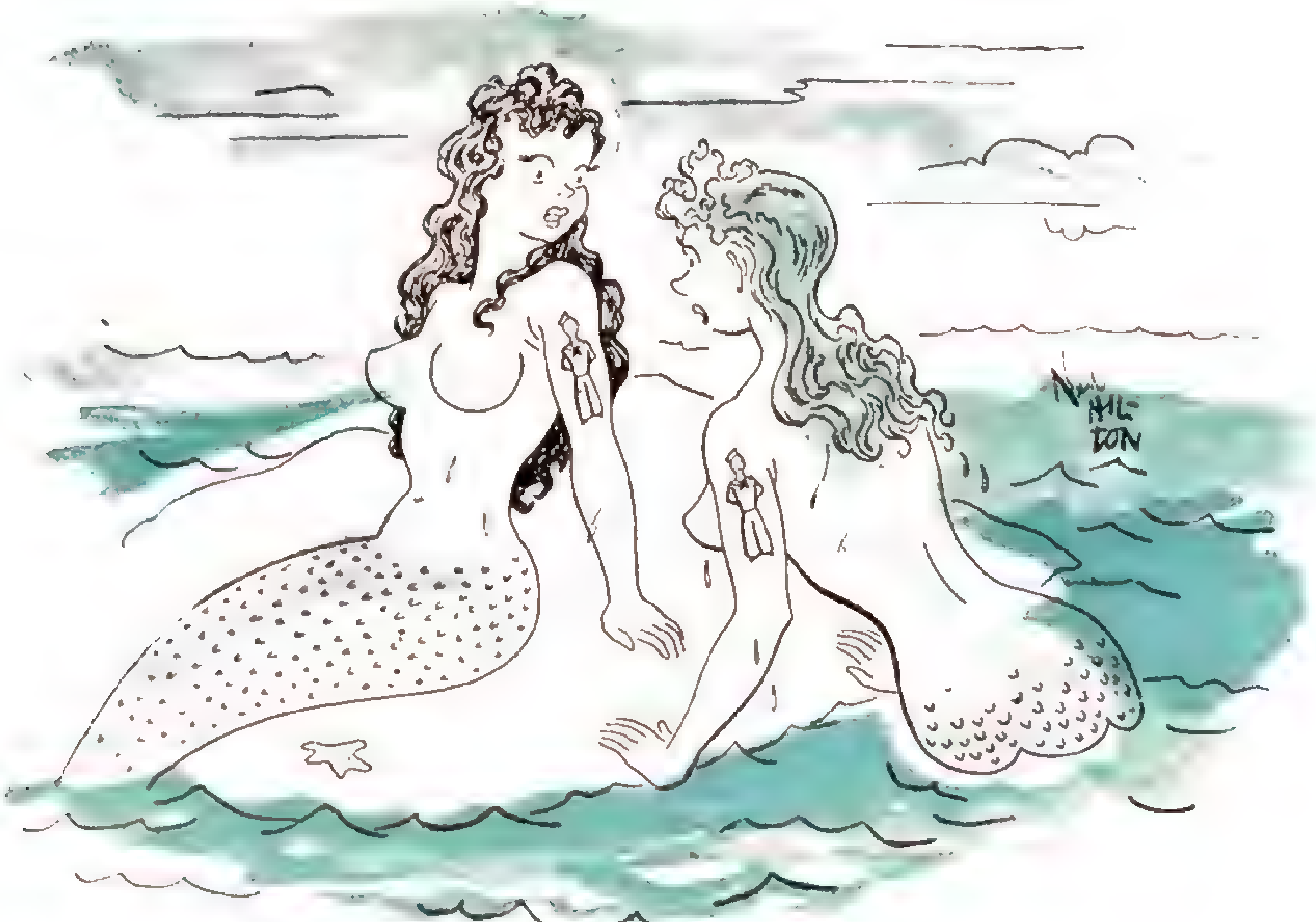
GREENHALGH

by PAUL ENGLE

Nobody knew the name of Charlie Williams. In the eighteen-eighties he had been a night telegraph operator on the Illinois Central, first at fifteen and then at forty dollars a month. He had raised pigs in a small Iowa town until the smell had forced the town council to condemn his place as a public nuisance. He had moved to Independence, Iowa, and started a small butter and egg business. Earlier he had worked in a general store for five dollars a month and room and board, sleeping under the counter. He saved every cent of the sixty dollars earned the first year and bought a colt.

Everybody knew the name of Leland Stanford. In the eighteen-eighties his immense system of railways covered all of western America. He had been governor of California, United States Senator, owner of one of the huge fortunes of the country. At Palo Alto he had built the greatest center for the breeding of trotting horses in the world.

In 1888 Charlie Williams brought a horse to the small racing tracks of Iowa and in its first season the animal, bred and trained by Williams himself, raced the fastest mile ever trotted by a two-year-old stallion. No Stanford two-year-old had ever gone that fast. At Palo Alto there were over eight thousand acres of fine grazing land, vast stables for twenty stallions and over three hundred brood mares, as well as several hundred trainers, drivers, blacksmiths, grooms. Back of them, the millions of Leland Stanford. At Independence, Charlie Williams had two castoff brood mares bought at seventy-five dollars apiece because they were useless, the two colts they had dropped, a small barn, himself to do the training and driving. Back of that, a little business. There is a story that he went to Chicago and walked from house to house ringing doorbells. When the lady of the house came to the door he presented her with a fresh egg and a pat of butter. The next day he came back and asked if she would not like such excellent food delivered every day, and took her order. It was a hard and thrifty way. But out of it Charlie Williams saved six hundred dollars. With all his savings in his pocket, he took his two cheap mares to Kentucky. There he found that the service fee for the sire he wished was five hundred dollars, so he bred only one mare to Jay Bird and bred the other to an obscure stallion named William L. From Lou, the slow mare bred to William L. he got Axtell, the champion of his day, a great sire whose blood has come down through successive generations of champions to the present. From Gussie Wilkes, bred to Jay Bird, he got Allerton, the finest racing stallion of the early eighteen-nineties. For Allerton, Williams was offered, and declined, one hundred and fifty thousand dollars



which was the highest price ever put up for a trotting horse.

In the same year in which Axtell and Allerton were born, 1886, the colt Sunol, beautiful and fiery, with every opportunity of training, facilities and money behind her, was born in the swank Stanford stables. Toward the end of her racing year as a two-year-old, she beat the record which Axtell had set up a few weeks before, going a mile in 2:18. The next year Williams took Axtell out and lowered the record time for the mile to 2:15½. Through the season of 1889 the horse of the Iowa man who had worked all night at his little railroad job, and the horse of the man who could have bought the entire system that employed Charlie Williams, raced against each other's time. When Axtell at Chicago lowered the mile record to 2:14, Sunol had answered with a 2:13½ mile at Fresno. Leland Stanford was not raising horses only to have them beaten by unknown little men from Iowa. Axtell's time would be telegraphed to California, and in the great barns and out along the training tracks and across the handsome pasture land men would look at each other in disbelief. How could a man by his own efforts and without the elaborate Palo Alto staff and buildings raise and race a colt finer than any in the country? Maybe it was God's own luck.

Leland Stanford left his name on a big university. Charlie Williams left his name on nothing. But his stallion Axtell put his name on cigars, on shirts, even on underwear, and Axtell soup was served at the Independence hotels. The ingredients of the latter are not known.

APEX
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"They're willing to buy us out, gentlemen, but they want to deduct $50,000 for our lack of good will!"

It was not chance that threw Stanford and Williams into competition. Both were men of great natural force, driving violently into any job they undertook. And both were men of intelligence, unwilling to follow merely the old manner of doing a thing. Each had his own method of handling horses. Stanford put into effect his ideas of the right way to work a young colt, of how to shoe her feet with light shoes, of giving her light work, of beginning to handle her from the moment she was weaned. And he used in all his horse plans that same imaginative ruthlessness that had built the Central Pacific Railway over mountain, desert and wide river, laying the iron rails on the sweat and swearing and bones of Chinese coolies and Irish bosses.

Charlie Williams had his own ideas about horses too, and they were exactly like the man. Develop the colt early, and develop yourself along with the colt. Watch every move the colt makes and every move you make. Only by controlling himself can a trainer control a colt. Charlie Williams drove his horses hard and himself even harder. When he put the iron bit in a horse's mouth he put the iron in his own will. In a time of heavy drinking, he never touched a drop of liquor. In an occupation where coarse language was the ordinary daily speech, he never once swore. Living with horsemen who chewed and smoked tobacco, he never touched it. When there was a great dinner honoring Axtell, after Williams had sold him for one hundred and five thousand dollars, Williams ignored every drop of the elaborate liquors served. He was a strong and vigorous man, with powerful arms and muscles like leather reins and a chin that was as solid as the mind behind it. It was out of no false sense of prudishness that Williams lived as he did, but out of a profound belief in the principles of Christian living. If a man called himself a Christian, then let him act like one. When the sale of Axtell had provided money for large barns at Independence, and horsemen brought their strings of racing stock from all over America, Williams insisted on padlocking the entire establishment on Sunday. He was always consistent. He demanded the last scrap of heart and speed from a trotting stallion, and he demanded the last scrap of honesty and straightness of living from himself. When his wife died, he came to Independence and himself got up at her funeral and talked about how deeply he had loved her and how splendid her life had been. And all with modesty and gentleness and devotion.

It was right, therefore, that the great Williams horses should be stallions. Other men, easier in living and softer in principle, might have graceful mares and well-behaved geldings. But for a man with his power of principle and arm, his determination to fight every struggle, whether with another driver or with the devil himself, to the final inch of the track, only a stallion would do. Williams had a large creative force in his own life, for he created new ideas of handling horses and he built always with an eye on the future. When he earned enough from his horses to make his own race track, he did not design the conventional half-mile circular track but rather the latest figure-eight style, known as a kite track. This eliminated the many curves a horse had to travel, giving instead two long straightaways and one long and gradual curve. It was like Charlie Williams to do that, to try the new thing, and to find that he was right, and that any horse could knock two seconds off his fastest time for the mile on the new and oddly-shaped track in Iowa. In two years he had made the name of a little corn town famous all over America and Europe. The best drivers of the day brought their horses to Independence. The private Pullmans of the rich and the mighty in the horse world rolled in. It didn't touch Williams. A man, to him, was simply the way that man lived.

It hadn't been luck alone that brought success to the man with a little butter and egg business and a liking for fine horses. When Williams put out his hard-earned money for two mares, one of them crippled and one of them slow even for a carriage horse, he knew what he was doing, for both mares were bred to sons of the great George Wilkes, a trotting stallion descended directly from the foundation sire of trotting horses in America, Rysdyk's Hambletonian. When Williams found that the fee for the sire he had picked out for both mares would take five hundred of his laboriously saved six hundred dollars, he at once sent the second mare to another sire who was, although of little reputation, a horse with the George Wilkes breeding. It was that breeding that Williams wanted, for he had studied the blood lines of trotting horses and he had carefully decided that the Wilkes line would give him the most trotting power for his money. It was that shrewd deduction which caused him to buy the mare Gussie Wilkes, who foaled Allerton, when she was put up at auction as a no-account cripple.

In his training as in his breeding, Williams showed the same care and imagination. He evolved quite alone many of the same principles of handling colts that Leland Stanford had put together, such as an extremely early breaking of the colt, the use of shoes hardly half the weight of those commonly put on race horses, the feeding of a mixed and balanced diet. Unlike Stanford, he drove his own horses and, with the aid of his hired man John Hussey, himself a naturally brilliant handler, he trained and cared for his horses himself. He was unlike Stanford, too, in his strict compulsion on his own life, watching every move he made as he watched each horse's manner of moving.

Charlie Williams brought Allerton along more slowly than Axtell, but he was the faster horse. Williams himself described his second colt in language which showed a real sense of verbal expression: "Allerton's hocks are quite low set, as perfect and clean as if chiseled from marble, and his legs and feet are of the highest quality. He has a bright, expressive head, with prominent eyes and thin, shapely ears." With Allerton, he lowered the world's record for trotting stallions to 2:09¼, surpassing any Stanford horse. Determined never to be beaten, Stanford sent out his own great trotting stallion, Palo Alto, and lowered the record to 2:08¾. So it went. The competition between the two men was so intense because they were so much alike, and it was only Stanford's death in 1893 that stopped the rivalry. Both Williams and Stanford were interested only in their own colts, the results of their own ideas of breeding. Neither cared to go out and buy a developed animal with a record given to it by some other horseman. Williams charged a fee of one thousand dollars for Allerton, and other men brought their mares. But he bred his own mares to his own stallions.

In many ways the life of Charlie Williams was a peculiarly

American one. When he began to make big money, after years of hard work at meager wages, he built not only a remarkable race track and fine barns, but a bank (named for a horse), an opera house in a hotel where companies from New York played, and a streetcar line from railroad station to race track. It was the same energetic and bold effort that made unbelievable things when it succeeded and fantastic ruin when it failed. The Williams development was a matter of three years. At the end of that time he turned over all his holdings at Independence to satisfy debts worth hardly half their value, and went away. He arrived at Galesburg, Illinois, with Allerton his one genuinely valuable property. But in a short time his income from the stallion brought him a larger wealth than before. Then suddenly he stopped racing and sold every horse. Why?

There are those who say that it was due to a concern for his sons, whom he did not wish to grow up in the disorderly atmosphere of the race track. Others say that he simply stopped making money at the horse game. It doesn't matter why. He quit, and went into Canadian land, where he made another small fortune. Then he went into the breeding of Hereford cattle at Aurora, Illinois, calling it the Axtell line. Meanwhile, he had turned more intensely than before to his Christian attitudes, and finally became an evangelist, going back to many of the same towns where he had raced, and preaching in the streets. He paid all his own expenses, and drove himself as hard in spreading the word of God as he ever had driven Axtell. He lived well into his eighties and died a man as powerful in virtue as Axtell had been in trotting blood.

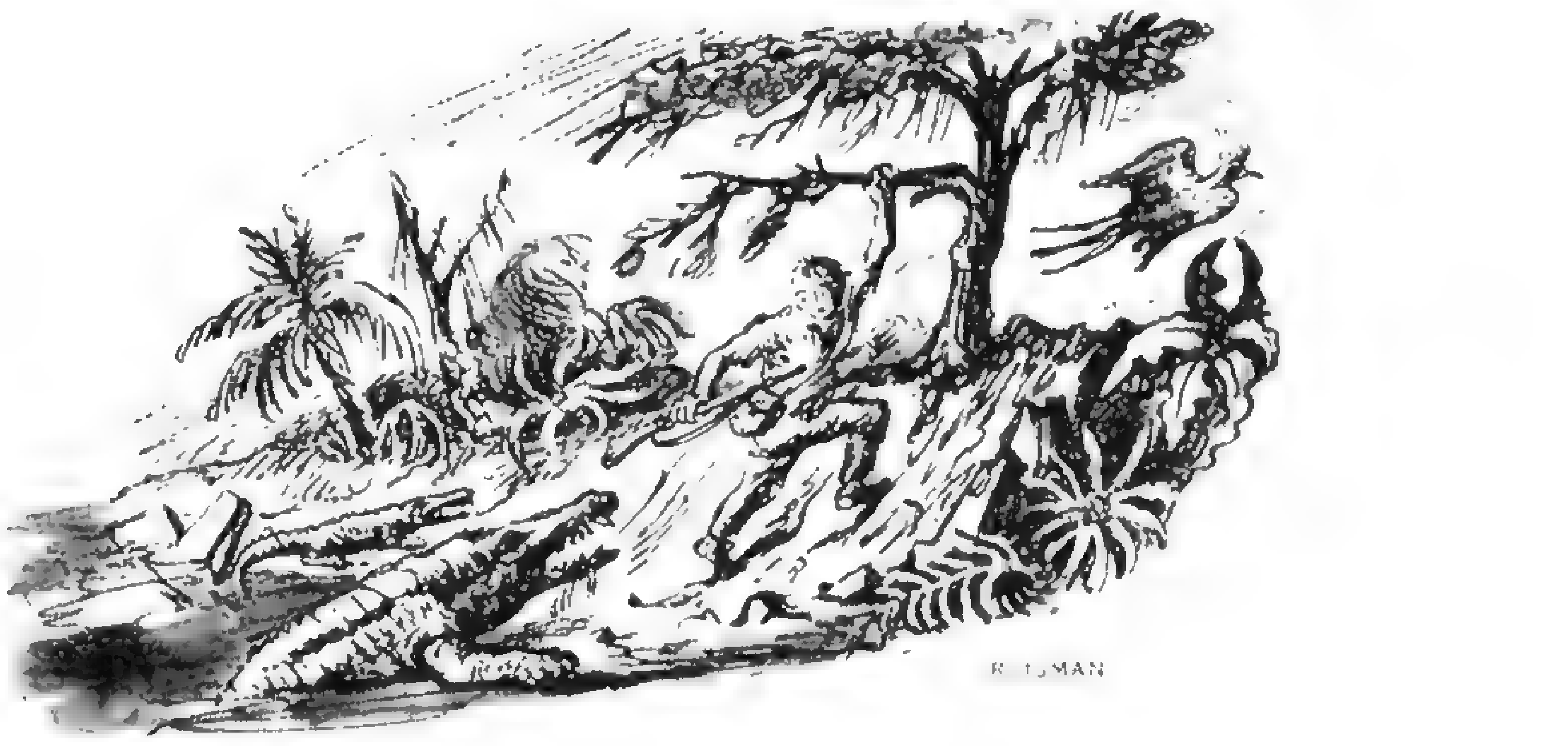
In his rigid zeal to find out all he could about horses, Stanford had a San Francisco photographer, Muybridge, place a battery of electrically controlled cameras along a track, so that as the horse went by he would be photographed at every stride. The idea worked, and Stanford was able to prove that there was an instant when the horse had all four feet off the ground. More important, he had a machine invented for showing the pictures rapidly enough to reproduce the moving horse. From that came, and appropriately enough in California, the first primitive moving picture. From horse to Hollywood. One more of the vast remnants of Stanford's life.

Just outside Independence, Iowa, today there is a remnant of Charlie Williams' life. On one side of the road, a decaying barn of handsome proportions. Across the road, a big house, and at the edge of the highway, a small building. The latter was the private stable of Axtell and Allerton. Today, that stable of the stallions is a tavern, and beer is sold on the land of the man who wouldn't touch a drop. The irony of Charlie Williams' life has completed itself. But it is not wrong at all. It's the way of the country. #

So far the scientist had been outplayed in his contest with the hostile jungle

Search for the Fire Bird

by PAUL ANNIXTER



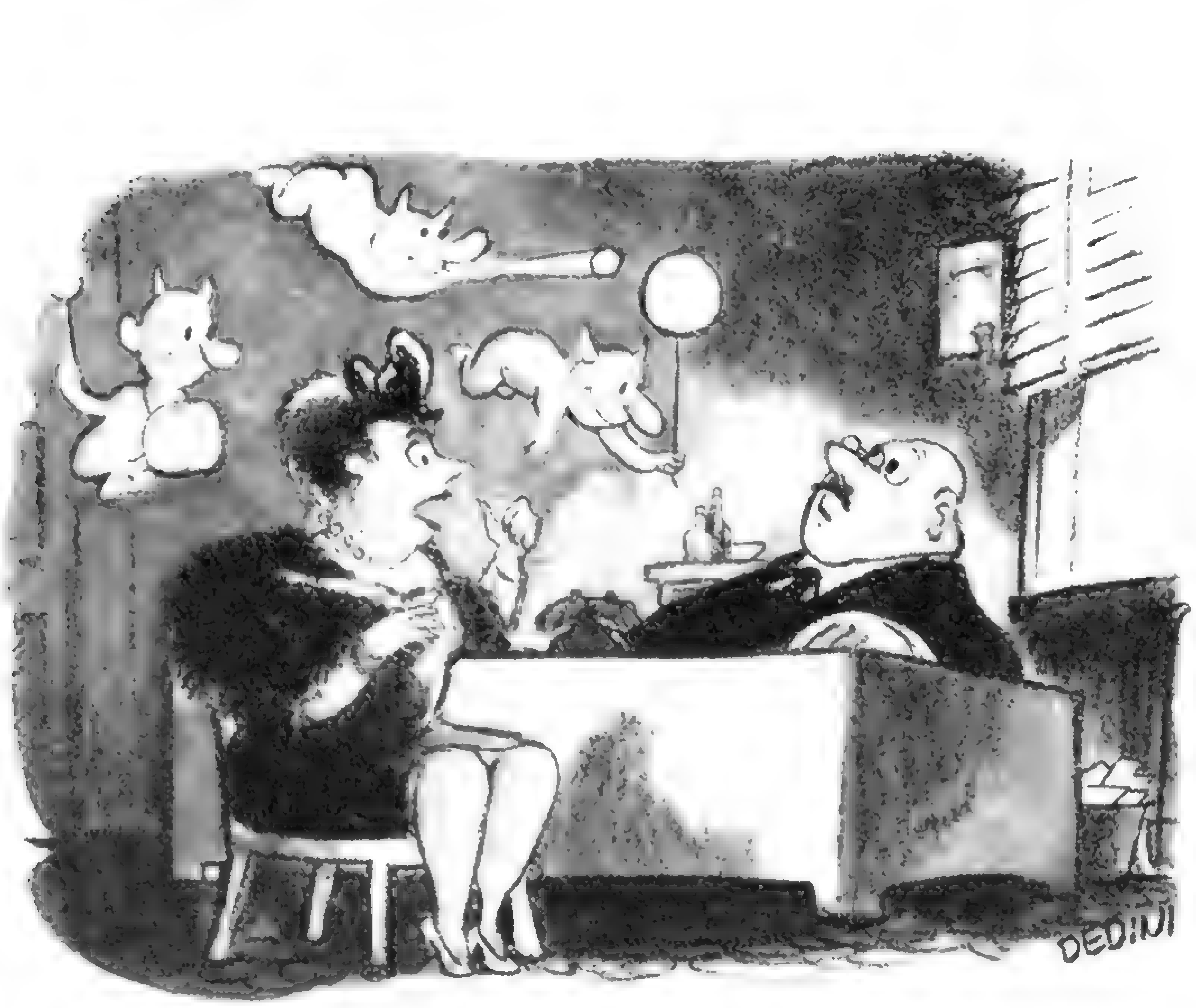
Since early morning Mayhew had been threading the mazes of the river bush, following faint animal paths, his shotgun held in both hands ready for instant use. His gaze as always was upon the treetops, forever seeking a flash of flame-colored feathers that might signal the ending of his quest. It was perhaps the fiftieth day of just such tactics and one of the hardest of them all, yet his eagerness and expectancy was in no wise lulled. Fifty days of watching and stalking, surrounded by hardly believable privations and dangers, spied upon by inimical eyes he felt but rarely saw.

For fifteen years Mayhew had girdled the globe in his strange quest for rare birds. He had given the world six fabulous collections of avian life, including the black swan of the far south, the ethereal sylph, the quetzel of Mexico and Central America, the manakin, the umbrella bird and the almost mythical Alaskan murrelet and its equally mythical eggs. All were species never before shown in the western world. Just now he was out after specimens of the fabulous cock-of-the-rock, known as Flame of the Forest, said to inhabit this portion of the Colombian jungles.

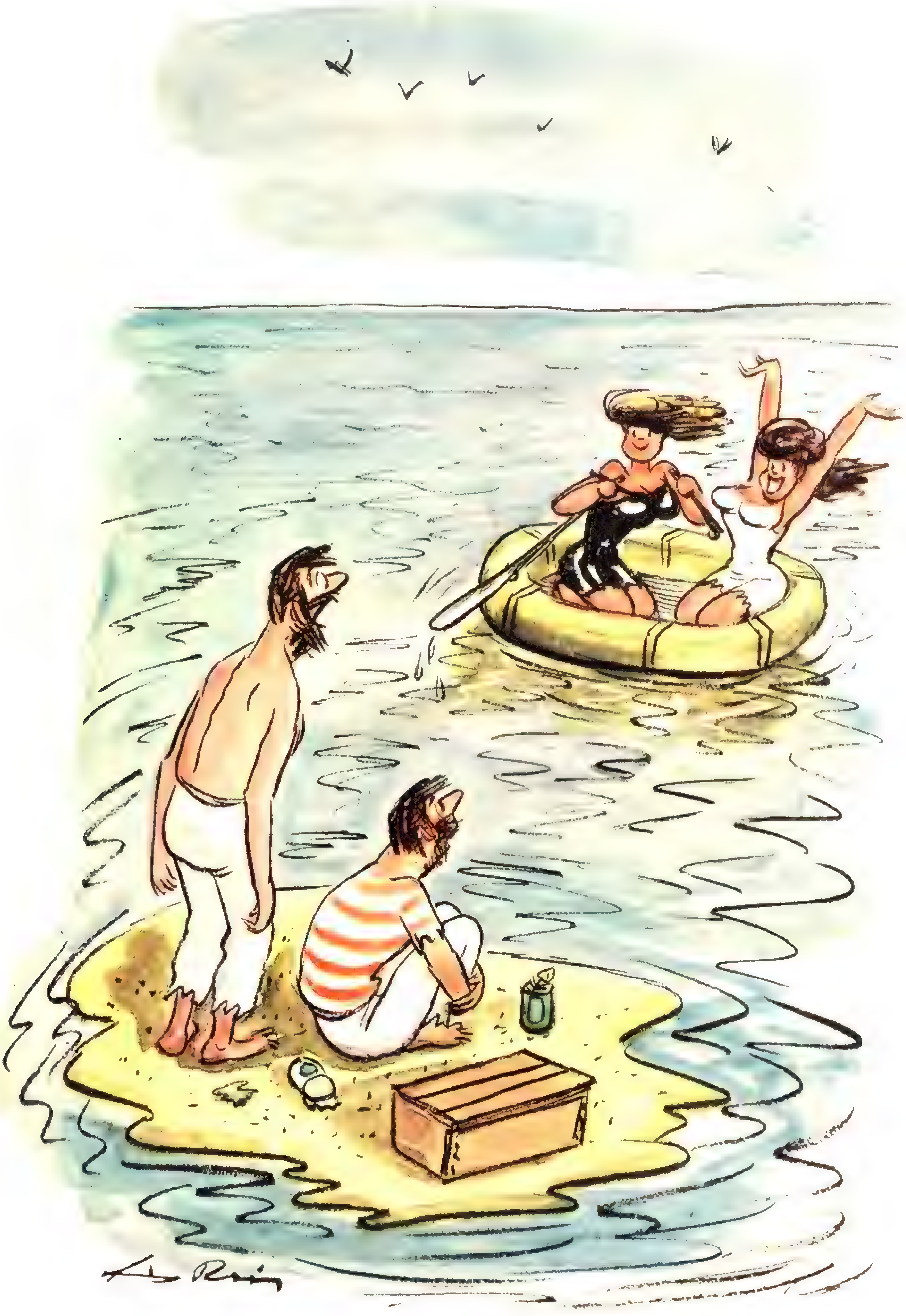
In almost two months Mayhew had been unable to sight a single specimen of the flame bird. The natives along the river were maddeningly noncommittal when it came to actual directions. Time and again he had seen the quetzel and the black umbrella bird. The latter was a name to conjure with. The natives called them "crows" and often shot them, they said. Mayhew had caught four specimens, almost worth his trip alone. But the flame-red cock-of-the-rock for which he sought, continued to baffle him utterly. The closest he had gotten to the trail of his quarry had been a myth from the mouth of an undersized native hunter in a near-by village, that the "Fire Bird" lived back yonder, pointing in the general direction of the mountains, and that he had shot two not long ago to make a stew. A stew—this bird so rare that no museum in the world yet possessed a specimen, and no zoo, though tropical expeditions had long kept a sharp eye out for a glimpse of him and his nesting place.

Lately Mayhew had begun to imagine that there was something of the malignancy of this land in his frustration. He did not fear Colombia—the choking jungles he had crawled through where sunlight never touched the earth, the perennial rains, fevers and miasmas and suffocating heat. He had become peculiarly immune, for a white man, to all these things. But he had to admit that the jungle had outplayed him. If the cock-of-the-rock really dwelt in this region—then Colombia guarded it well.

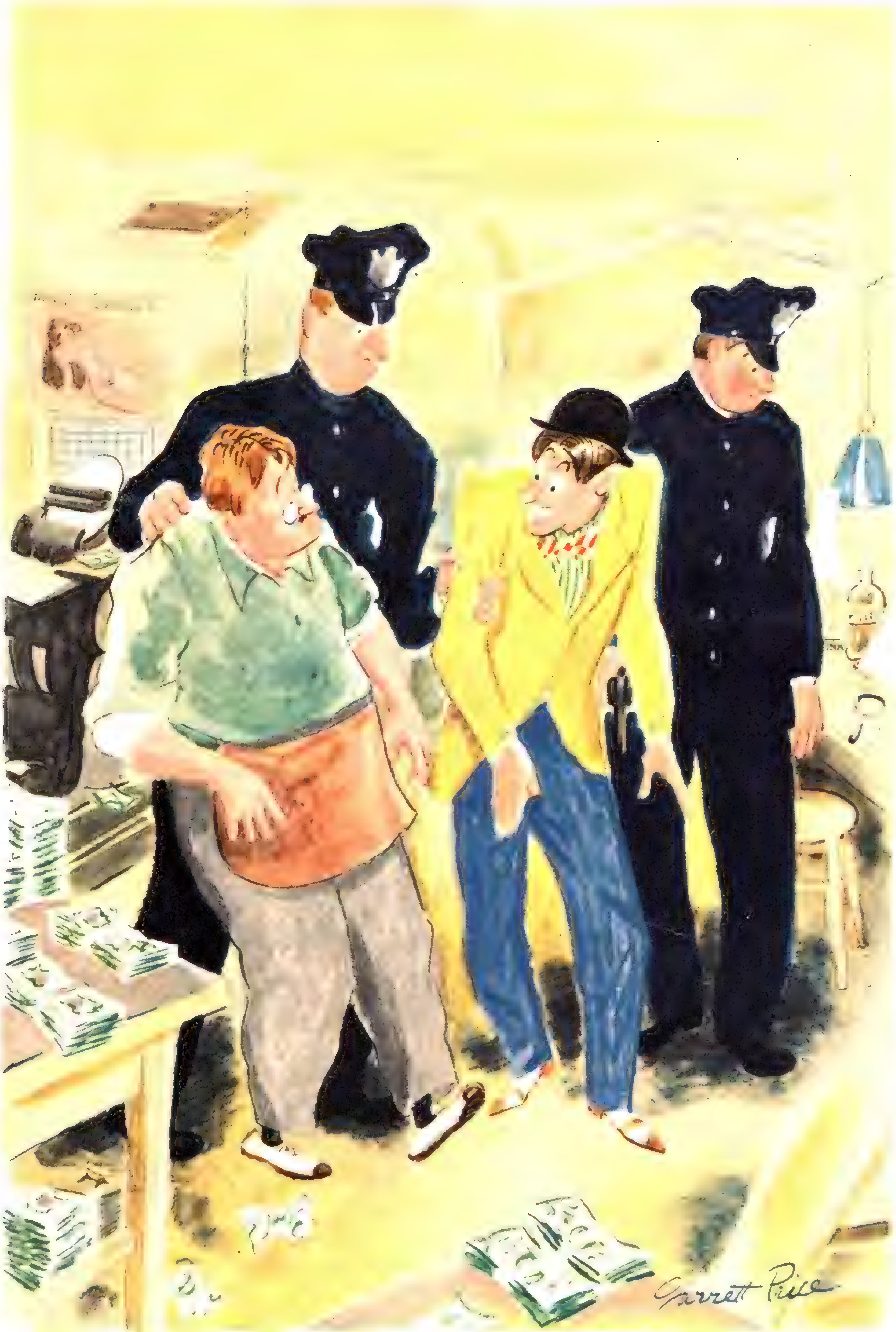
Its forests teemed with (*Continued on page 148*)



"Doctor, these are the little men I told you about over the phone"



"I hope they don't come here—we have just enough food to keep us alive"


Garrett Price

"You and your thirty-five dollar bills!"

BENTON

His pleasure-boat visitors gained more than they could ever give this logger who drew his own design for happiness

Apostolic Mike

by STEWART EDWARD WHITE

Whenever the chart showed an attractive-looking jiggle in the coast line we went to investigate. Sometimes the place proved to be a dud without even decent holding ground. More often we had most delightful surprises. That is how we ran across Mike. Off Desolation Sound the chart depicted a very nice-looking sheltered bay. Sheltered bays were a dime a dozen in the Pacific Northwest, but running off from this one was a narrow, river-like gut that opened at right angles into a second interior bay like an inland lake. The soundings looked good. We went; and dropped our hook. It was up to expectations, a silvery oblong a mile long, a few hundred yards wide, guarded closely by forested small mountains on either side, opening at the lower end to a tiny valley pinched by taller mountains. There were also song sparrows and hermit thrushes. At the foot of the valley showed a tiny, white house embedded in greenery. This was astonishing in this uninhabited country.

That evening, through the thin silver mist that frosted the surface of the water, emerged a boat. The man in it was rowing after the fisherman habit—standing up and facing forward—so we got a good look at him before he came alongside. His appearance gave no promise. He was a tough-looking citizen, tall and powerfully framed, with a roughhewn harsh face marred by a scar that ran across his cheek and nose. A little felt hat, a heavy, ribbed undershirt, and incredibly stained overalls exuding a distinct smell of dogfish oil identified him as a "handlogger"—one who fells huge timber by ax, urges it from the mountainsides into the salt water by means of an overgrown jack called a Gilchrist, and generally performs feats of which a Seabee would be proud. As he neared, we could complete his physical make-up with big, gnarled, strong but slow and clumsy hands.

We liked such people, but mostly it was a case of "hear one, hear all." We sighed a sigh of anticipated boredom. He drew alongside, made fast, stooped to pick up something, and straightened to reveal a small bouquet of garden flowers in his great fist. These he presented to Betty as he climbed aboard. This was different—the typical handlogger would never dream of such a pretty courtesy—nor of raising garden flowers. We made a remark about the latter.

"Yes," said he, "I got some nice flowers. I've been here twelve years. Got her terraced up, and an orchard and some vines. It ain't all cleared yet, but all in good time. You can't hurry Nature." We marveled a little over where he got the time, considering also the size of the log boom we had seen coming in. "Sure, I'm alone," said he, "I just plan out eight years ahead. So I know what's going to come about. Lonesome? Why should I be lonesome? Ain't I got all the world to look at and figger on? A man can't be lonesome unless he's asleep. No, I don't mean shut-eye; I mean *asleep.* I got a honeysuckle over my front door. They's lots of people walk right under it and never know it's there at all. They're asleep; they've never waked up. They've missed a lot of good company. No wonder they get lonesome."

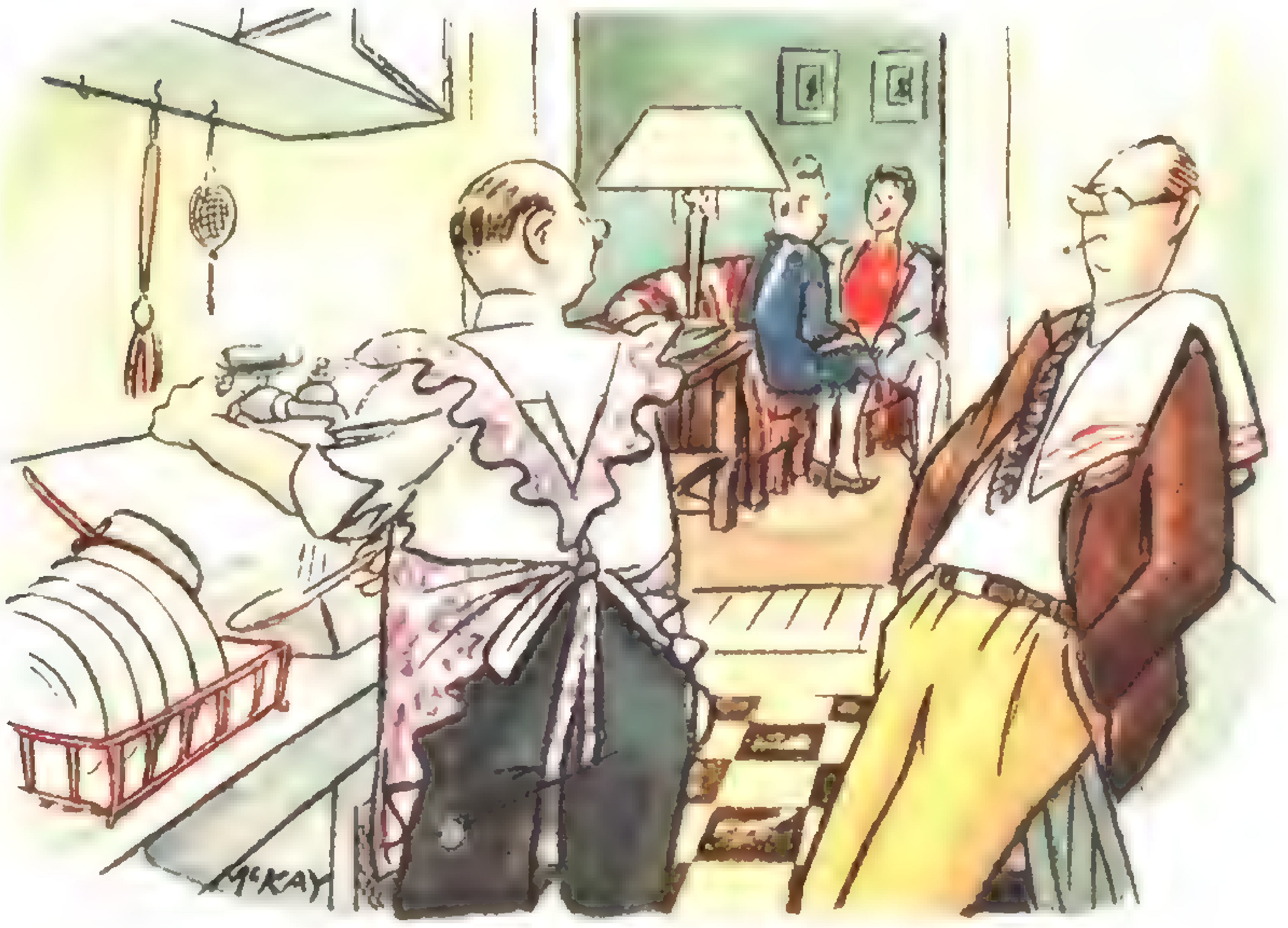
We dismissed the idea that the evening was going to be a bore. This was Mike. He had lived his early life as a lumberjack and riverman back in Wisconsin. He looked to be about forty—a tough, hard-bitten forty—too young to have seen the "good old days" in Wisconsin timber. He said he was sixty-seven. It seemed unbelievable. Handlogging involves terrible physical labor, demands the great strength of a young man. Mike did not consider it too tough.

"It ain't strength," he averred. "There's a tree up the mountain. It weighs tons. What's any man's strength compared to that? Might as well try to push one of those islands out there. But I figgered it out. I got to work with Nature. If I fix things up so Nature will work with me, she'll slide my log into the chuck for me."

His nearest neighbors, he told us, were twelve miles away. His few shopping needs he filled at Lund. That's where he got his mail also—once in a while. Sometimes he called on the neighbors. Both voyages he made in the heavy, clumsy-looking craft now alongside: standing up, pushing against the sweeps in a long, purposeful rhythm. He did this fourteen hours on the round trip. No, he did not find this too hard work; no, he'd had no idea of getting a gas engine for his boat. "Spoils the quiet," he explained.

We had intended to proceed on next day to the Yucultas. Betty inquired at me with her eyes. I nodded. "I should like to see your place," she told Mike. "You will be welcome," he replied simply. Somehow in the simplicity of the speech, and the deep, slow voice, was a curious native dignity.

The following morning we went ashore. Mike showed us around. The first impression was that the place was wild, unkempt; the next was realization, nevertheless, of the enormous singlehanded work that had been done; the third was appreciation of the actual inventory, so to speak, of the useful plantings and amazement over the variety of the purely ornamentals. It was fascinating to sort out and reconcile these conflicting impressions. We soon realized that unkempt did not mean neglected. All essential work had been done; the unessential left. Things had been let grow wild whenever it did not matter whether things grew wild or not. Mike had many fruit trees, all vigorously bearing—cherries, apples, pears, peaches—they did not occupy formal orchards in rows, but stood singly, here and there, between tall stumps or great rocks. Similarly, little patches of irregular shape and varying size in close surroundings of salal and salmonberry had been planted to vegetables—and flowers. The round tops of tin cans, suspended by strings, revolved slowly in the breeze. "To keep out my neighbors," explained Mike. Neighbors? The deer. The reflection from the tin—even of starlight—seemed to bother them. They got to be pretty tame with humans, but they don't get used to that. No, he (*Continued on page 175*)



"With us, it's work or fight!"

A nice sense of drama inspired their devoted mama to electrify the girls

The Rise and Fall of Mrs. Bergman's Back

by FRANCIS FOX BROWN

HARMON

When I was a little boy we lived in a poor part of Brooklyn and had very little money, but we had a telephone. The reason for this was that my father's boss, who was an undertaker, did not like the nasty job of having to get up and attend to business during the night, and felt it was well worth the price of a monthly telephone bill from our house to have all night calls switched to my father. But this telephone was not only the magical device which enabled the boss to push all his work off onto my father; it was also the magnet which drew Mrs. Bergman, our landlady, precisely at seven o'clock to our living room every evening.

The house we lived in contained only Mrs. Bergman and ourselves (her on the ground floor and us above), and since her husband, who was a carpenter, had installed most of the improvements with his own hands, she felt a real love for the place. This love she extended to my family and to the telephone. It had become a nightly event for her to talk on the telephone to one or more of her daughters who lived in Brooklyn or to have one of us write a post card to the daughter who lived in California. Thus it was that she lumbered in every evening, just at seven o'clock, with a cheerful smile on her face and said, all in one breath,

"Mrs. Fox, darling, you're finished supper maybe, God bless you, I could sit a while, please, if supposing Tina is calling, I wouldn't have to jump up, if you don't mind, so how's Mr. Fox?"

Before anyone could answer, she was seated in the best armchair next to the telephone, and was chatting with my mother. In a way Mrs. Bergman was an hour's dessert after dinner, and we rarely made dates until half past eight, when she was sure to have exhausted all the gossip of the block.

One Friday evening, however, eight o'clock rolled around and Mrs. Bergman had not appeared. My mother sent me down to investigate. When I reached her door I heard a great commotion inside—loud voices, groans and calls for the doctor. I walked in without knocking and discovered several neighbors with their hands to their heads and Mrs. Bergman flat on her back on the kitchen floor.

"What's the matter, Mrs. Bergman?" I cried. I was really frightened.

"I'm dying, I'm dead, I'm dead, I'm dying," she moaned.

Despite her moans and lamentations it was pretty obvious to me that she was not very seriously injured but was making the most of a good thing. This was borne out when she insisted on being lugged upstairs to our apartment so that she could telephone her daughters.

Four of the neighbors edged her up the stairs much as they might have handled a heavy but fragile piece of antique furniture. They eased her into the armchair; I dialed her daughter Tina's number and stayed close by so I could hear both sides of the conversation. As soon as Tina said hello, Mrs. Bergman, without returning the greeting, said solemnly,

"Darling, your mama wouldn't be long on this world."

Tina was quite naturally startled by this dire pronouncement and made excited noises on the other end of the wire. Mrs. Bergman took a deep breath.

"I'm standing on the table in the kitchen," she said, "and I'm reaching for the clothes drier, so I'm missing, so I'm falling on my back, then I'm screaming, 'I'm dying, I'm dead, I'm dead, I'm dying,' and Mrs. Flynn and Mrs. Jenkins are coming, so my back is broken to pieces, and Papa, God bless him, he's out for the evening, and I'm all alone, so I'm scared, and I'm thinking I'll call my darling Tina, so my sweet friends, oh am I lucky, are helping me to climb up the stairs, and now I'm with Mrs. Fox."

Throughout her recital the group of neighbors, like a chorus in a Greek tragedy, bore whispered witness to her suffering. There was a steady murmur of, "Praise God she's alive," "What a tragedy," and similar exclamations.

Then Mrs. Bergman took another deep breath and, as if to sum up, said, "I had a terrible accident; I wouldn't be long on this world."

I could hear a great rumpus over the phone, which was Tina making an appropriate fuss over her mother's misfortune. Mrs. Bergman listened, smiling happily, made a few further references to her imminent death and then said cheerfully,

"What are you buying for supper in the market?"

"I don't know, Mama," Tina said; "maybe a chicken."

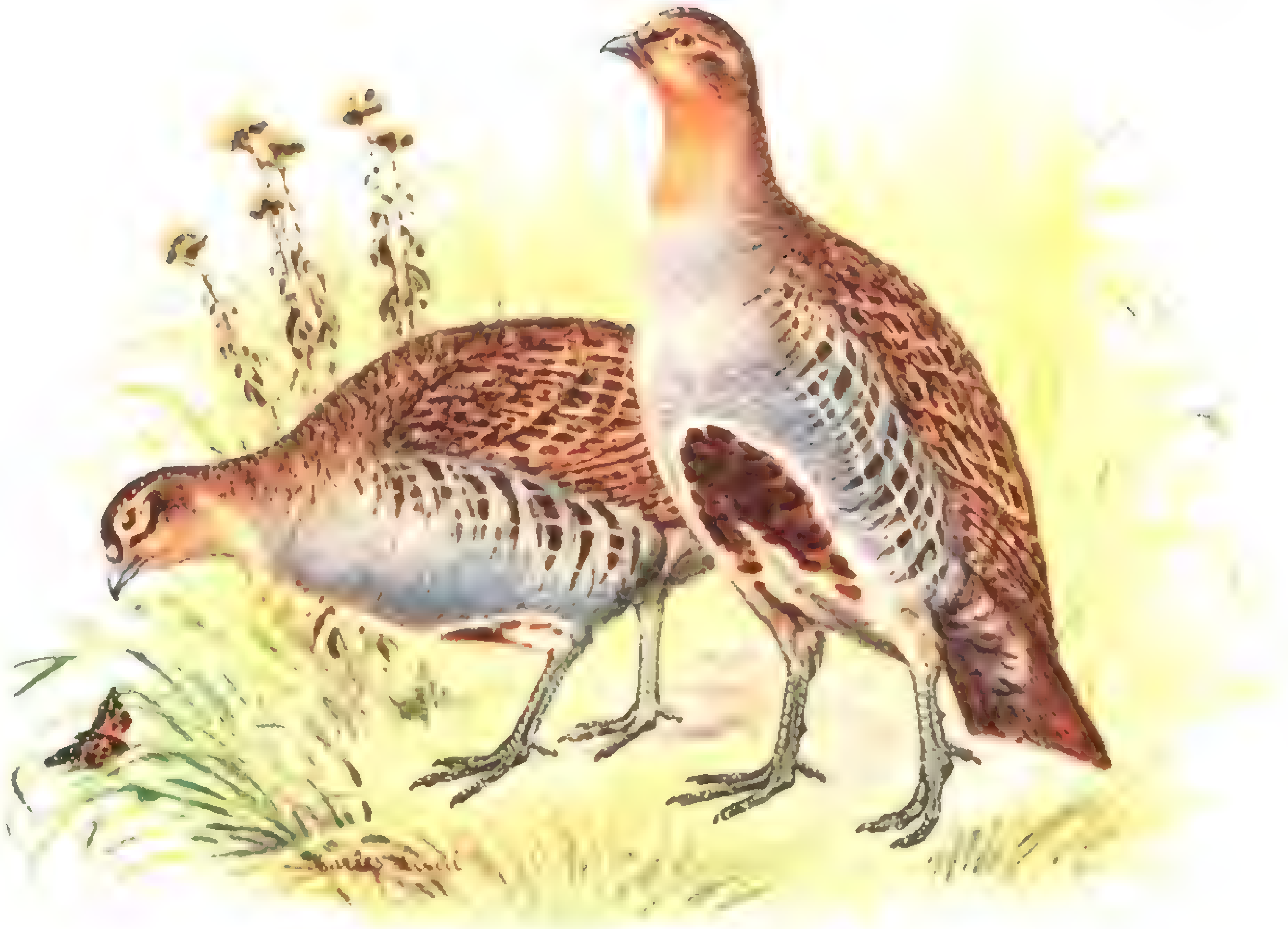
"What?" cried Mrs. Bergman. "On such a hot night a chicken? Don't be foolish. Lamb chops would be better; they're light on the stomach."

The neighbors knew that the show was over; one by one they wandered back to their own stoops. They had something to talk about for the next day

McDANIELS

Cook's Tour: Camille Averna

At Antoine's, in New Orleans, Camille Averna is Chef de Cuisine of America's most famous restaurant. Here in the kitchen of the 104-year old gastronomical Mecca, he goes to work on a pompano, which will end up en papillote, *a specialty as renowned as the Oysters Rockefeller seen in the foreground. Such culinary unforgettables have drawn a steady pilgrimage of famous visitors through the years—including Ingrid Bergman, when a scene for* Saratoga Trunk *was filmed in historic Antoine's. Averna was born in Palermo, Italy, became an apprentice at ten. After years of European training and service on ships, he came to Antoine's where he is still surpassing himself. His creations are secrets of the house, but one is disclosed for Esquire readers. If you can wrestle up Sauce Mousseline on your own, you can make his* Oeuf Sardou: *Line a fresh heart of artichoke with filets of anchovie. Poach an egg and place on top of anchovies. Cover the whole with Sauce Mousseline and top with slice of truffle.*



LIEDL

The Perdix Perdix (Partridge to You)

America has been a melting pot for partridges as well as for two-legged travelers. The partridge we know, and love to eat, closely resembles the Hungarian partridge. But it has also absorbed strains of the similar English, Bohemian and German varieties. These birds have their own version of Caesar's "Hollow Square." Like bobwhites, they sleep in a circle, with heads pointed outwards, to radar danger approaching from any direction. Grey partridges were successfully imported to New Jersey in the 18th century by Benjamin Franklin's son-in-law, after Virginia planters had failed. They thrive near wheat and clover fields, and live off insects and green leaves. Come spring, and they troop off two by two. Triangle situations are out, because the partridge husband is possessive. Two to a nest is the ironclad rule.

or two. Mrs. Bergman went on with the rearrangement of her daughter's menu and finally hung up with a little sigh of happiness.

Beaming now, she said, "Francis, maybe you wouldn't mind calling my daughter Helen who lives near that expensive Eastern Parkway section?"

I dialed Helen's number and Mrs. Bergman took took up the phone and said,

"Hello, Helen sweetie, I had a terrible accident, I'm telling you mama wouldn't be long on this world." Then she gave a very short summary of her mishap and went right on to ask what Helen was going to buy for Saturday dinner "at Gristede's" (this was for our benefit, to show us how fancy a daughter she had—we weren't supposed to hear Helen ask, "Since when do I shop at Gristede's?"). When she said that she was going to buy lamb chops because they were light on the stomach in hot weather, Mrs. Bergman persuaded her that for a man like her husband, who worked so hard being an elevator starter on Wall Street (this was also for our consumption), nothing less than chicken would do. Helen said, "Okay," and hung up.

There was still one more daughter to go: without waiting I telephoned Gloria who lived very handsomely in an apartment house near the Botanical Gardens. Mrs. Bergman was in excellent spirits now and the recitation of her tragedy had become merely a ritual which she went through in order to start the conversation.

"I had a terrible accident," she said. "Gloria child, I'm telling you your mama wouldn't be long on this world—so what are you ordering by *telephone* from the shops for supper tomorrow night?"

Gloria said that she had been thinking of getting a steak. When Mrs. Bergman heard the word steak she cried,

"A steak? A man who works in such a high class job as a *labatory* assistant, he's getting only one kind of meat? I tell you what, sweetie, buy a little piece of chicken, and maybe also a couple of lamb chops, and if he wouldn't eat everything so you'll make on Sunday a brunch."

Gloria said that she was skeptical about the possibilities of that concoction.

"Don't worry," said Mrs. Bergman, warming up to a recipe, "do what I'm saying and you won't be sorry. Now take a knife—" And for five minutes she explained how her daughter was to make this curious dish.

Gloria said that she might try it but she wanted to know what it was she had said at the beginning about an accident.

"I fell on my back," said Mrs. Bergman. "It's nothing."

But Gloria was insistent, almost impatient. She said, "If you're sick, Mother, I'll run over and see you in the car," and hung up.

It amused me immensely that Mrs. Bergman had entirely forgotten her back in her enthusiastic revisions of her daughters' menus, and had managed to arrange that every daughter would be eating what the other wanted to eat. I was sure that she would not give another thought to her accident; but when she tried to rise from the chair she discovered that the problem of her back was still with her. She sank back with a groan and said, "I'm thinking I don't feel so good."

I had to help her downstairs and make her comfortable on the couch; apparently she was beginning to feel the bruises from the fall from the table. Nevertheless, she was anxious to look well when her daughter came, and I helped her fix herself up a bit. She was very grateful to me for this and said, "I love you like my own son, I could kiss every bone in your body."

I had not seen Gloria for several months and was almost as excited as Mrs. Bergman when she arrived with her little son Vicky clutching at her skirt. When she saw that her mother was lying down on the couch she said in a tone, not of sympathy, but almost of annoyance, "For God's sake, Mother, what happened to you?"

Mrs. Bergman ignored the question because she had caught sight of her grandchild, whom she had not expected, and reached toward him with cries of joy. As she pressed him to her bosom she asked Gloria if it was not unusually late for Vicky to be up; but Gloria just smiled and said that this was a special occasion. This display of daughterly affection overwhelmed Mrs. Bergman and she said, "You brought Vicky all the way from the Botanical Gardens just to see his sick grandma?" When Gloria smiled assent, she added with a sigh of pleasure, "Oh, am I lucky."

Gloria took out a cigarette and lit it and Mrs. Bergman moved over toward the wall, muttering, "Always the ciggies." Gloria ignored the reprimand and helped Vicky up onto the couch beside Mrs. Bergman, gave him a striped lollipop and an animal book, and settled down to talk.

"You know, Ma," she began, "I had an unpleasant experience with Cyril."

"Already another woman?" she asked quietly.

"No," Gloria replied hastily, "but what happened hurt my feelings just as bad. I think I'll tell you the details and you'll see that I was right."

Mrs. Bergman said, "Go ahead, sweetie," and Gloria was off. She must have gone over the sequence of events with great care before she came, because it came out evenly and with little show of emotion. There was something in the tilt of her head, however, that spelled defiance, and her constant smoking betrayed fear of close questioning.

"Well, last week I plan a party for Vicky for tomorrow and I tell Cyril about it. After all he's the boy's father and he should know all about his son's recreation. I don't keep anything of that order from him. So he says okay and gives me a little extra for refreshments.

"Let's see," she said, biting her lip, "yeah—Wednesday, he comes home and says the boys at the club are having an outing to Atlantic Beach on Saturday, tomorrow, mind you, and besides it's a stag affair. So I say, 'A stag affair, what do you mean a stag affair?' Then he says, 'Well, all the fellows want to get together and have a good time.' So I say, 'How about Vicky's party on Saturday?' Then he says, get this, 'His mother certainly shouldn't disappoint him.' So I say, 'It's as much your responsibility to be with the child as mine.' Then he says, 'I'll only be in the way anyway.' That's the truth but it's beside the point. So the next day I take a run over to Namm's to get a few necessities and I run across a stunning pair of blue slacks—they fit me perfectly—and walking through the shoe department I happen to notice a darling pair of play shoes, blue, with little anchors on the laces—they were a bit expensive but they matched the slacks."

"What's *ankiss*?" interrupted Mrs. Bergman.

"Oh, you know," Gloria said impatiently, "those weights that keep boats from moving out of place."

"Oh, *Ankiss*," she cried. "All right, go ahead."

"So after I get those articles I figure I might as well get a little sweater and a kerchief, I need them anyway, and when I get home I try them all on and it certainly looks stunning."

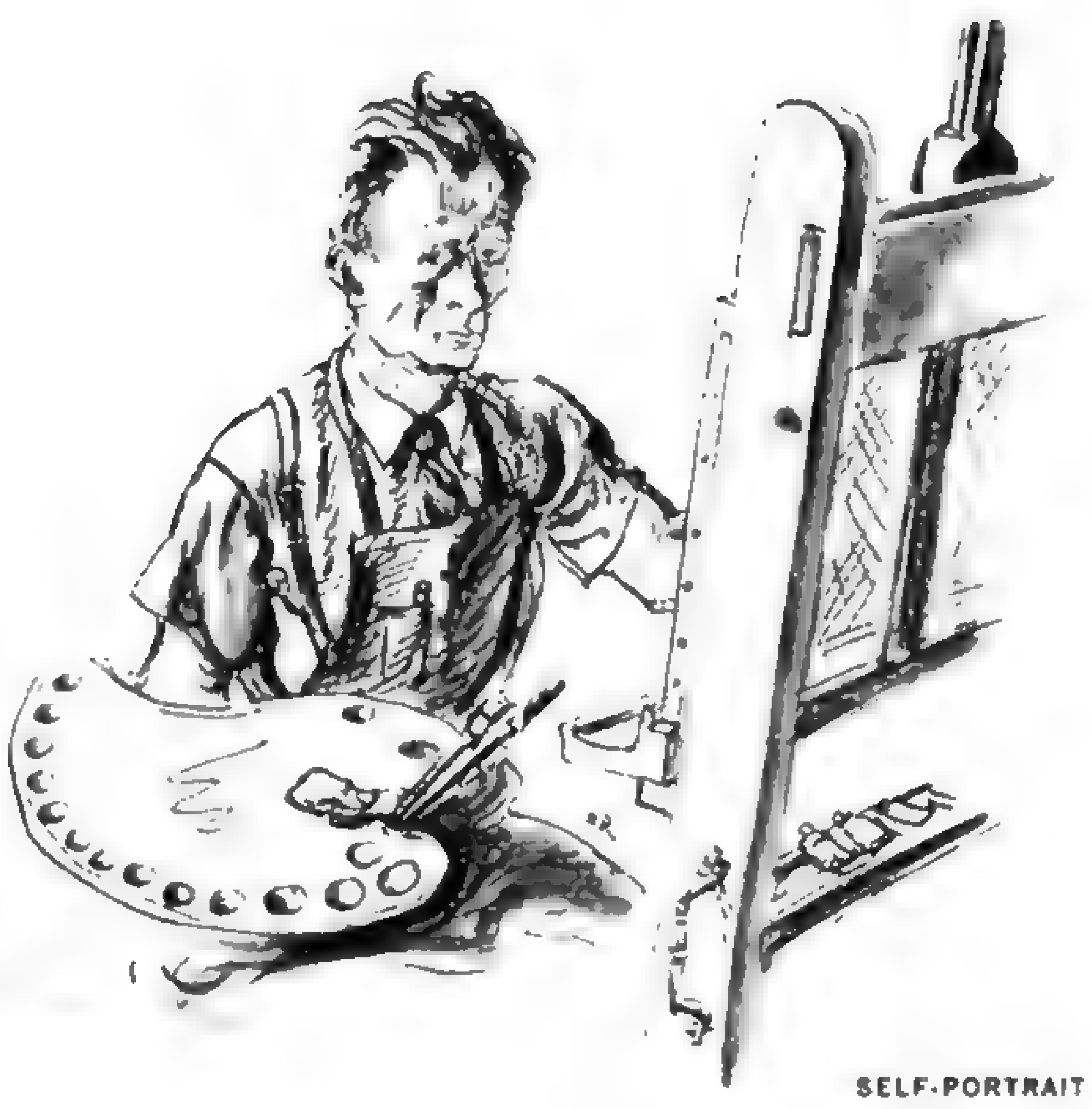
"How much did it cost?" asked Mrs. Bergman.

"A good twenty-five dollars," she said, "and when Cyril gets home I show him how I look and I ask him, 'Don't you think it's perfect for the boat ride?' And he flares up right away and says, 'If you come you'll be the only woman there; it's *(Continued on page 132)*

Reisman paints ordinary people in their working environment with social awareness that is based on his personal experience

Artist of Integrity

by HARRY SALPETER



SELF-PORTRAIT

AMERICANS know how to make deals, come to terms, play ball, give and take, but Americans also have an envious and shamed respect for that unusual specimen whose motto is Pike's Peak or Bust—the uncompromising one.

The man who said that soul was another word for guts would find in the life and work of Philip Reisman as nearly perfect an example illustrative of his meaning as the annals of contemporary American painting can provide.

With a twist and a turn, a little softening here and an emphasis there, the world which Philip Reisman chooses to put on canvas could be made more attractive. The artist does not quarrel with those who are repelled, offended or left cold by the unsublimated humanity which he depicts. To be charming is a foothills objective beyond which the artist has long since moved; Pike's Peak has more exhilarating challenges and rewards.

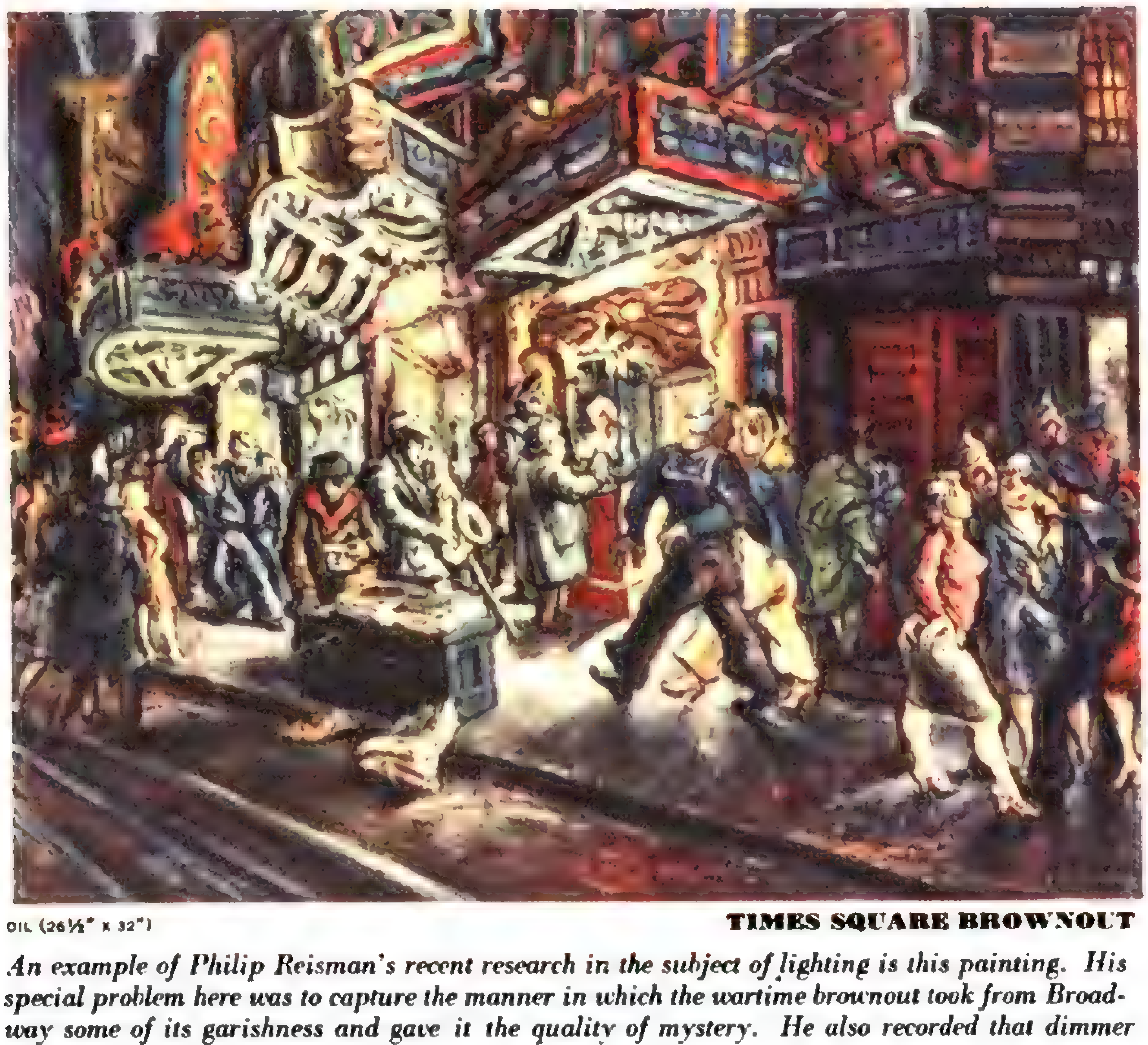
What is it that Phil Reisman wants to do? He wants to paint the people he knows and likes and understands in the architecture of their city environment, in their workaday and unbuttoned moments and moods. The men and women and children toward whom he inclines are neither gracious nor graceful; they seem indeed to be the victims of unconscious caricature, but through them the artist is asserting the principle that nothing human is alien to art. Reisman is moving along on a trail already blazed by Hogarth and Goya and the more recent Ashcan School of American Art, yet for him also Time must serve to absorb the first shock which his work gives the studio-conditioned. That is why he knows he must be patient, else haul down his particular flag.

It may be that Phil Reisman is not clever, or is not fast, or is merely stubborn, but the fact is that he is working by a lifetime set of signals by which he determined to be guided from the beginning of his career. How unusual this is may be seen when you compare his constancy, or consistency, with the various changes in direction and purpose taken by many of his colleagues who have justified means and ends somewhat distant from their first intentions. For better or for worse, Phil Reisman is Mr. Standfast who will not be beguiled by what song any kind of siren may sing. He has stuck to guns which already have been abandoned by almost all of his colleagues. Now I do not argue that you ought to like the pictures Reisman produces by this or any other program, but, subjectively, it is important for him to work by a lifelong plan, for it spares him the perturbation and anxiety that afflicts the kind of artist whose keen nose for the shifting winds of fashion reflects chiefly a desire to catch fame by the shirttail. There is no affectation in Reisman's statement that he will not be disappointed should recognition come to him when he is an old man with a long white beard, or even after he is dead, when he cannot possibly know about it, for that's the chance he took when he decided to become the kind of artist he is.

Phil Reisman desires, above all else, to paint pictures which assert the wholesomeness of life and of man in his environment building and producing useful things. Every artist on maturity has a choice of allegiance to the sphere of life with which he would like to identify himself. "To me, the most vital and interesting part of the human world is that part which is normally occupied in working and producing, and I like to study people in the setting of the tools and of the architecture which they have created for that purpose." At the same time he is compelled to recognize the unwholesomeness of the environment within which the people he knows about are compelled to live and work. In those paintings which have a caricatural streak, the artist is depicting the conflict between the hopeful pretense of life and the desperate reality—such as the crones whom he has placed before the display window in which the wax bride is glamorized. His is an art of street pavements and it is fundamentally urban and proletarian because it is the art of a man who grew up on the sidewalks of New York, whose chief playground was a tenement roof top and who did not see a cow on her native heath until he was fourteen.

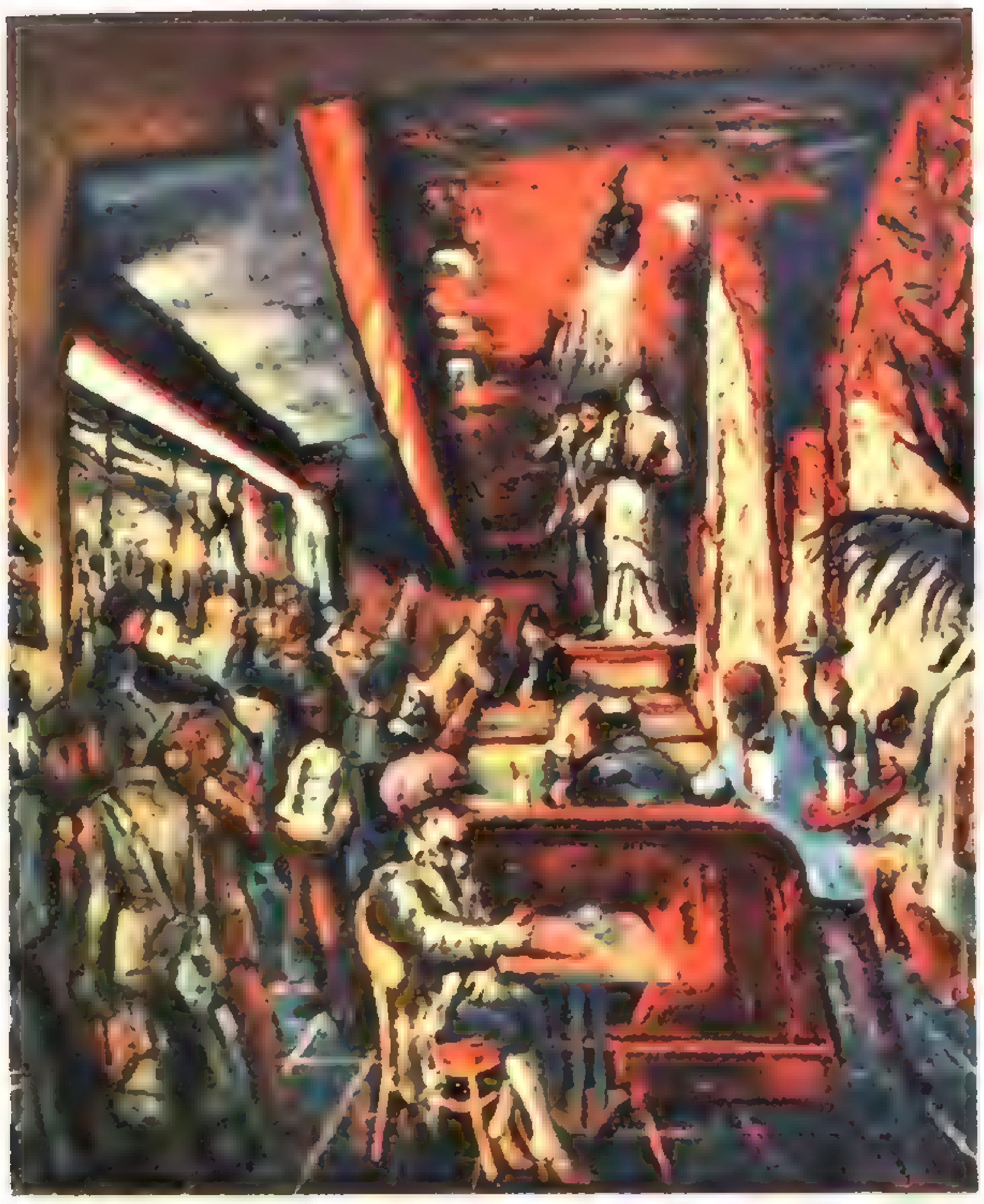
It is characteristic of Phil Reisman to take difficulties and carry burdens in his stride; he therefore does not regard it as a calamity that he was born with a spoon in his mouth of a metal grosser than silver. On the contrary, he points out that he had the unusual advantage of a life of leisure until the age of fifteen, when he went to work for an advertising art service; as one of the younger children, he was freed of the responsibility of contributing toward the maintenance of his parents and could therefore live selfishly and riotously on his earnings. He had made up his mind, when he was ten, to become an artist; he had looked over the shoulder of an elder brother who was taking a correspondence school course in drawing and had enthusiastically decided, "That's for me!" A year in advertising art taught him valuable techniques, but disabused him of the idea that this was the form of art in which he could spend his life.

He became an illustrator and he became an etcher. At the Art Students' League he studied illustration under Wallace Morgan and drawing under George Bridgman, taking day or night courses as the hours of his jobs permitted him. On and off, for something like twelve years, he was variously soda jerker, manager of a chain candy store, and waiter. The best *(Continued on page 172)*



OIL (26½" x 32") **TIMES SQUARE BROWNOUT**

An example of Philip Reisman's recent research in the subject of lighting is this painting. His special problem here was to capture the manner in which the wartime brownout took from Broadway some of its garishness and gave it the quality of mystery. He also recorded that dimmer lighting infected people with the consciousness that they could be more natural, less urbane.



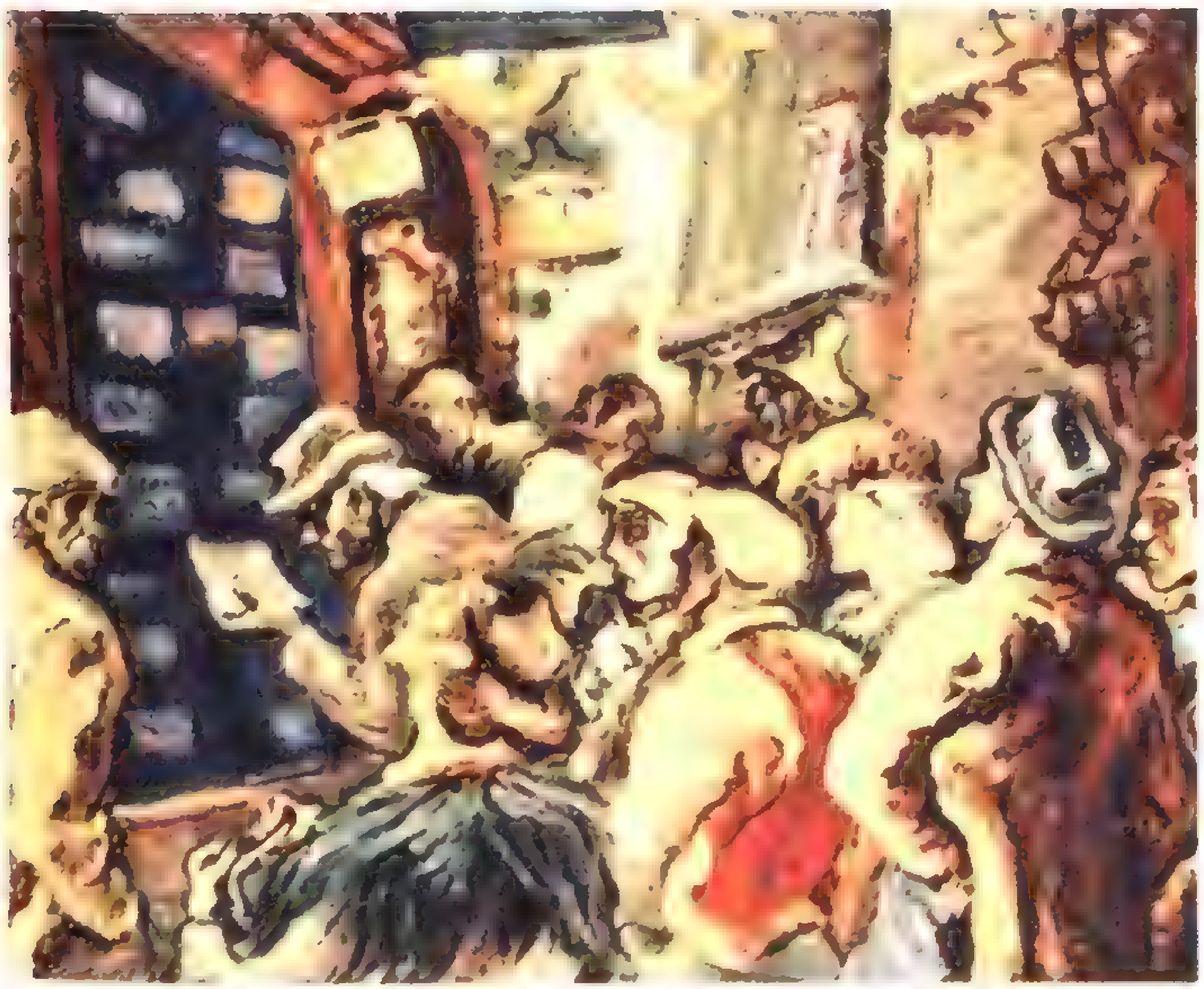
OIL (24" x 28") **BAR AND GRILL**

The artist was interested in the various kinds of lighting he found here, as well as in the compactness, and the friendly commotion of the soldiers and sailors. He was struck by the contrast between the woman in the foreground and the gaiety around her.

A Group of Paintings

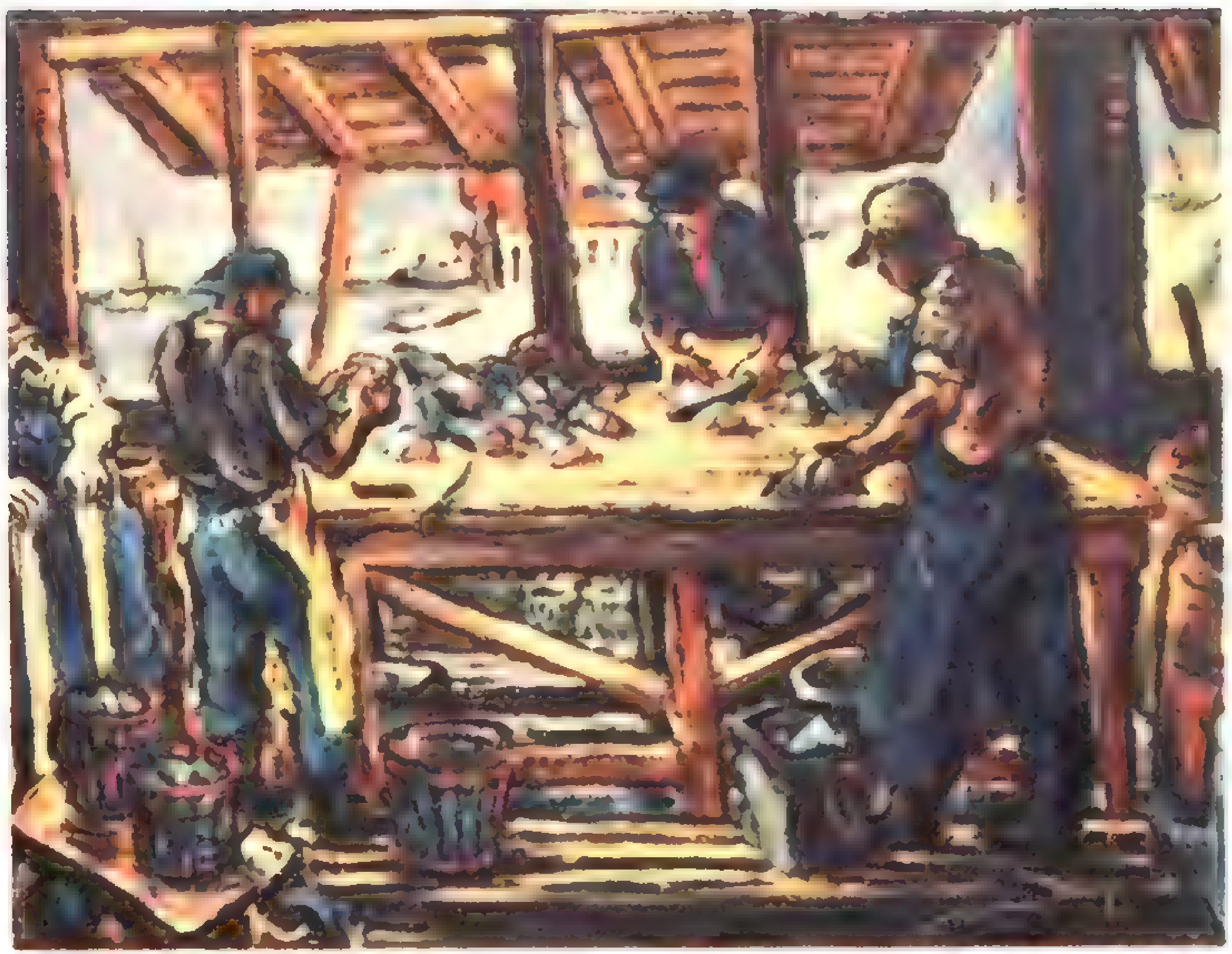
by PHILIP REISMAN

Reproduced through the courtesy of the A. C. A. Gallery, New York City



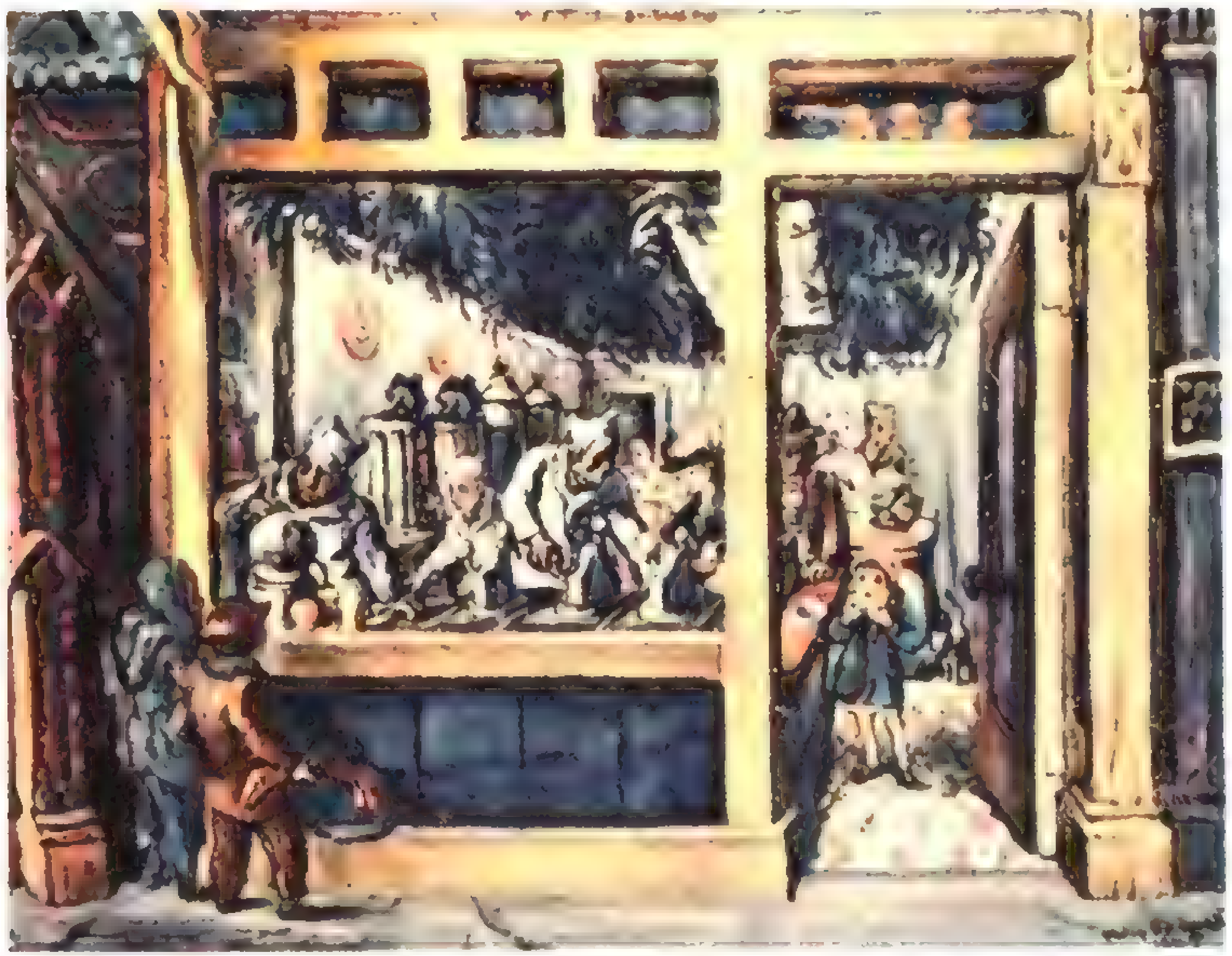
OIL (20" x 24") **EMPLOYMENT PLACARD**

This composition, an unusually sketchy one for Mr. Reisman, is a pure study of physical types. It was painted more than five years ago when men were still hunting jobs in this manner. The setting is on the Avenue of the Americas, two blocks south of Radio City, and called Sixth Avenue.



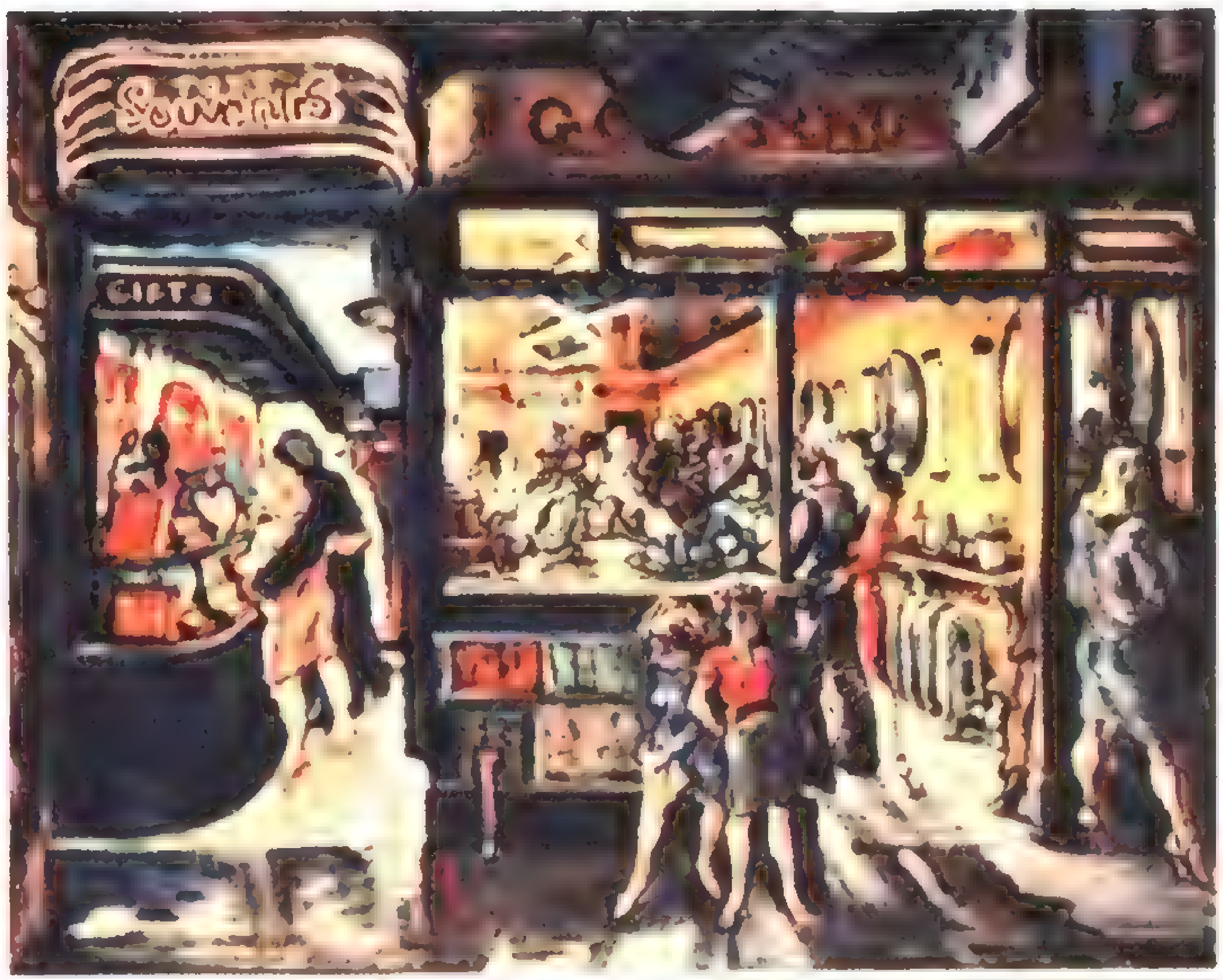
OIL (24" x 18") **CLEANING FISH IN CANNERY**

The setting for this painting is a wing of a large canning plant in Barnstable, Massachusetts, on Cape Cod. At the time the original sketches were made, the people were canning mackerel for the Army; the members of a family often worked together. Note that the outdoor light enters horizontally, filling the indoors.



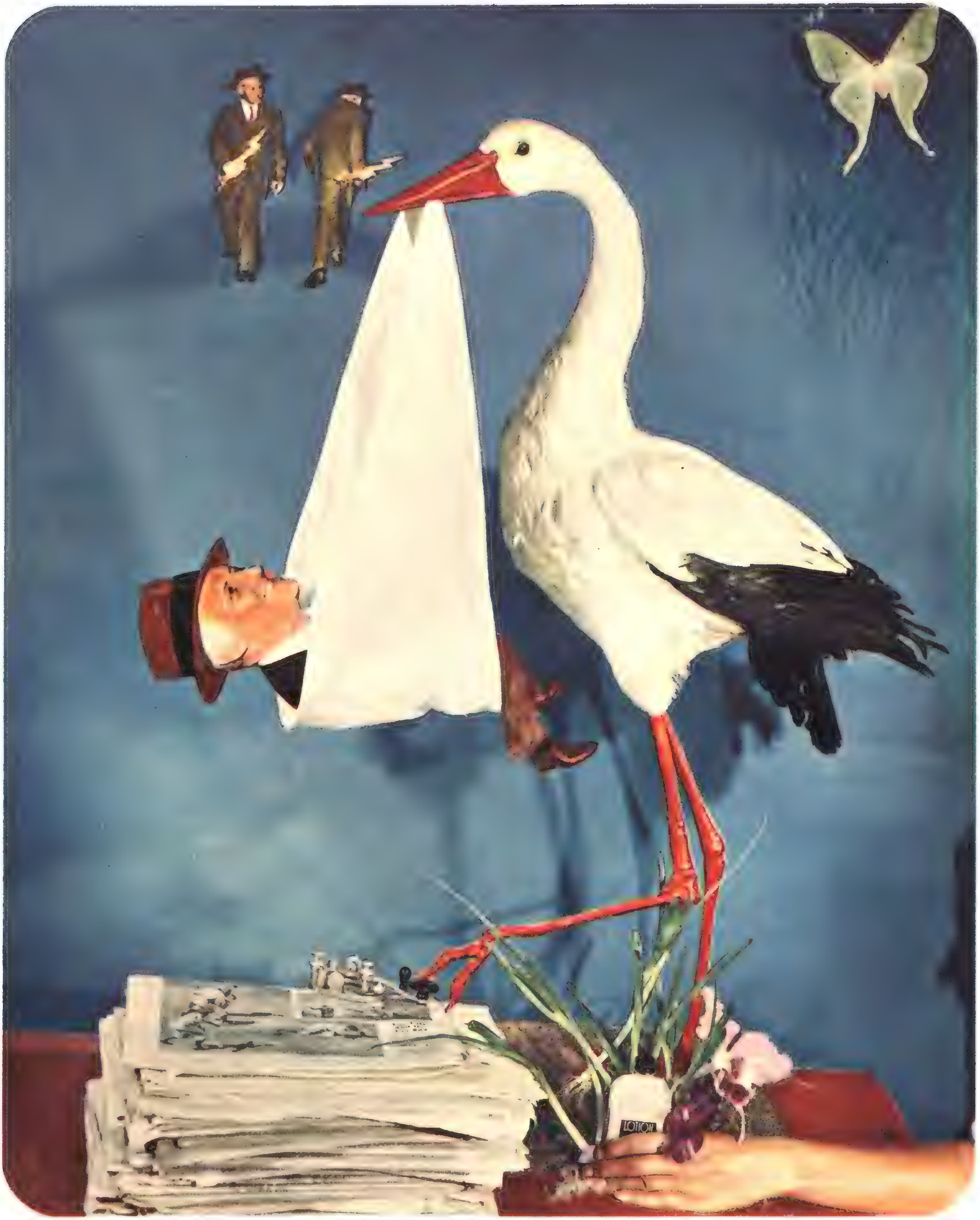
OIL (24" x 30½") **BROADWAY SODA FOUNTAIN**

Here the artist was especially interested in the spectacle of the fancy lady in the feathered hat eating a hot dog; the kids on the sidewalk peering through the window; the cat in the rear of the store obtaining her lunch in her characteristic way. Palm leaves frame the fluorescent lights, modifying their harshness.



OIL (23" x 24") **RENDEZVOUS**

This was based on studies made from a combination quick-lunch counter and novelty gift store on Broadway in the Forties at a time when Victory girls were openly expressing their devotion to the armed forces. He sought to register the wonderful glow made in the street by the interior neon lights.

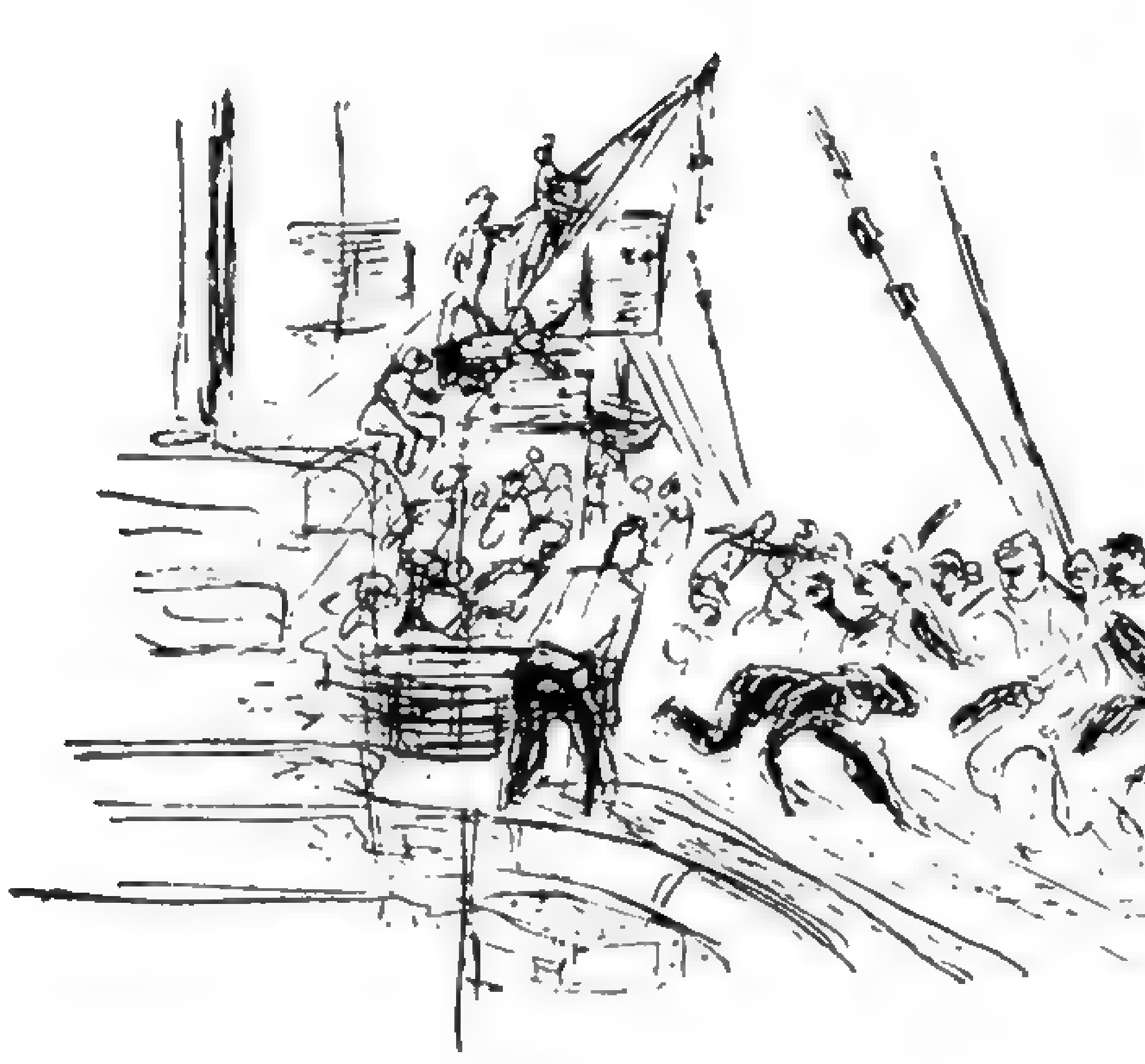


Esquiregraph No. 14

Walter Winchell

Ravitz-Palazzo Photocollage

Walter Winchell, forty-eight-year-old lotion salesman, exerts incalculable influence on American public opinion. An ex-hoofer who gained fame predicting when the stork would visit celebrities. Winchell loathes phonies and intolerance. When the telegraph key clacks on his Sunday-night ether session, heard by over 20,000,000, demagogues wince because Winchell has blasted many of them into obscurity. Conversely, Winchell's enthusiasm for a cause, a man, a book or play achieves the same end as a costly promotion campaign. Winchell (coming with one flash and going for another *upper left*) comes out, like the Luna moth, only at night, in search of orchids and scallions. His no-punches-pulled column hits over 800 papers.



Ordeal of a Pollywog

To be initiated into the battered gang of Navy men who had crossed the equator was the padre's ambition and his fear

by CHARLES KAUFMAN

Groping out of heavy sleep in the stifling cabin, Lt. (j.g.) Wilfred Walters, Chaplain USNR, lay rigidly in his bunk staring at the beads of sweat on his forearm and trying to find a reason for the vague feeling of apprehension seeping through his consciousness. It was an old, too familiar feeling; he remembered it the morning of his final examinations at Divinity School—and the day he appeared before the parish board—and the day he reported for duty aboard ship with only three short months at the Naval Training School between his modest rectory in Ohio and actual sea-duty. Butterflies in one's stomach, a bishop friend had once called it.

The ship scarcely rolled. The ventilators had stopped and a gaseous smell of mold drifted from his locker. Equatorial calm, he said to himself, and suddenly he remembered. Today they were crossing the equator. Today was Neptune's Party.

The elaborate preparations for the ceremony had amazed him. There had been a holiday air aboard ship the past three days, and the world seemed to be split not into Axis and United Nations, not into Americans and Japanese, but into Shellbacks and Pollywogs—those who had already crossed the equator and those who had not. The Pollywogs, the uninitiated, must undergo trial and punishment by the Shellbacks in order to join their fraternity. It was a tradition, Lt. Walters reminded himself, an old tradition dating back to the Vikings, and even the U. S. Navy respected it, entering in its official records the name of each participant. Nevertheless, the importance attached to it seemed a little difficult to understand. Here, aboard a troopship in enemy waters, bound in convoy for a history-shattering invasion, hundreds of grown men, some who were shortly destined to die, and others whose arms and legs would be blown off, were solemnly engaged in sewing on brightly colored pirate costumes and plaiting wigs out of ship's line. Yesterday the carpenter's mate, disguised as Davy Jones with peg leg and bloody eye patch, had climbed up the side to warn of the arrival of King Neptune and his court, and each Pollywog had received a mimeographed notice which began,

"Whereas, this ship having carried a filthy, repulsive crew of landlubbers, sea-tourists and Fifth Avenue Commandos masquerading as seamen, of which low scum YOU are a member, YOU must appear before the exalted court of King Neptune . . ."

Lt. Walter's eyes fell on the summons lying on his desk. Beside it was a letter from his friend Henry Vinson, chaplain aboard a carrier also in the Pacific. Phrases of Henry's letter came to his mind—"wonderful lad, the American sailor—great sense of comradeship with them—firmly believe that religious duties secondary to social—they come to me with all their secret problems—confide in me—father, mother and big brother to them—they call me Hank."

I've tried, God knows, Lt. Walters told himself—and God knew he had. But however much he yearned for it, no man aboard ship ever offered *him* comradeship, no one ever asked his advice about anything but routine matters of finance and furloughs.

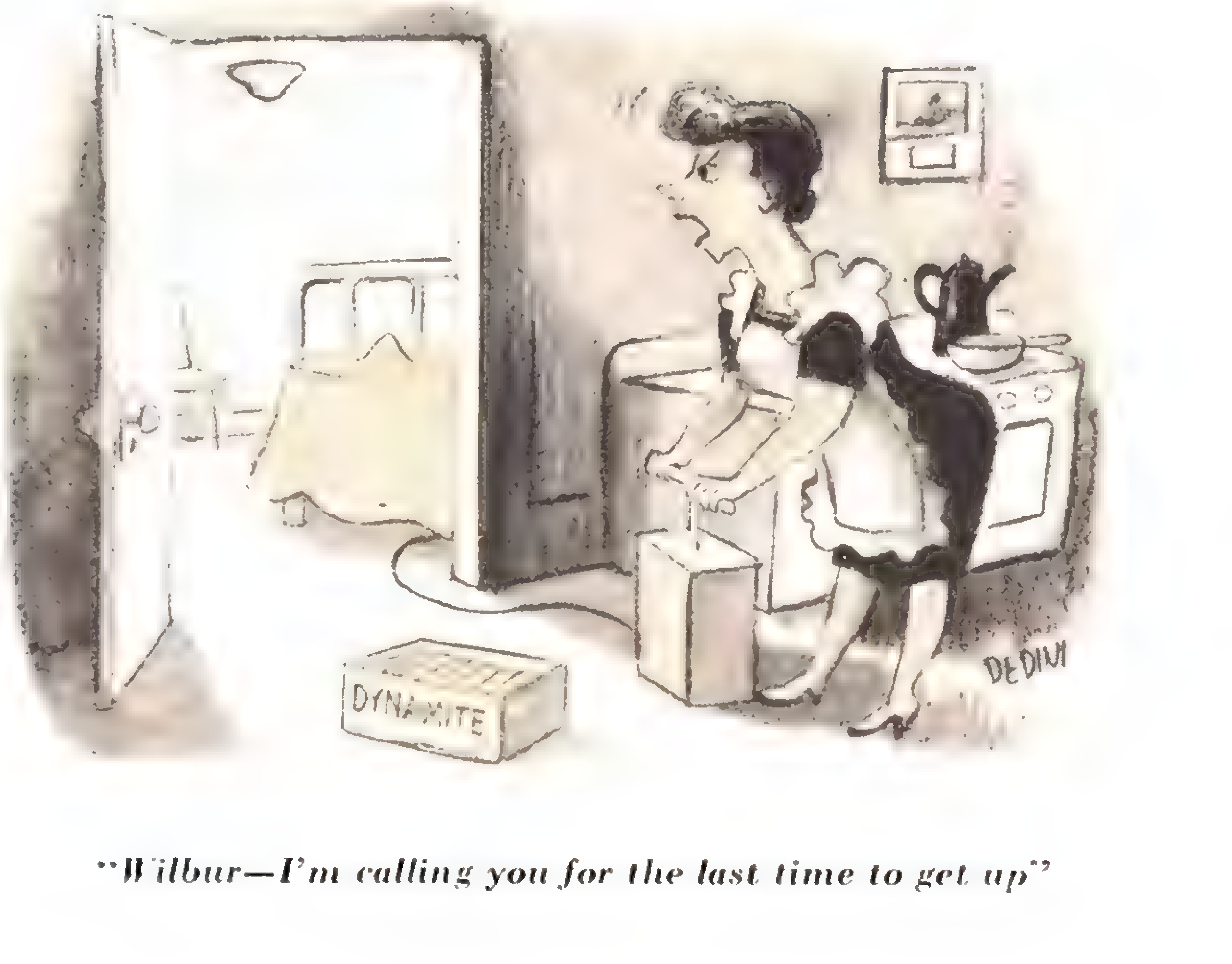
Thousands of lads were sailing into the unknown and except for one fellow with copies of the silly love letters he'd sent to his sweetheart—and the psychoneurotic cook who had slyly tried to show him the corrupt photographs—not one came to whisper his terror and ask for comfort. He was Mister Walters, Chaplain, who presided at service and burials, supervised the library and recreation, and after four months aboard the *USS Gilroy*, not even the doctor who shared his cabin had ever addressed him by his first name.

The bosun's pipe shrieked through the loudspeakers and the Master-at-Arms' voice boomed out solemnly: "Now hear this!—All Pollywogs will dress in the uniform of the day. Pants inside out. Shirt on backward. No shoes. Now hear this . . ."

Chaplain Walters rose and drew aside the blackout curtain. The sun lay inert behind flannel clouds, the ocean was oily-grey, not at all as he thought an equatorial sea should look. On the foredeck, Lt. Masdic, the communications officer, wearing a rope skirt, two bulging breasts of red cloth dangling loosely over his bony chest, was dancing with a Marine sergeant as a crowd of Shellbacks prodded him with mops. Some of the men were laughing, and others wore fixed, mechanical grins. It was all good fun, Lt. Walters thought, and although he knew it was utterly improbable, he imagined one of the Shellbacks asking him to dance. He pictured the delighted faces of the men circling him. "Atta boy, Padre," they would shout—"Nice work, Wilfred," one of the ship's officers would call out, and everyone would laugh and the men would know him as a regular fellow—one of the boys.

He went to his locker and hesitated a long moment. Not that he had the slightest intention of going through this childish business, but he certainly didn't want to appear conspicuous. He quickly began to dress in the uniform of the day. Pants inside out—shirt on backward—no shoes— He glanced at his white feet and decided to compromise with bedroom slippers.

After breakfast he walked topside and stared down in shocked amazement. The initiation was in full swing. The entire fantail, packed thickly with a riotous mass of half-naked bodies, swirled crazily as a thick stream from a fire hose cut a swathe through the confusion. Some of the men were crawling on hands and knees through the ankle-deep water as others whacked their wet buttocks with belts and paddles. Above the throb of the ventilators rose a steady roar pierced by sudden high-pitched yells. A tribunal of Shellbacks sat against the rail and before them were dragged fresh batches of Pollywogs. Lt. Walters recognized the Electrician's Mate clad in judge's robes, a barrister's wig of rope hanging to his shoulders and huge wire spectacles over (*Continued on page 146*)



"Wilbur—I'm calling you for the last time to get up"

Competitive spirit and mental aptitude rated the winning combination in sports

The Esquire Sports Poll on Champions

by JAMES CROSSETT

Ty Cobb

What does it take to be a champion champion? Who of great exponents in sports has the most of what it takes to lead the parade? The current sports poll sets out to get the opinions of sports editors, servicemen, the average fan and sportscasters on the question.

A winning percentage say that competitive spirit as displayed by Ty Cobb, voted the outstanding example of this attribute, is the most important to assure success. Others hold that physical equipment, as possessed by Bronko Nagurski, is the leading quality. Still others, but to a lesser degree, maintain that mental aptitude, such as Gene Tunney displayed, is the cornerstone of a champion's throne. Very few believe that orthodox technique, of which Bobby Jones was a leading figure, can go far in boosting championship stock.

In selecting an athlete who possessed the greatest combination of attributes as suggested, the honor goes to Ty Cobb, judged by many to be the greatest baseball player who ever lived.

Discussion on selecting that attribute of most importance to an athlete with championship ambitions was varied and interesting. Russ Lynch, Sports Editor of the Milwaukee *Journal* sizes up the situation this way: "One might say that without physical equipment the other attributes of a sports champion are useless; hence, physical equipment should come first. But many instances may be cited of champions who actually overcame handicaps—Glenn Cunningham and Nancy Merki are examples. Hence, competitive spirit must be listed ahead. Orthodox technique is of the least importance because what is orthodox today may be wholly outdated tomorrow. Ty Cobb's fadeaway slide was unorthodox when he introduced it, but is standard today."

In Pittsburgh they think a little differently. Harry Keck of the *Sun Telegraph* carries the torch for physical equipment as being the outstanding quality in champions by saying, "You can't win football games with midgets or weaklings, and the same goes for other sports." Still another voice is heard from in Bill Madden on the Hastings (Nebraska), *Tribune*, who feels that mental aptitude is the most necessary attribute to reach the realms of kingdom in the sports world, by emphatically stating, "Give me a boy with proper mental aptitude and I'll show you a champion."

THE QUESTIONS

I. Which of the following personal attributes are in your opinion the most important in the making of a champion?

Competitive Spirit	39.8%	Mental Aptitude	22.9%
Physical Equipment	36.2%	Orthodox Technique	1.1%

II. The following is a suggested list of great exponents of several sports . . .

Boxing:	***Football:***	***Basketball:***
Jack Dempsey	Don Hutson	George Mikan
Gene Tunney	Tom Harmon	Bill Harlow
Joe Louis	Red Grange	Whitey Wooden
Henry Armstrong	Bronko Nagurski	Hank Luisetti

Baseball:	***Golf:***	***Tennis:***
Ty Cobb	Walter Hagen	Bill Tilden
Babe Ruth	Bobby Jones	Bill Johnston
Joe DiMaggio	Byron Nelson	Don Budge
Marty Marion	Ben Hogan	Frankie Parker

Of the above:

Who displayed the greatest mental aptitude?		Who displayed the greatest competitive spirit?	
Gene Tunney	38.0%	Ty Cobb	37.9%
Bobby Jones	14.1%	Jack Dempsey	14.5%
Ty Cobb	9.4%	Bill Tilden	7.8%
Don Hutson	8.1%	Henry Armstrong	7.0%
Byron Nelson	6.6%	Babe Ruth	4.7%

Who possessed the best physical equipment?		Who displayed the greatest orthodox technique?	
Bronko Nagurski	23.9%	Bobby Jones	21.5%
Jack Dempsey	23.5%	Byron Nelson	14.1%
Joe Louis	20.3%	Bill Tilden	13.3%
Bill Tilden	6.2%	Gene Tunney	7.8%
Babe Ruth	5.0%	Don Hutson	6.2%

III. Of the four men you have selected who would you class as the athlete who possesses the greatest combination of the above attributes? Ty Cobb 24.6% Bobby Jones 10.9% Don Hutson 10.1% Jack Dempsey 9.8% Gene Tunney 9.8%

On the other hand, maybe it isn't possible to pick out one quality as *the* outstanding attribute of an athlete's make-up necessary to lead him up the path of championship ambitions. (It goes without saying that to reach the pinnacle of success in any sport, it takes more than a big order of competitive spirit. Just because a fellow has the desire to compete doesn't mean necessarily that he can conquer the world. Any one of us may have a secret ambition to knock off the guy next door in a game of tennis or golf. This sort of thing speaks definitely of love of competition. However, it doesn't prove that we are, or can be, champions at any of the sports we take part in just because we have the desire to be.)

"I have long considered the prime requisites of a champion or great athlete to be the co-ordination of mind and muscle along with the will to win. This is a combination of three of the attributes as listed in the poll, namely physical equipment, mental aptitude and competitive spirit. Can't very well put the finger on any one of the attributes listed and stick to it as the primary factor of athletic success," says Hal Middlesworth of the Oklahoma City *Daily Oklahoman*.

In this case it takes three to satisfy the realization of a championship rating but Earle D. Wilson, who is the sports announcer for WNBH, Bedford, Massachusetts, holds out for all four by remarking, "Various skills are needed in various sports, one combination for football perhaps is best but still another may be more advantageous in tennis or baseball; therefore, I feel that all four are needed in pretty equal amounts before you can speak of hitting the championship circle."

Any number of conclusions can be drawn from the poll returns, but on the face of the ballots cast it seems that competitive spirit and mental aptitude as a combination are the leading factors in athletic success, at least insofar as the experts are concerned. Proof of this can be deducted from the fact that Cobb rated high in both, copping honors as that individual having the greatest competitive spirit and rating second in the mental aptitudes quotient.

We know that Tyrus Raymond did not have the physical equipment necessary to make him a standout in the game on that basis alone. On his own admission he weighed but 168 in his best playing days. Even at that time he proved himself to be a giant killer on the diamond because of his overwhelming desire to win. He was exceedingly fast on his feet, but many old-timers will tell you that Ty was much faster as a thinker than a runner. The tricks he pulled at the most opportune moments to turn defeat into victory were inspired by his burning desire to win, and gained him fame, fortune and a place in the hearts of millions of fans as the greatest of all baseball players. Very little can be said of his orthodox style, but reams have been written about the unorthodox technique on the playing field that made him one of the most feared performers in the history of baseball.

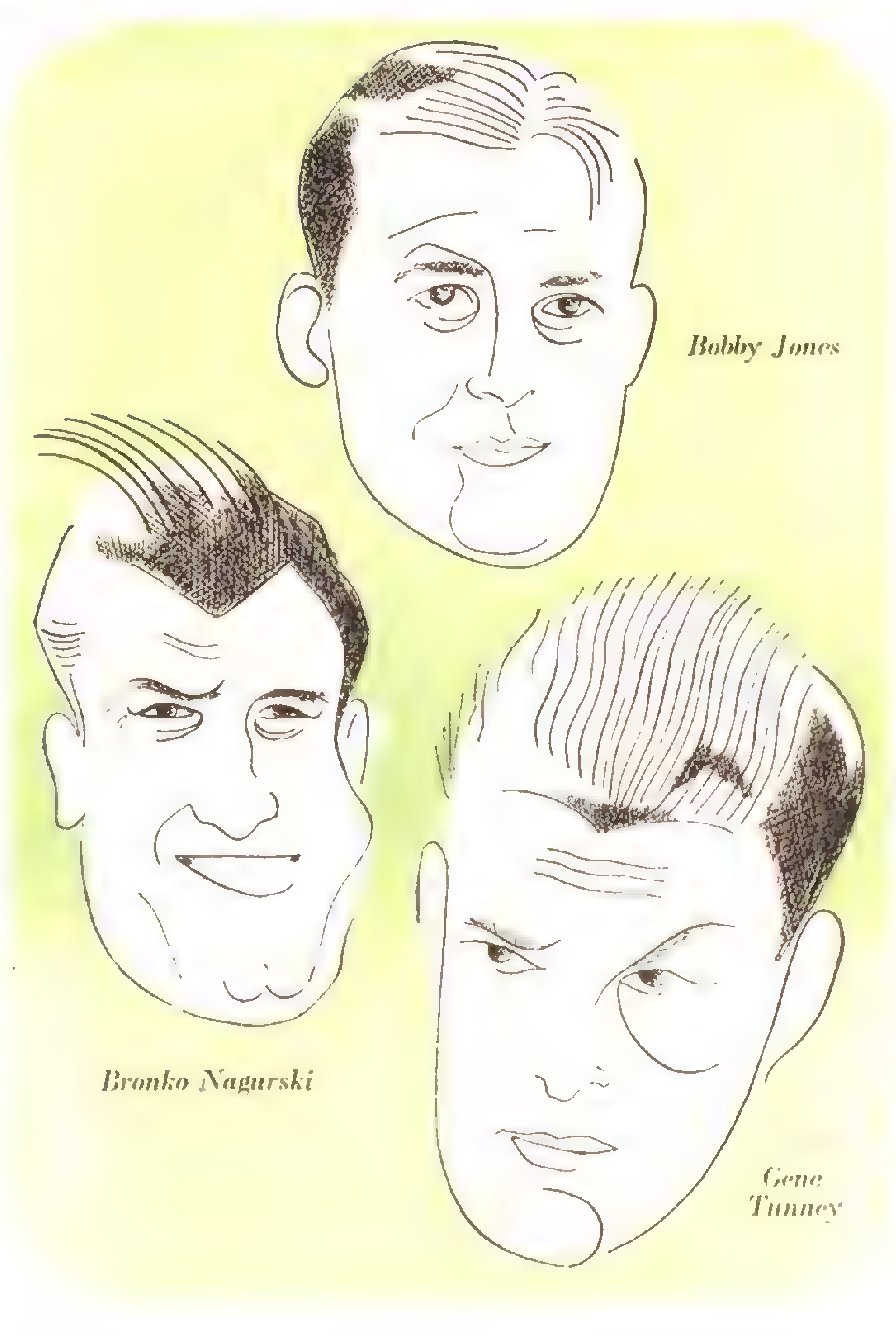
What about men like Bronko Nagurski, the former Minnesota All-American fullback and later

All-Pro line crusher who later turned his efforts to the mat game?

The Nag made his name in the tough bodily contact sports where physical stamina and brawn are paramount. He rated below the first five in competitive spirit as well as technique and mental aptitude. From this can we surmise that as long as you are built like a perfect V and scale better than two hundred pounds, with just an average amount of thinking power and the will to conquer, you can be a success? To gain the reputation of the former Gopher great it is logical that his powerful physique, along with his inherited speed, was a very important factor in his climb up the ladder.

The first five voted by the experts as owing their championship position to their physical equipment are big men, which bears out to some extent the old adage that a good big man is always superior to a good little man. None of the men in this select circle weighed less than 200 when at his peak. And there is not a man among them who does not owe a vast amount of his success to his physical qualities.

In addition to Nagurski we see such names as Dempsey and Louis. Would these two leading heavyweights have been able to wear the crown if it were not for their muscular advantage—the strength to deliver blows loaded with knockout drops, coupled with the agility to deliver on a split second? Although neither ranked extremely high in mental aptitude or technique, they certainly had enough to carry them through to the top. Dempsey on the ballot rated high in competitive spirit. This is the reason, no doubt, why he is held even today as a champ of champs. His desire to win developed in him the killer instinct that in turn added to his showmanship to make him one of the most, if not the most colorful fighter, the ring has ever known.



Big Bill Tilden and Babe Ruth, who are also massive men, naturally owe their honors in great part to their size and muscular co-ordination. Many remember the lasting qualities of Big Bill in his competitive days as an amateur and his lightning-like aces as a result of his tremendous strength and wrist action. The same can be said of the Mighty Babe who had one of the keenest pair of eyes in baseball, backed up by a mountain of strength in his shoulders, to make him a peer among the game's immortals and the longest ball hitter yet to blast fences in a big-league park.

To reverse the tables, returns show that Gene Tunney is held in respect mainly because of his mental ability and reactions, rather than his physical qualities. This leads us to believe that given a fair amount of the other attributes, if you can think faster and more accurately than your adversary, you will emerge the victor. There was no hesitation on the part of those answering the poll to designate the conqueror of Jack Dempsey as the champion in the grey matter department. Although ranked number four in technique, Tunney was and will remain a leading disciple of scientific boxing. "He never entered the ring without having his entire battle planned minutely before leaving the dressing room," contends Ed Tesser of Boston. Therefore, we can assume that his masterful exhibitions in the squared circle were primarily due to his precise plans and perfect timing, plus the technique developed through years of arduous training to reach a point where he became a perfect human machine.

The presence of the names of Bobby Jones and Byron Nelson in the initial quintet winning recognition in the mental aptitude category is significant. Golf is a game of serious concentration, especially in topflight competition where mental condition is very important at all times. Many times a golf match has been lost because one of the contestants momentarily was upset mentally, disrupting his physical co-ordination just long enough to cause the loss of a stroke or hole. A better label in this instance perhaps would be emotional stability, rather than mental aptitude, for both Nelson and Jones, according to their records and reputation, possessed ironbound nerves, an important requisite in a game where every swing of the club can turn the tide of an important match.

There isn't a team in professional football that wouldn't give half their roster to set up a concrete defense for the Green Bay Packers' famous Don Hutson, that elusive pass receiver who holds more records in the "play for pay league" than any other gridder in the business.

We hear quite frequently about his indescribable change of pace, his uncanny ability to be at the right place at the right time, and his unerring faculty for snaring passes. The poll returns bear out that Hutson uses his head for more than a place to hang his helmet. This gives us the privilege to conclude that he doesn't always outrun the opposition or outjump them in going after an aerial thrust, but in many instances outthinks his opponents for a share of his renowned reputation in grid wars for the past twelve years.

Mental aptitude—what else could you call it?

A careful study of the returns from the questionnaire yields only one reason for the almost total lack of support among the voters for orthodox technique. This is expressed in one statement made by Len Clark of Salt Lake City which will wrap up the decision in a neatly-tied package. "I can't understand why orthodox technique could or should be considered an attribute of a champ. Each champ develops a technique to fit his own personality. Most of these techniques are unorthodox. Almost every champ has some little idiosyncrasy which is unorthodox, but which at the same time has proved to be the difference between reaching the heights and remaining just another performer. Sometimes these unorthodox moves are hardly discernible but on close study can be picked out and tabbed as the reason for leading the pack."

Or as Rog Rosenblum of the Mason City (Iowa), *Gazette* mentions: "Cobb's technique certainly could not have been orthodox, for he laughed at the science of base running (as to the proper time to steal, how many bases to take, etc.) and made his flouting of the rules pay off."

Sports fans throughout the nation can take the results of this poll and hash and rehash the information a hundred different ways to favor their heroes. The most important conclusions to be gained from it, however, are clearly evident.

For one, it isn't necessary that a champion have his name blazoned across today's headlines to be awarded a niche in the hall of fame.

Proof of this, is in the selection of Cobb as the athlete having the greatest combination of all attributes under consideration. It is highly probable that better than half of those answering the poll never saw the Georgia Peach perform, but base their judgment on his record and the colorful stories still related about his varied exploits on the diamond. The same may be said for Dempsey, Tunney and Jones.

It will be exceedingly interesting to see if Don Hutson will hold his place among the elite after his playing days are over. My vote says that he will.

One striking bit of information is brought to the front on further study and that is, of the four basketball luminaries named, not one made the select five in any attribute. Perhaps this deficiency is caused by the fact that the court game is still in its infancy and has not reached the stage of maturity that the other so-called major sports have attained. It is a cinch though that with the game producing men like Luisetti, Wooden, Harlow, Mikan and innumerable others, their feats and records will give cage fans material to write into the background of the game. Who knows, a basketball star may be forthcoming soon to write his name across the history book of sports.

Golf adherents will notice that of the five men chosen as those possessing the greatest combination of the four attributes, Bobby Jones rates the number two spot in the balloting. Byron Nelson, the present-day boss of the fairways, did not have enough support to break into the top quintet. This should add fuel to the current discussion regarding the comparative merits of these two great par breakers. #

John Ford and Robert Montgomery know enough of war to put realism and impact into the picture *They Were Expendable*

Movie of the Month

by JACK MOFFITT

One of the strangest cases of battle fatigue I know of is that of Humphrey Bogart. Bogey won a battle with the Afrika Korps in *Sahara* and he is tired of hearing about it. You see, he made his personal appearance tour in North Africa right after the picture was shown in that sector.

"It was my hard luck," he says, "to draw most of my audiences from the armored divisions—and, brother, that was something. I enjoyed a paralyzing kind of popularity. I was the only actor at the front who didn't have to read any lines. I just came out and stood there and the audience did the talking. I got more ribs than you could serve at a sheriff's barbecue. The guys all kept asking me to explain how one battle-happy tank sergeant could hold up a German division. They said this sometimes didn't happen in real life, and they felt they might not be getting the most out of their man power. They also were very interested in the way I won an important skirmish with a bucket of water. They said this was a new development in desert warfare, but that they, somehow, just couldn't get the hang of it. Would I mind running over the finer points—carefully and slowly?"

I asked him how he faced this situation.

"I just remained calm and dejected," he replied. "It still was a good show. The gags those soldiers pulled were funnier than any wheezes of mine. Besides, I was learning a hell of a lot about tanks and the guys who fight in them. There was only one drawback. I should have learned it *before* I made the picture."

From a Hollywood standpoint, the crucial moment in any war occurs when the soldiers get loose in the audience. At this point, the hero stops making inspiring speeches and has to stand inspection. The directors suddenly find out that elocution ranks low as an infantry tactic. The scenarists are thrown into a rout. The guys who have been eating K rations begin talking back to the patriots who have been eating at Romanoff's. All is confusion. These are the days to try leading men's souls. It is discovered that realism consists of something more than sprinkling Fuller's Theatrical Earth on the Western Costume Company uniforms. Discretion is the better part of theatrical valor. It seems time to retreat or to change the subject.

The producers now begin to talk about bringing back musicals. These musicals are called "escapist pictures." With them the producers escape from their wised-up audiences.

But sometimes escape is cut off—by the bankers. This happened when V-J Day caught Metro in the middle of shooting *They Were Expendable*. Out in Hollywood, where everything is geared to the Grand Manner, a producer is considered a little on the B side if he completes his show too quickly. But General MacArthur didn't know it. He brought the war in ahead of schedule. And under the budget. Furthermore, he had a hell of a punch at the finish. Whoever thought of the atom bomb worked out a last act that must have pleased even George Jean Nathan.

All of this was very disconcerting. No one thought MacArthur could finish the real war before Metro got through with the phony one. What to do? The front office was getting nervous and not a little jealous. There was no way to change *They Were Expendable* into a musical. To abandon it would give Metro more overhead than Hiroshima had on last August 8. So they went on with it. And they told the guys who were making it that it had better be good.

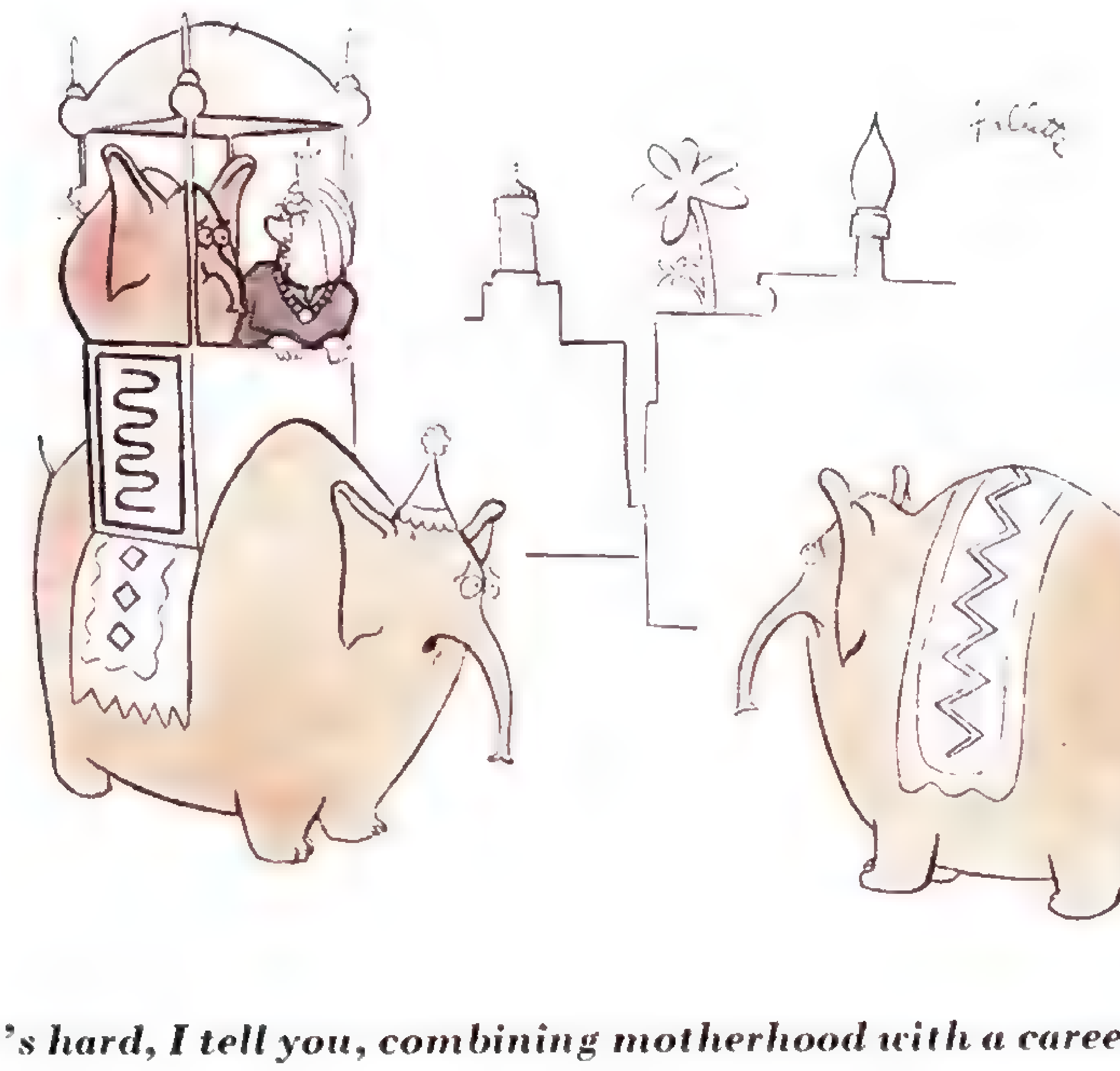
Fortunately, these were just the fellows to carry out such an order. All the key men had smelled black powder and green water. The producer-director, Captain Jack Ford, had photographed the naval actions at Guam and Midway. Its leading man, Comdr. Robert Montgomery, commanded a P.T. boat in the Pacific and also saw action at Guadalcanal on a destroyer. Before that, he drove an ambulance during the Fall of France. He had learned of the war and the weapons of war before dealing with such matters in front of the camera.

The script was written by Comdr. Frank "Spig" Wead (Ret) who long has been Hollywood's ablest drafter of Navy plots. Before Pearl Harbor, "Spig" wrote so many scripts about how the Navy made a man out of the spoiled boy that his friends sometimes wondered if he hadn't confused Annapolis with a super-reform school and John Paul Jones with Father Flanagan. But that's all over.

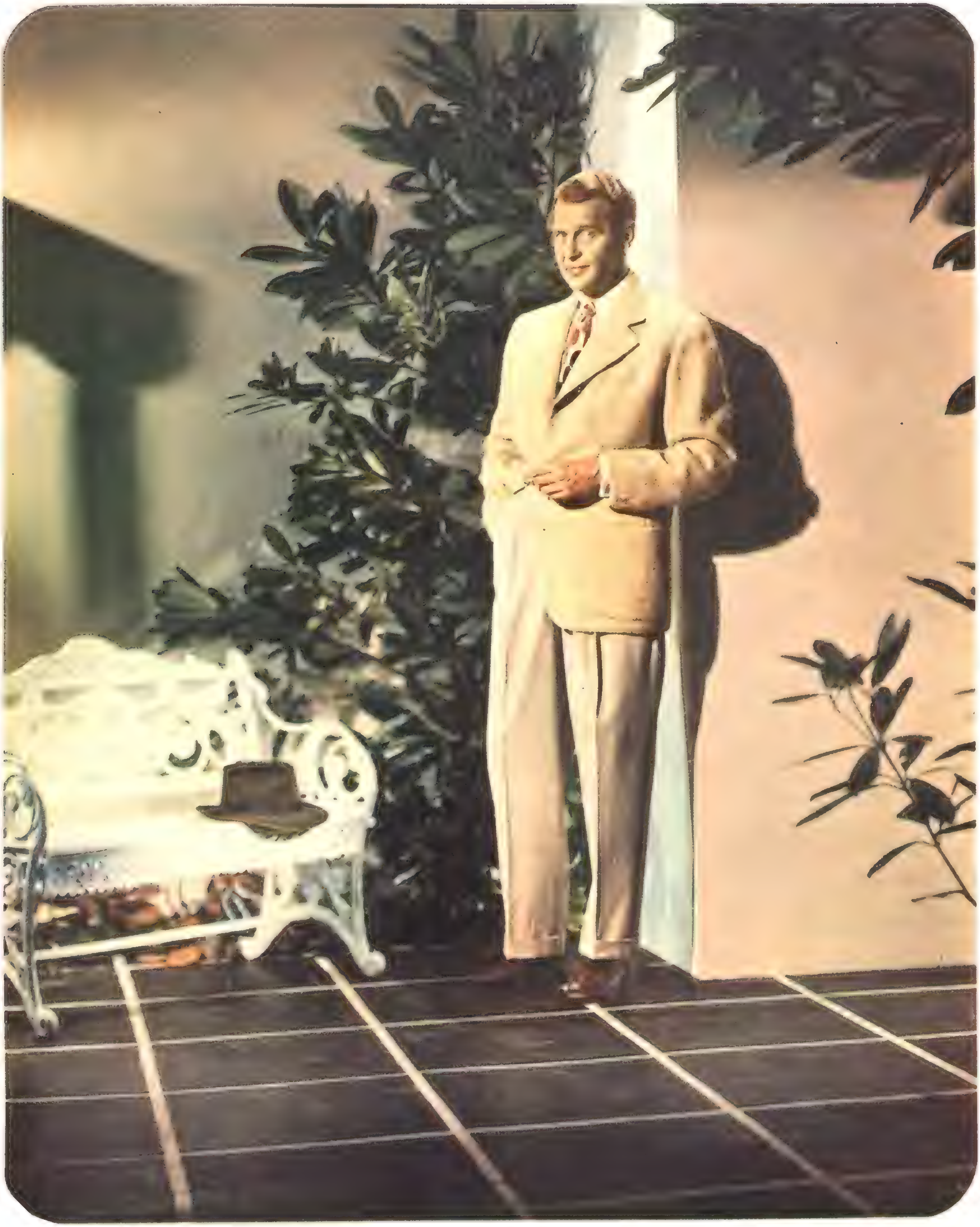
In *They Were Expendable*, the Navy sails away from the peacetime fictional tactics which piped all hands to hokum. Unlike the epics of the twenties, which showed our armed forces conducting a long, losing struggle to reform William Haines, this picture proves that the Navy did not lose sight of combat amid the smaller problems of juvenile delinquency.

It is an honest story of professional sailors—men who were trained to fight and who kept on doing it long after their boats became junk and crews were reduced to human salvage. It doesn't confuse tactical officers with truant officers. Or bombast with bombardment.

The plot, taken from William L. White's best seller, deals with the exploits of the Navy's P.T. boats during the fall of the Philippines. The picture contains some of the most stirring scenes of naval conflict ever staged for a movie. Even a public used to the awe-inspiring engagements seen in official war films should be impressed. Few directors, after such competition, would risk staging fleet actions with studio technicians and special effects men. Genius, in Hollywood, consists of an infinite capacity for playing safe. But Captain Ford scorns such considerations and succeeds in recreating two breakneck attacks on Japanese warships that, in my opinion, top even the impact of the documentaries. They are better paced. Official photographers could not control the various battle elements and, because of this, had difficulty in personalizing their action. Even Captain Ford was unable to do it in his (*Continued on page 140*)



"It's hard, I tell you, combining motherhood with a career!"



BROADWAY LUMINARY

Ralph Bellamy

Photograph by Raritz

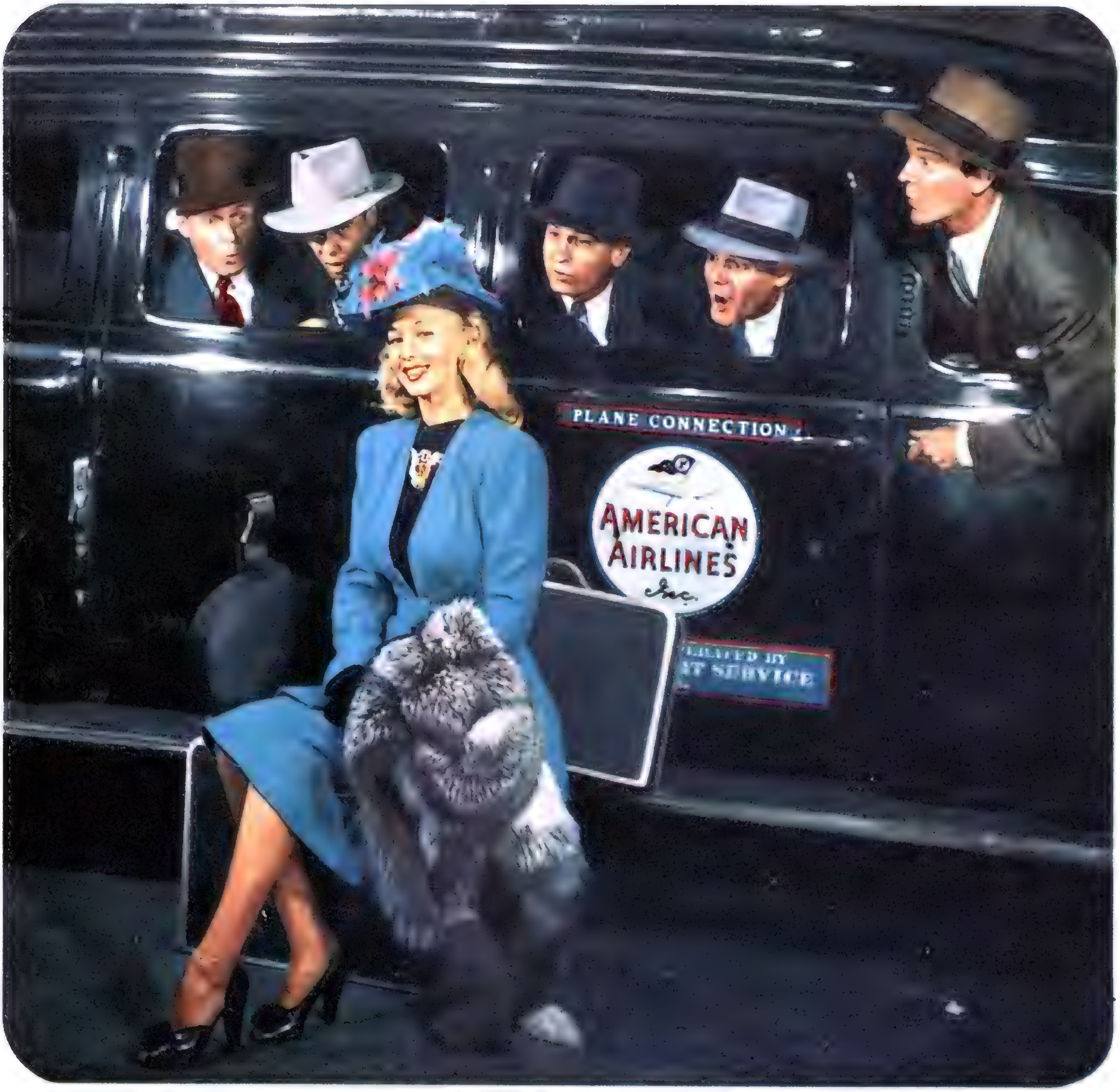
Under his contract with Hunt Stromberg, Ralph Bellamy can now divide his time between Broadway and Hollywood—wherever a good vehicle beckons. A veteran of many years of stock and movies, Bellamy has been newly appreciated in recent years since his great successes in the play *Tomorrow the World* and the film *Guest in the House*. Here he wears a hand-woven Irish tweed jacket, in a roomy three-button single-breasted model. His doeskin slacks are in a light shade and his shirt, an off-white tone. He prefers to wear woolen socks the year around, and admits he is particularly partial to gaily figured ties. Unlike most actors, he likes clothes best after they have "mellowed" for a while and after a suit is three years old, he enjoys it most.

How's Your Fashion Quotient?

Another Esquire eye-sharpener...test yourself and see if you're in the Clothes Know...this month it's hats...with a hint of geography...

1. Boston 3. Los Angeles
2. Dallas 4. Chicago
5. New York

by O. E. SCHOEFFLER



RAVITZ

It was this way. Five guys were sitting in a limousine, waiting to leave for the airport, when who should come along but little Miss Blue Bonnet, looking just like Carole Landis. And it seemed these five guys each had a vacant seat beside him, so . . .

As a matter of fact, it really is Carole Landis, one of the four jeeping jills, who smiled her blonde, beautiful way over some 100,000 miles of U.S.O. circuits in the European, Mediterranean and Pacific theaters. Right after she sat on her suitcase for this picture, she planed back to the West Coast to start work on her new movie, *Behind Green Lights.*

Well, enough of the story. Let's get on with the game. Each of the above men is from a different area of the United States—represented, let's say, by the cities of Los Angeles, Chicago, Dallas, Boston and New York. Esquire knows this . . . but how do you know it?

Here's the clue. Our fashion staff has noted that men in different areas tend to choose certain styles of hats. In some places a wider brim is favored, or they may like a narrow band on a bound edge, or a particular shade. If you know your hats, you should be able to guess the home towns of these five men.

So look them over and decide which man is from Los Angeles . . . Chicago . . . Dallas . . . Boston . . . and New York. Then either stand on your head or turn the magazine around to check your answers with Esquire's. 5 out of 5 means that you have a high Fashion Quotient. 4 correct means that you're pretty good. 3 is only fair. And less than 3 means that you probably paid more attention to Miss Landis than to the hats. ##

Wildcat in the Water

Mr. Willie doesn't go for the sport of casting for fish he can't fry, till he ties into a four-foot, leaping tarpon

by **HART STILWELL**

Probably a hundred and thirty million people in this nation cannot understand why a person would catch a fish he has no intention of eating. So I herewith take those one hundred and thirty millions by the hand and lead them down to the sea. As I can't get all of them in one small boat with me, and since I don't like to cast from a large boat, I will select one fisherman to represent the others. I will call him Mr. Willie.

I set out to show Mr. Willie why people will try to catch a fish that is considered unfit for human consumption—the tarpon, to me the king of all game fish that can be caught by casting. He is also called the silver king, the big sardine, and, down in the southern reaches of his domain, the *sabalo.*

I put Mr. Willie near the bow of the little boat and we head down the Rio Grande River, although it could just as easily be some other river in Texas, or one of the sheltered canals in the Florida Everglades, or a river in Cuba, or in Central America. The tarpon is found all along the coast as far south as Brazil, and the coast of North Carolina is his idea of the frigid zone.

While Mr. Willie and I are buzzing down the Rio Grande, I rig up the tackle for both of us, tying a Number 5½ spoon on Mr. Willie's line. Then I tie a plug with three clusters of gang hooks on my own. A plug is, ordinarily, more effective than a spoon for tarpon, but the spoon has only one hook, which reduces the chances of Mr. Willie hanging a hook into my back, and it is only right that, as teacher, I should catch the first tarpon.

We round a bend and below us is the Gulf. We see rollers piling over a bar on the Mexican side. I watch where the rollers enter the stream. Mr. Willie whistles and watches the seagulls, not knowing that you *hunt* for tarpon just as on land you hunt for wildcats. Soon I see the back of a big fish. It is a tarpon. I say nothing to Mr. Willie, for the back which comes up and gently slides through the water is as broad as my two hands, and is a rich bronze color, which tells me that this tarpon is too old and crusty for Mr. Willie. I figure that this tarpon wouldn't hit anyway, for the reason that he is coming up for air. A tarpon has rudimentary lungs and mixes pure air with the oxygen which he distills from the water.

Then another tarpon comes up. He tempts me. His dorsal fin cuts the water rapidly and his back is a greenish color, which means he is young and under five feet, and that I would have a fair chance in a rough-and-tumble with him.

I'm tempted to throw a plug at him, but just then I see a silvery form flash into the air, throwing spray and reflecting sunlight like silver. That tarpon is feeding. He started from the bottom, aiming at a mullet on the surface, and his momentum has carried him on into the air. Once a tarpon starts a dash for food he has no judgment at all, and I have seen one lose complete control, catapult into the air, and finish on dry land.

Soon another tarpon lunges, and I see that tarpon are literally churning the water at the bar. I don't tell Mr. Willie what is going on behind him. I figure it's just as well to hook a tarpon myself before he starts fiddling with that spoon. I slow the motor and Mr. Willie, suspicious soul, peers around to see why I am stopping. A roller washes in over the bar. Mr. Willie merely says, "Ought to be some nice redfish there." I come about and cut the motor. Then, as the boat is coming to a halt, I heave the plug into the middle of those tarpon.

Mr. Willie at last takes a good look; when he sees those huge fish he jumps up and shouts, "Good heavens," and the boat takes a fifty-degree list. I try to balance the boat, but a tarpon grabs my plug, almost jerking my arms off, and Mr. Willie barely saves himself by hanging onto the rail. My tarpon lunges into the air. I yell like a Comanche. This tarpon is "hot." He's feeding the way I like tarpon to feed, and I can tell you that few fish show as much variety in feeding as tarpon. Tarpon sneak up on a plug lying on the bottom, timidly pick it up, then ease around with it like a catfish with stale liver. I've had tarpon waddle around near the bottom, cutting didos, until I became convinced I had hooked an alligator gar and tried to shake him off. Then that giant of shore feeders would come blazing up in front of my face. There have been days when they struck like lightning the instant the lure hit the water, days that lingered in my memory.

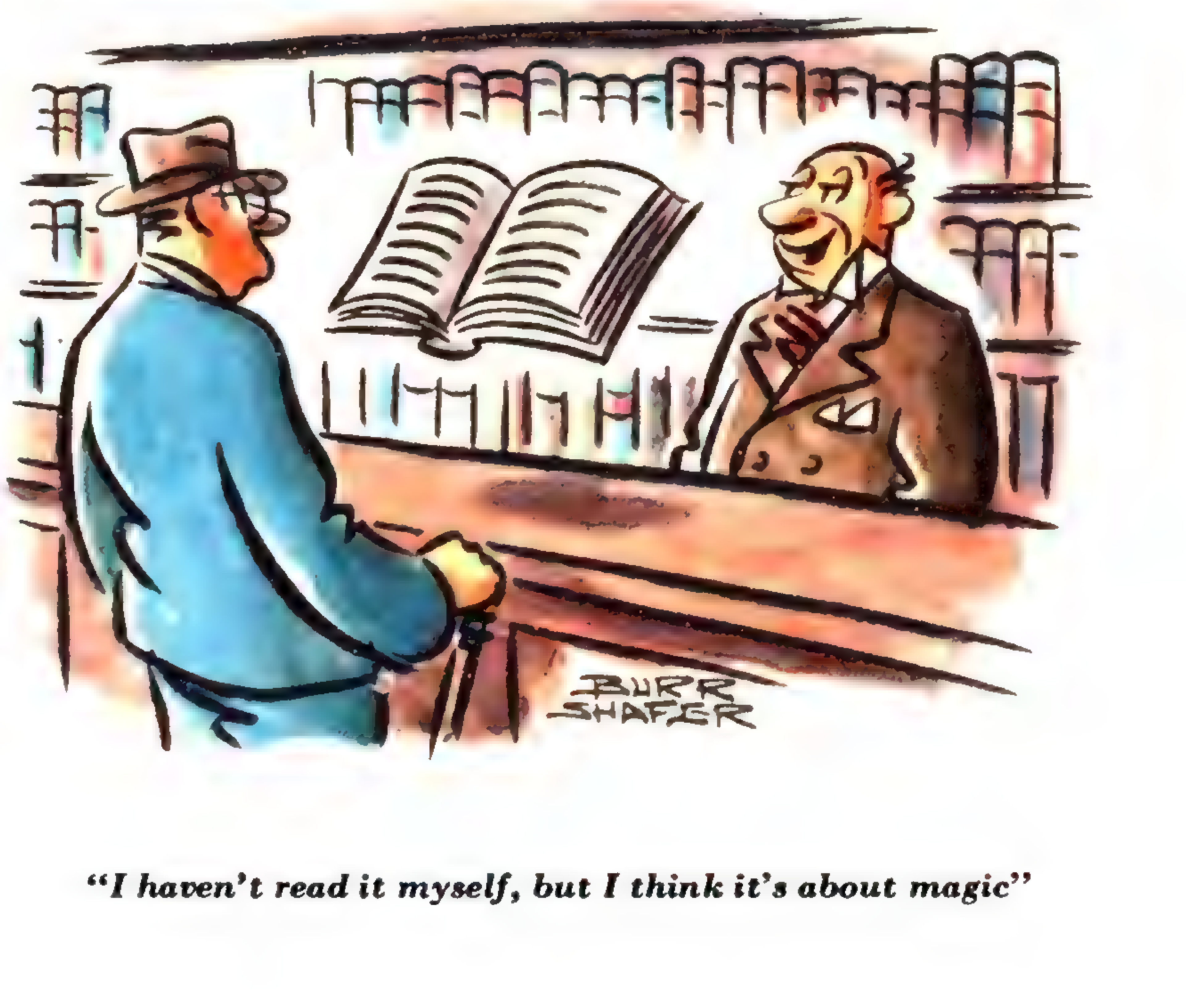
Those days are coming to life again for Mr. Willie and me in the little boat near the school of feeding tarpon. My fish no sooner touches the lure than he is in the air, in one shimmering motion. He gets rid of the hooks, almost hitting me in the face with the plug.

I lay the lure back and bingo! I have another strike. This second one also shakes loose, but he throws the lure sideways and another tarpon dives on it. I lean into him, but he charges away, shaking and lunging until he shakes loose.

Suddenly it dawns on Mr. Willie that he has a rod and reel in his hands, and while I am straightening out my bent steel leader, he casts. Now Mr. Willie is no dub at fishing. It just happens he has never seen a tarpon before. He makes a fair cast, and starts reeling in his spoon instead of working it properly. But a tarpon takes it anyway. I have to lay aside my tackle to handle the boat.

At first I am irritated. I figure that Mr. Willie will go rushing around telling everybody that he went out to watch me catch tarpon and he, himself, caught the first one. I am tempted not to help him, then I see by the wild look in his eye that he isn't thinking about anything but hanging on for dear life, so I take a paddle and begin rooting for him. Then I do more than take a paddle—I start the motor, for that tarpon has started for the boat and there has never been a boat built to accommodate me and a live tarpon simultaneously.

I get the motor started but the tarpon turns again, after a wild leap, and heads for the open sea. Line goes melting off Mr. Willie's



"I haven't read it myself, but I think it's about magic"

reel and I see him start to tighten the star drag. I yell at him to stop. That's the way people lose fish and tackle. Mr. Willie is sure the tarpon is going right across the Gulf and he yells for me to give chase. I give chase, but soon the tarpon leaps again, stands on his tail, and changes direction when he hits water.

This tarpon is about a four-footer, just a nice size for Mr. Willie's rig. He dogs it a bit, makes another long run and leaps clear. By this time Mr. Willie feels that he has the situation in hand. He yells, and I know that he is in good shape.

Twice the tarpon gets so far out Mr. Willie begins to lose faith, and once he starts wading right out in the river and I have to catch him by the belt and soothe him. But each time the tarpon stops, a very bad mistake tarpon make, and Mr. Willie pumps him gently, retrieving enough line for a working margin.

This goes on for many minutes, the runs getting shorter each time, the leaps slowing down until finally the tarpon can raise only part of his body out of the water. He's getting tired, as is Mr. Willie. But Mr. Willie comes through. He gets the tarpon into shallow water, and works the tarpon down until it lies on its side, which is a tarpon's way of surrendering. Then he eases it up close enough for me to get hold of the leader. I slide it up on the bank and Mr. Willie melts down beside it. He looks at it with affection, patting it fondly on the head. I take the hook out and slide the tarpon back in the river. "Remarkable fish," Mr. Willie says. "Wonderful fish."

"It's too bad they're not good to eat."

"What the devil," Mr. Willie sputters. "Why, a man who would kill a noble fish like that and eat it ought to be shot."

I smile happily. Mr. Willie is a fisherman, and the next thing he says proves it. He says he wants to go out and catch a six-footer. ⌗

Remarking the naïve repetition of such familiar themes as *Deep Are the Roots*

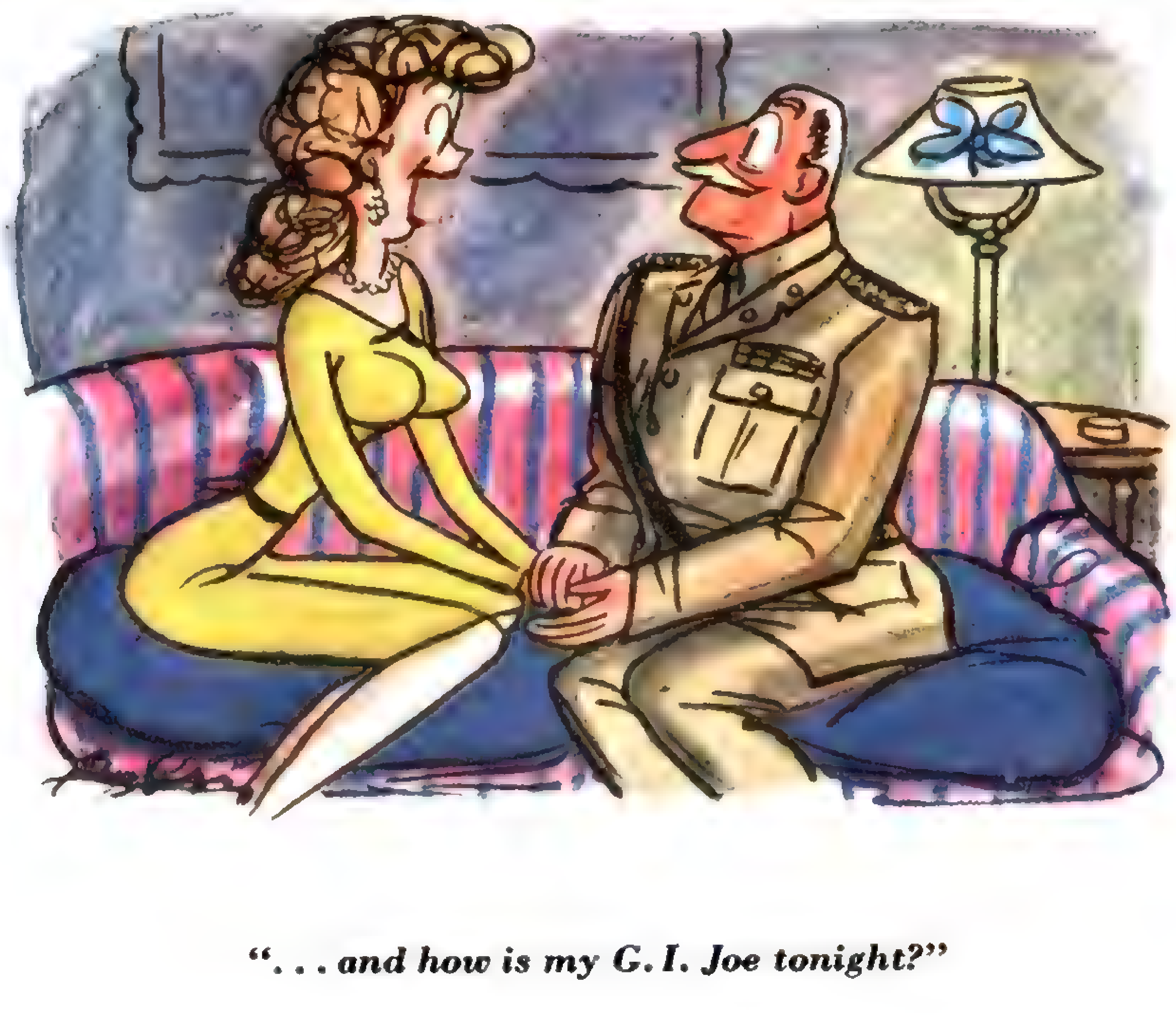
First Nights & Passing Judgments

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

It is perfectly true that a playwright may take a theme so old that it can barely stand on its feet and by skillful treatment make it again seem as lively as a cocker spaniel. But the revivifying calls not only for such an agile playwright but for one who appreciates that the theme is indeed a venerable one, and who doesn't imagine that it is something pretty hot off the griddle and that he was the first to think it up.

A sizable share of our present-day playwrights, who are so young that their knowledge of drama doesn't date much farther back than Annie Nichols and whose theatregoing has very apparently been confined to the Roxy and Radio City movie houses, don't seem, however, to fall into that category.

They hit upon an idea that already had one foot in the grave before Owen Davis was born, and privilege themselves hysterics over the belief that what they have got hold of is not only strikingly original but even pretty sensational, and that audiences on getting an earful of it will fall out of their seats in a paroxysm of excitement.



". . . and how is my G. I. Joe tonight?"

Not alone these younger men but now and again playwrights of more distant vintage thus present themselves in the light of rapt discoverers of sundials. Edmund Goulding, for example. This Goulding, who some twenty-odd years ago wrote a play in collaboration with the late Edgar Selwyn called *Dancing Mothers* and thereafter retired to the cultural groves of Hollywood, re-emerged in the theatre early in the season with something which, judging from his statements to the press, he proudly regarded as a sizzlingly fresh and daring contribution to drama. It bore the title, *The Ryan Girl.* Fifteen minutes after the first curtain went up on it there probably wasn't a person in the house, except possibly a few on from Hollywood, who couldn't have told him that his theme, let alone his approach to it, was so stale that even Al Woods had forgotten it years ago. Yet there on the stage Goulding was showing with all the confidence in the world, and with the congratulatory self-delight of a child with a new toy, the fifty-year-old whangdoodle about a woman with a past who seeks to conceal it from her son now grown up and who in the end, to protect him from knowing disgrace, shoots and kills the villain who would blackmail her.

Even in Hollywood, one ventures, they would, to put over any such moldy relic, have to cast it with three or four Bette Davises and Clark Gables, spend a quarter of a million dollars on a publicity campaign and throw at least half a dozen big cocktail parties in the Waldorf.

Passing over something called *Devils Galore,* by another and younger Hollywood writer named Vale, which shut down some months ago after a five nights' showing of the novel, to him, theme of the Devil come to earth and finding its current morals shocking, we take up the matter of *Deep Are the Roots,* by the Messrs. d'Usseau and Gow. Though their play was much better than either of the two mentioned, it was evidently their conviction that they, also, had evolved a theme which was fresh as a daisy and hot as a blast furnace and which would surely impress their critics (it peculiarly did in some cases) as the product of a couple of remarkably social-conscious brains.

That theme had to do with Negro prejudice in the deep South, with the trials of a Negro war hero returned to his home there, and with his final spurning of an offer from his white benefactress to go North, and his determination to stick it out where he was and help the members of his oppressed race. The theme which the playwrights esteemed as

RAVITZ

Credo of George Jean Nathan

For forty years Mr. Nathan has been using half of his toujours *two-on-the-aisle on opening nights to park his hat and coat. The other half he uses for America's most famous drama critic. Time hasn't mellowed his astringent honesty nor diminished his Olympian standards of taste. He began as the infant terrible who dared to find fault with the great Belasco—and he's been a persistent irritant and creative leaven to American letters through a long career as journalist, editor, critic and author of thirty-three books. His Indiana boyhood ambition was to be an African explorer, but he seldom safaris farther than his special corner at "21." Of criticism he has said, "Art is a reaching out into the ugliness of the world for vagrant beauty and the imprisoning of it in a tangible dream. Criticism is simply the dream book."*

something that nobody had ever thought of before, or at least as something that nobody had ever dared to present as they presented it, was much the same (and its manner of presentation not altogether dissimilar) that Edward Sheldon had maneuvered in his play, *The Nigger*, shown in the local theatre all of thirty-six years ago.

And not only was the theme basically the same but so were some of the characters, and so was the pseudo-sensational scene in which the young white girl declares to the Negro protagonist her willingness to marry him, and so was the essence of some of the dialogue.

This business of fooling themselves into believing that old and familiar themes, plots, situations, and characters are virginal and dewy is getting to be more and more common among the younger playwrights and, since their skill in treating them is most often negligible, is responsible for exiling or re-exiling them to Hollywood, where age does not wither nor custom stale any kind of old tried-and-true claptrap and where dramatic skill, so the successful Nunnally Johnson has analyzed it, consists mainly and strictly in writing lines of dialogue as if they were so many ten-word telegrams.

Dan Totheroh who, unlike some of his contemporaries, is a writer of honorable purpose and who tries to do something better for the theatre regardless of the box office, earlier in the season brought forth an exhibit in blank verse called *Live Life Again*. In an interview before it opened and closed after two performances, he allowed that the play would come as a great surprise to those familiar with his previous plays and intimated that the surprise would be induced by the strangeness and complete novelty of its theme. His theme turned out to be a modern paraphrase of *Hamlet*. He was unaware that Arthur Hopkins some years ago had negotiated much the same paraphrase in a play called *Conquest*, which didn't get anywhere either. Hopkins is, furthermore, not the only one who has monkeyed with the idea. Paraphrasing *Hamlet* has for long been a favorite pastime of playwrights and the literati in general, among them Hauptmann, who concocted one such modern treatment just a few years before he shuffled off the mortal coil.

At this point the customary heckler hoists himself out of his chair with the customary protest that what the odds if Totheroh's handling of the scheme, however old, had individual merit. In sufficient answer to the heckler, I quote some samples of Totheroh's poetic vivacity:

1. "I saw your light and blundered to it like a moth."
2. "My love is all I have to give—a thing quite poor."
3. "The gossamer trembles on the grass."
4. "This is our tree in whose shade we oft have sat together."
5. "Extinct, like a lamp blown out."
6. "They're just the things he's learned in books."
7. "They're but the ripples on a stream."
8. "I gotta go now and kill a hog before dark."

The prosecution rests.

The plays I have mentioned are only a few out of the many in this and recent seasons which have postured as something right out of the wine bottle, but which have been so full of dregs from long standing that one has been unable to see the chianti.

At this point, our heckling friend naturally pops up again with the habitual retort that, after all, there are no really new ideas in the world, that all of them have been used before, and that the best one should expect is something that has just the superficial air of being new. This is largely nonsense. In our late time a variety of playwrights have produced some quite new dramatic ideas in one direction or another: Shaw and Dunsany and O'Neill, Pirandello and Georg Kaiser, Evreinoff and Giacosa, among others. And even if we can't have new ideas, we may ask the boon of some with at least the superficial air of being new, which our heckling friend mentions. But we seldom get even that.

And when it comes to our heckler's stereotype about everything depending upon treatment, I hope that I will not too vociferously be accused of critical treason when I say that it would be acceptable if some livelier ideas were also to accompany treatment, however meritorious. All too frequently there are mothballs in the heads of even those of our playwrights who are otherwise exemplary.

It is thus that, when a Saroyan comes along, his plays, whatever their lapses, at least bring a welcome fresh breeze with them. It is thus that, when a novice like Margaret Curtis appears with something like *A Highland Fling*, the authentic novelty of it can't be assimilated and appreciated by the public and the majority of critics, who have been dosed up for so long with staleness that they have become contentedly used to it and are allergic to anything else. It is thus that in personal desperation producers are forced to fall back upon revivals, and paraphrases both dramatic and musical of the classics, and scene designers who can invest mildewed plays with some visual novelty, and favorite star actors or even movie names who may distract attention from the cobwebbed stuff that serves as their vehicles.

It is thus, further, that season in and season out we get plays whose courses are perfectly evident shortly after their first curtains go up, and musicals that have to interrupt themselves with extended ballets in order to make their customers forget for the time being their blueprint progress. It is thus that smut has occasionally to be resorted to to pop the attention of a public that would otherwise remain apathetic to plot routine and situation age. It is thus, generally, that the life missing from plays has to be made up for by all kinds of extrinsic chicane.

Plays in our midst today have become for the most part as set in their inspiration, and as unvarying, as the drinks that have been unvaryingly served in them for a century and more: sherry, port or Madeira in drama, champagne in musicals. The themes, treated much alike, parade endlessly their stencils: the course of true love never runs smoothly (which is bosh); sexual coldness invariably sets in after a few years of married life (which is bosh); children are wiser than their parents (which is bosh); a woman of thirty married to a man of forty-five is regularly fetched by a younger man (which is bosh); and businessmen spend all their time thinking of office business and never of the monkey variety (comment unnecessary).

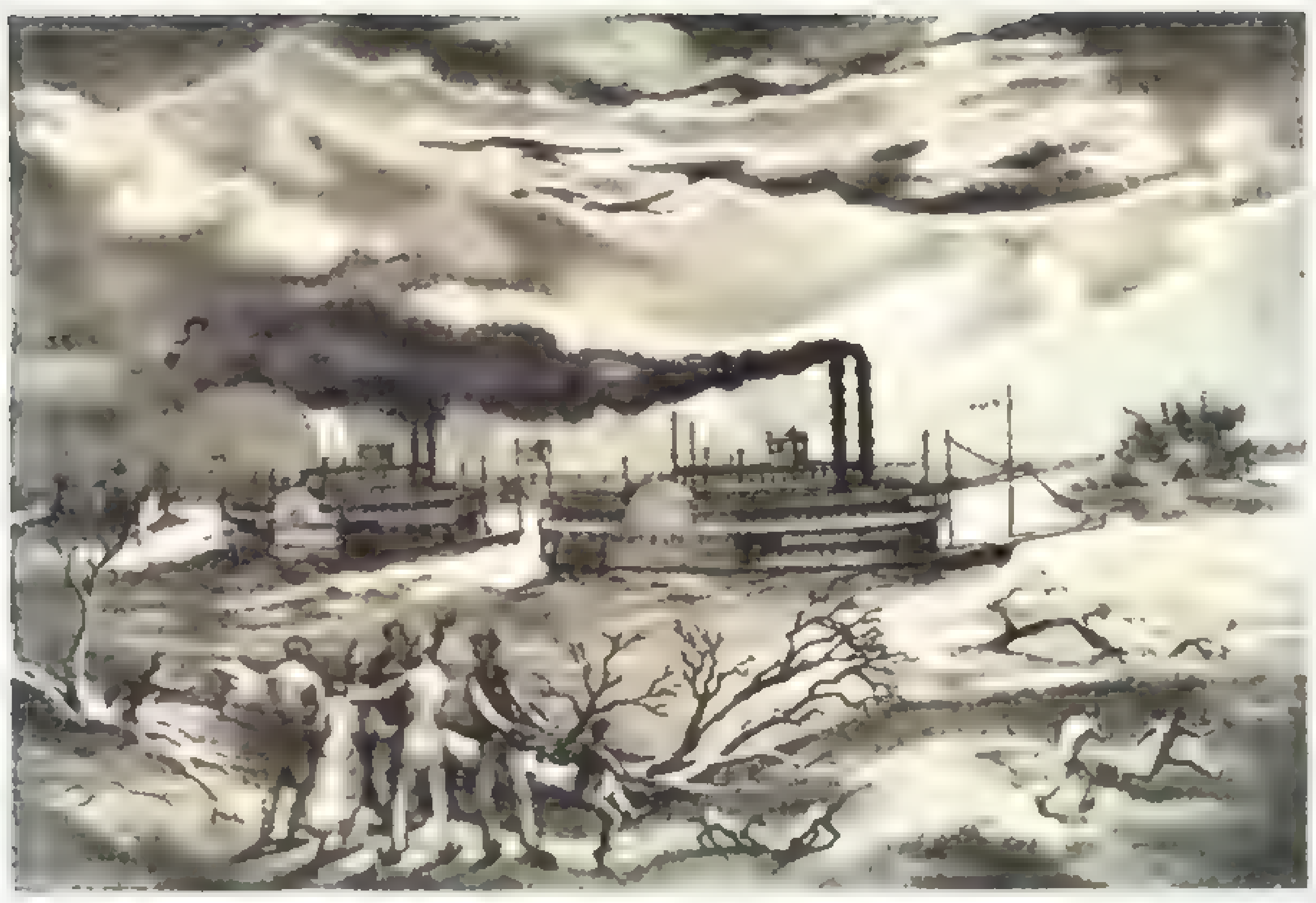
So, month after month, year after year, it goes. For one fresh *Arsenic and Old Lace*, we are vouchsafed the theatrical credo that professional prostitutes are virgins in their souls and usually end up as faithful wives and mothers and as members of the board of directors of the Y.W.C.A. For one shining *Harvey*, it's twenty to one on either the glory of mother love or the tragic consequences of it. For one *My Heart's in the Highlands* or *The Beautiful People*, gleaming like a white pebble among brown gravel, there's a load of the younger generation versus the older, the female youngster who is thought by her distracted parents to be enceinte, and the pathological character who commits murders for some such reason as that he passed a butcher's shop in his youth and became fascinated by a bloody rump steak in the window.

We don't ask for the moon, or for a new Ibsen or Strindberg or even George Birmingham. But we have got to the point where even an *Uncle Tom's Cabin* with Topsy instead of Eva going to Heaven on golden wires would be in the nature of a real godsend. #

Gossip traced the wrecking of the *Queen City* to a friendly little game of cards

I Insisted Hanging Was Too Gentle a Fate

by DAVID FRIEDMAN



MCCRADY

As for those who say that it was I who maneuvered to have the *Queen City* hit a rock in midstream, and as for those who will insinuate that it was I who hired and bought the pilot to run the boat to its doom, I still have only this to say—They lie.

The idea has persisted in the minds of some these three years, since, in the Summer of '64, the steamboat went down some seventeen miles below Natchez, with the loss of two gamblers, two women, four men, some children, and six or seven preachers, who happened to be going to a convention in New Orleans, I believe, or so I was told. The screams which came from the cold waters of the Mississippi on that terrible night will ever ring in my ears.

In my own defense I need but to remark that it was Joseph B. Berkshire who was the pilot of the steamboat at the time. It will then be readily admitted by one and all that there is excellent ground for my contention that the sinking was an accident, pure and simple, with no instigation whatsoever, in any shape or form, on my part.

Berkshire is—and about this point there is not, nor can there be, any doubt—one of the most, if not actually and in fact *the* most incompetent pilot which the entire length of the river was ever afflicted with, and this opinion does not exclude Billy Denniss, or old George Tettler or even Carter Kimbleson. I will go so far as to say—though this extreme view may be limited only to myself—that he was a worse pilot than even Henry S. Hershey, who sank the *Cora S.*, ran the *Baltimore Belle* onto a reef, snagged the *Yazoo City*, and managed to ground the *L. B. Hunter*, amongst other minor accomplishments, before he was shot to death by a drunken cavalryman.

Berkshire will be remembered for the manner in which he was related to the disastrous sinking of the *Wild Wagoner* He was entertaining some acquaintances in his pilot house, and he was boasting away, as ever, about his great prowess as a pilot and about his deep knowledge of the river. There was not a nook or cranny, said he, for the tenth time, perhaps, nor a bulge or reef or island, no matter how small, in the whole span of the Mississippi, with which he was not on familiar terms. "I know every danged stone in the river," said Berkshire, and at that moment, they say, the boat struck a great rock, with a tearing noise and a jolt. Berkshire was undaunted and in complete control of the situation, and he only remarked, "Why, there's one of them rocks now."

At the time of the accident—and I do say that the sinking of the *Queen City* was an accident—I was in the boat's parlor, closeted at poker with J. J. Fitzgerald, my onetime partner, but now my most bitter antagonist at the card table, and one whom no tricks or wiles on my part would undo. He had me whipsawed to the sum of eight thousand dollars, and Henry Watkins, who was one of those who played with us, had another two thousand of my money, and it was all lying there on the table in stacks. I had bet my diamond stickpin, and luck was going strong against me, and were it not for the timely crashing of the boat's bottom on a rock, I would have been a pretty poor man.

It was a terrible jolt, and in a moment the table was up-ended, and there was a tumult, and persons rushed in all directions, and there was money and diamond pins on the floor, and I admit that I got my share of the stuff.

When I rushed out I saw a fearful scene, what with women kneeling on the slanting deck and praying, and with cries and curses going up, and with several persons commencing to drown as hard as they could.

There are those who say that it was I who arranged the catastrophe, with a pre-arranged agreement with Berkshire, profitable to him, whereby he was to create a confusion by wrecking the boat, in case I got into difficulties at the card table. As a rule I have met the insinuation with a cold silence, feeling it beneath me to deny such an outrageous accusal, though the horror I feel at the very suggestion once overcame me, and I struck down a man who taunted me. I will admit that I have, when pressed, entered into a scheme or two. But sink a boatload of women and children for a few dollars—never! Every fiber in my soul rings with horror at the mere thought.

We trudged to Natchez, those of us that had swum to the shore, but little enough of welcome we got in that town, for the black vomit was still raging there, and the fear of death was over the place. Fitzgerald cursed, and said that the war was at the bottom of all our woes. "Were it not for the war, we would have had a younger and better pilot than the likes of this Berkshire."

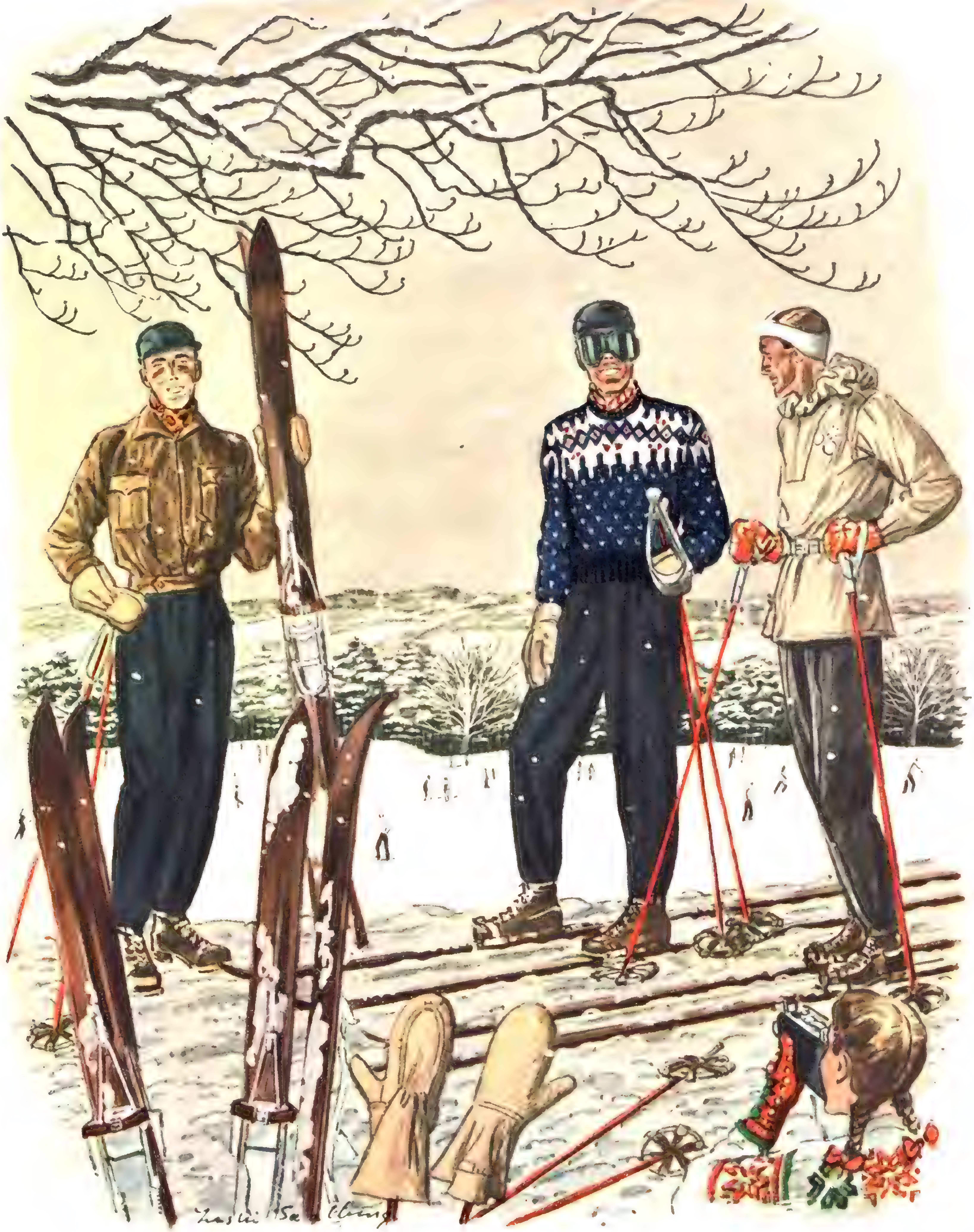
We went in search of a house and a table on which we could continue our interrupted game, but not a place could we find which was not reeking with death and with

(*Continued on page 156*)

BATHROOM BY ROHM & HAAS, PHOTOGRAPH BY RAVITZ

Some like it hot, some like it cold

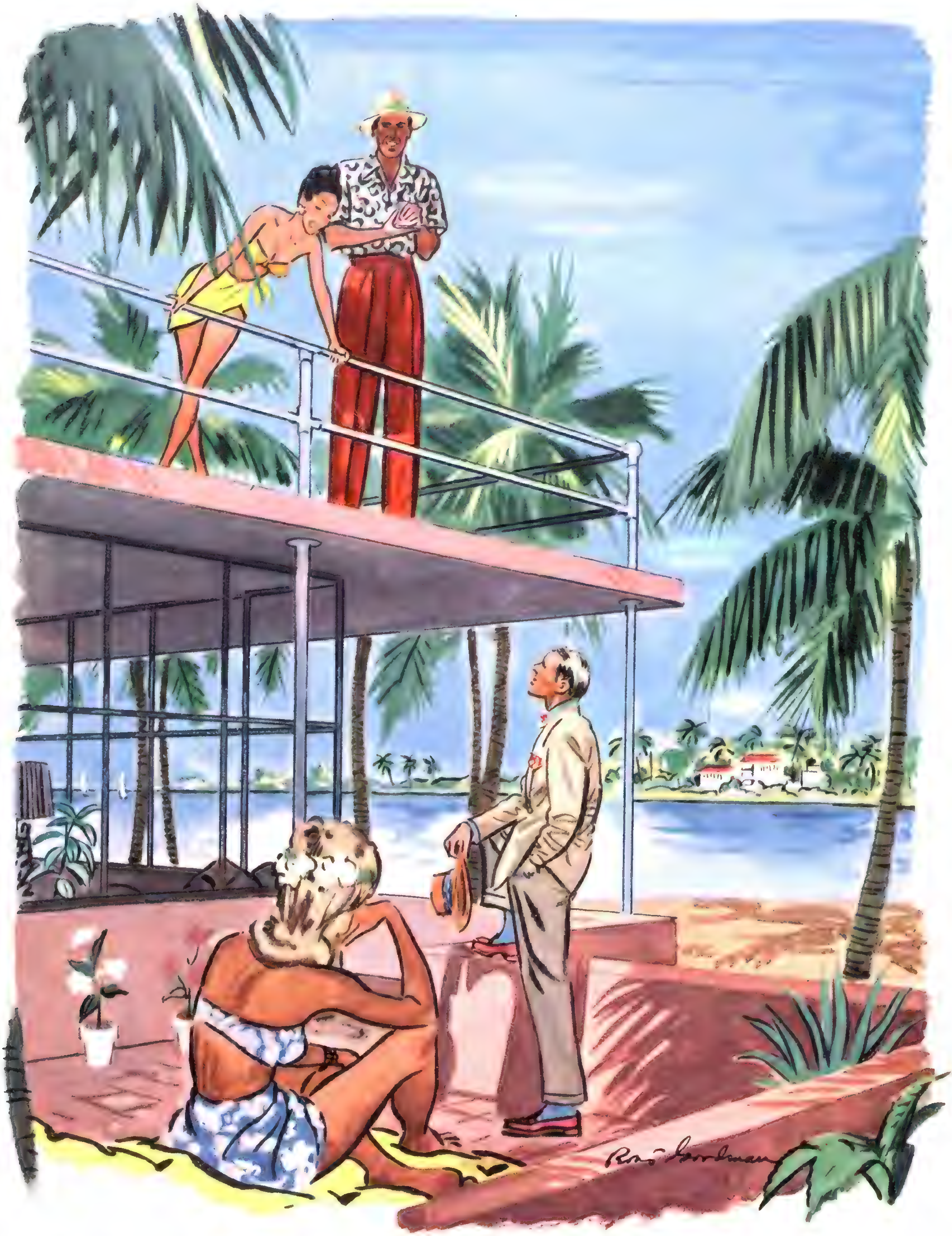
This gent, toweling off, cannot only regulate the temperature of the H_2O *before he steps into the curved plexiglass shower compartment, but do other tricks as well. Each of those bands of spray outlets can be turned on individually—he can have shower all the way up or just neck-high, so that his head rises above it all like a lily pad on a stream. Glen Urquhart plaid is a popular pattern for informal wear, and it's a natural for the extra informality of bed-to-bath moments. His robe of flannel is in a bluish tone with yellow overplaid, and is made with a shawl collar and a belt that's fastened securely in back so it can't come loose and get lost in the closet. There's a generous-sized patch pocket also. His clog-style slippers have composition soles, which cut down on clatter, and wide canvas straps that allow for a comfortable fit.*



SNOW SHOW

Drawing by Leslie Saalburg

Drawing a bead on the three ski boys, Olga makes herself some movies for home consumption. She wants to remember how they looked at the *top* of the hill. The brown outfit, at left, is neat but natty—with gabardine trousers and roomy-chested jacket that zips. Dark eyes, in the center, is snowflaked before he starts. His handmade sweater of heavy wool yarn has an icicle pattern plus snowflakes. He likewise favors a bright scarf at the neck. And that Sir Walter Raleigh neck ruff effect on the man at the right is achieved by the hood of his cotton processed parka, which can be pulled over his ears Eskimo style. There's a drawstring at the waist, and the bottom can be tucked inside or worn out. This parka idea is getting around on the slopes.



UPS AND DOWNS

Drawing by Robert Goodman

This two-level terrace beside a bay in the Southland achieves a nice balance with brunette and blonde attractions, respectively. The lad on the balcony steps out with a nice catch of fish (on his shirt, you dope!). Its original cotton fabric comes from Guatemala and is catching on quickly at winter resorts. With it he wears rust-colored linen slacks spun from domestic flax. And a large panama hat shades his eyes from the blazing glory. The ground-level Romeo is somewhat less informal. He wears a natural-shade blazer, tailored in a new synthetic fabric and fastening with metal buttons. His hat is a coconut palm. Reading from the waist down he wears grey gabardine slacks, small-pattern cotton anklets, and lounge-lazy moccasins.

WANTE
DEAD OR
DOMINIC

Europeans love it, we underrate, ignore or exaggerate it in films and stories, but the West remains our nucleus of culture

The Eternal Western

by GILBERT SELDES

For a great many people, the West begins in a publishing house somewhere between the Chicago and Hudson rivers, with outlying stations in Connecticut, where script writers live, and Hollywood, to which the West returns in the form of films. The Western story is read by shoe clerks and bankers who commute to their jobs, the Western radio has become a legend, the movie Western was in the beginning, exists now, and so far as human eyes can see, will always be with us. In that respect, and some others, it resembles the poor.

The American *drang nach Westerns* is about the longest-loved of all our directions. At the beginning there was nowhere to go but west; and right now there are millions of people who believe there's nowhere fit to live east of the Mississippi (or maybe the Rockies). Our whole history is one long hearty westward ho! and it is a warning to us all that very little of our great literature concerns the West. There are, to be sure, some classics: Mark Twain and Bret Harte, for instance; but the literature that has represented America abroad, in competition with other literatures, has been Eastern and Midwest. The people of Europe have loved our Wild West; the critics, like the critics at home, have sniffed.

I remember meeting a little Polish boy and showing him a Colt that had belonged to Buffalo Bill; he couldn't believe his eyes; he said, "To think that on my first day in America, I should find myself in communication with that great man!" The French loved Cooper (J. F., not Gary); there was the famous case in which a translator rendered "he tied his horse to a locust" into "he tied his horse to a grasshopper," adding in a footnote that grasshoppers grew to such size in America that their skeletons could be used for hitching-posts. The French also adored Bill Hart in the movies, according him the exceptional honor of a special name, Rio Jim, which for some reason they thought was particularly American. The last German kaiser was a vast admirer of Mark Twain and told him that *Life on the Mississippi* was his best book, to which Twain assented; and England, in spite of Dickens and Mrs. Trollope, always took our West to its heart. Not necessarily knowing too much about it; in 1917 a well-informed British author told me that he was glad we had entered the war, but of course we wouldn't be able to do much in a military way as our Army was trained only to fight Indians!

If you are curious about the Western of the pre-pulp era, you might look at the introduction Harry E. Maule has written to *A Pocket Book of Western Stories.* Although he doesn't quite put it in that way, you will see that the Western divides off into three marked periods: the Currier & Ives (Bret Harte, Mark Twain and the diaries and histories of actual exploration); the Frederic Remington (Theodore Roosevelt's *The Winning of the West* and Owen Wister's *The Virginian*); for the third, you do not have an artist, you have an industry—the movies; and the writers are the pulp magazine authors. For, following our universal destiny, the Western has gone into quantity production. And like other commodities, it has gained and lost in the process.

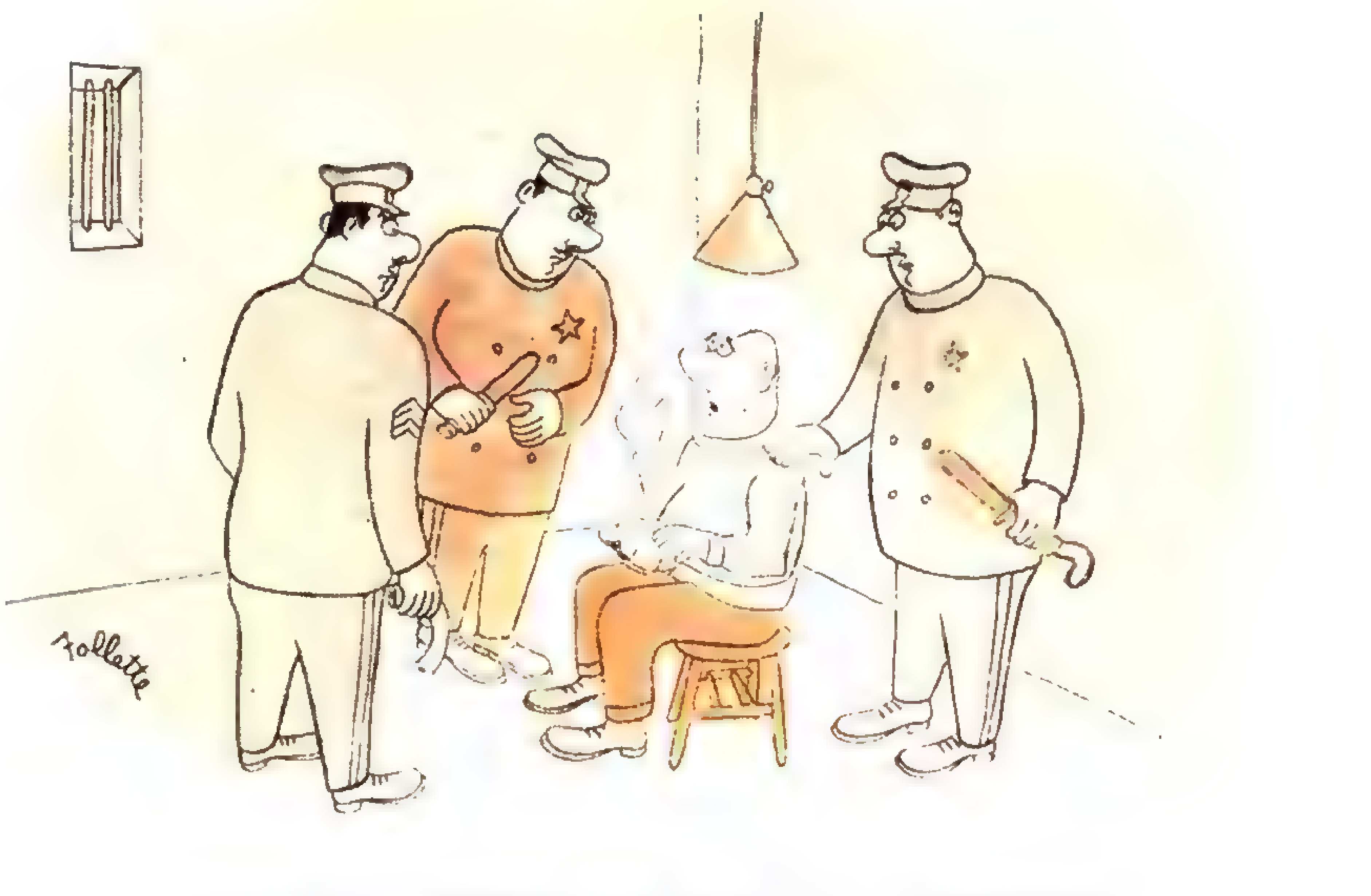
The top westerns on film, from *The Covered Wagon* to *The Ox-Bow Incident*, have usually been better than the average product of their time; a simple genuine emotion has given the producers something good to work with and they have come through; the weekly Western, the serial, has been too formalized and schematized to be worth seeing more than two or three times a year. When a Mix or a Rogers is immediately bound to be the hero—when even a certain horse has qualities of moral virtue denied to other horses, the spectator can pretty well lay out the story line for himself. All that varies is the ingenuity of the adventure. It isn't enough. (Incidentally, the movies often make hash of reasonably good material; for all its high-flown language, *The Call of the Wild* tells a good story, and essentially a Western story; the movie made of it was a disgrace—almost as bad as the movie made of *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer.*)

This isn't the place to find out what it is that makes a pulp, except the paper it's printed on. I used to read several of them quite steadily and then stopped; books at a quarter may have old detective stories in them, but they promise more than most of the mystery fiction pulps. But even when I took pulps on train trips, the Westerns were not my favorites. Looking back, I now think the reason is that I couldn't believe the stories were true. I believe that the Sherlock Holmes stories are true and that *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* is true and *Ulysses* and *The Great Gatsby* and *Bleak House* and *What Maisie Knew*; but the average Western, no.

Mostly, the cast of characters puts me off. The strong, silent man, right out of Kipling; the virtuous courtesan right out of de Maupassant; the natural bad man, or viper streaked with sentiment; the bad rich man's good little daughter who is in love with the good poor man; the sheriff; the sheriff who's in cahoots with the desperados; the comic sheriff; the crafty sheriff; the sheriff.

Now these, if I know my history, *are* the characters of the West; they did live and struggle and kill one another and devastate and populate the country. They are real in a hundred narratives of the time, in a thousand newspaper items; in the reminiscences of Mark Twain—but they are seldom real in fiction, even in the fiction of Mark Twain. These people were prettied up and toned down for the literary world at the beginning; and the stock figures came marching off the end of the production line when writers had to turn them out by the hundreds.

And the plots: you have two kinds. In one you meet the more or less unmotivated bad man, the cattle rustler, the highwayman, the bandit. Against him, all good men and true are in a posse. Better by far, there are the stories in which you have a true conflict, as between the wide-openers and the fencers, the men who wanted



"Aren't you fellows ever going to get indirect lighting in here?"

to let cattle graze at will over millions of acres and the homesteaders who wanted to settle down and maybe raise some sheep. Or the struggle between the early inhabitants (Indian, Spanish, Mexican) and the new arrivals; or the final battle between an orderly and an adventurous society (as you get it in *The Virginian* and *The Ox-Bow Incident*, both). These conflicts have the makings of great drama in them; nine times out of ten, the stories don't come off. Our intimidated society has, for instance, decided that the homesteader was always right; he had the law on his side; and, in fact, he killed the true Wild West, with his fences and his laws and his hard-bitten commercial morals. Yes, the law and progress were all on his side. But how does it happen that our writers have knuckled down; the tradition is that they should remember lost causes.

It's quite possible that the morality of our writers is the last straw. They haven't created a good Robin Hood; the mythical figures of the West came before the pulpers, came before much writing was done at all. And the best you get in current stories is an amiable scalawag (the fact that no one uses the word in ordinary conversation shows how remote the character is from our interest); you get the old American enthusiasm for a smart trick, for outwitting, for comeuppance; but the scale is small.

The heroes of our serious fiction are often pretty bad men: Dreiser's titans, Sinclair Lewis' social menaces, Fitzgerald's bootlegger, Hemingway's outcasts. But out where the bad men and the outcasts made history, their romance comes back to us with pious heroes. It isn't fair.

The reconciliation of East and West is, I think, largely the work of Theodore Roosevelt who proved to the West that you could wear specs and play tennis and be pretty much of a dude, and still be a he-man; (he even proved that a Harvard man could lead a cavalry charge, which the West of his time did not believe). At the same time he proved to the East that the West had a glamor and a history and suggested, pretty broadly, that winning the West had been the chief enterprise of a century of our national life. Actually, the West had begun to civilize the East from the time the Northwest Territory was established; and the slow process of Americanizing the East, bringing it into the main line of progress, with decent laws and manifold human opportunities, is still one of the functions of the West.

It used to be the valley of the Mississippi River which civilized the country, spreading its basic American culture over both banks. But it seems to me now that the West beyond the Rockies has taken over.

And I don't, this time, mean Hollywood. ⌗

The best book on jazz since *Jazzmen* and the most complete biography of a musician is Ulanov's *Duke Ellington*

The Rhythm Section

by LEONARD FEATHER

"Boy," Duke Ellington's physical education teacher said to him sternly one day at high school, "you're never going to amount to anything as long as you live."

This amusing augury provides the opening sentence for *Duke Ellington*, by Barry Ulanov (Creative Age Press Inc., $3.00), the best book on jazz since *Jazzmen* and the best complete biography of a jazz musician ever published. An extra blandishment is the inclusion of twenty-eight photographs, among them some early ones never previously published.

An apter though more cumbersome title for the book would be "Duke Ellington, His Orchestra and the World They Live In." The personal details of Duke Ellington's life and the workings of his mind are very often subjugated to the story of the band itself, its career and travels, as well as the part played therein by the individual musicians.

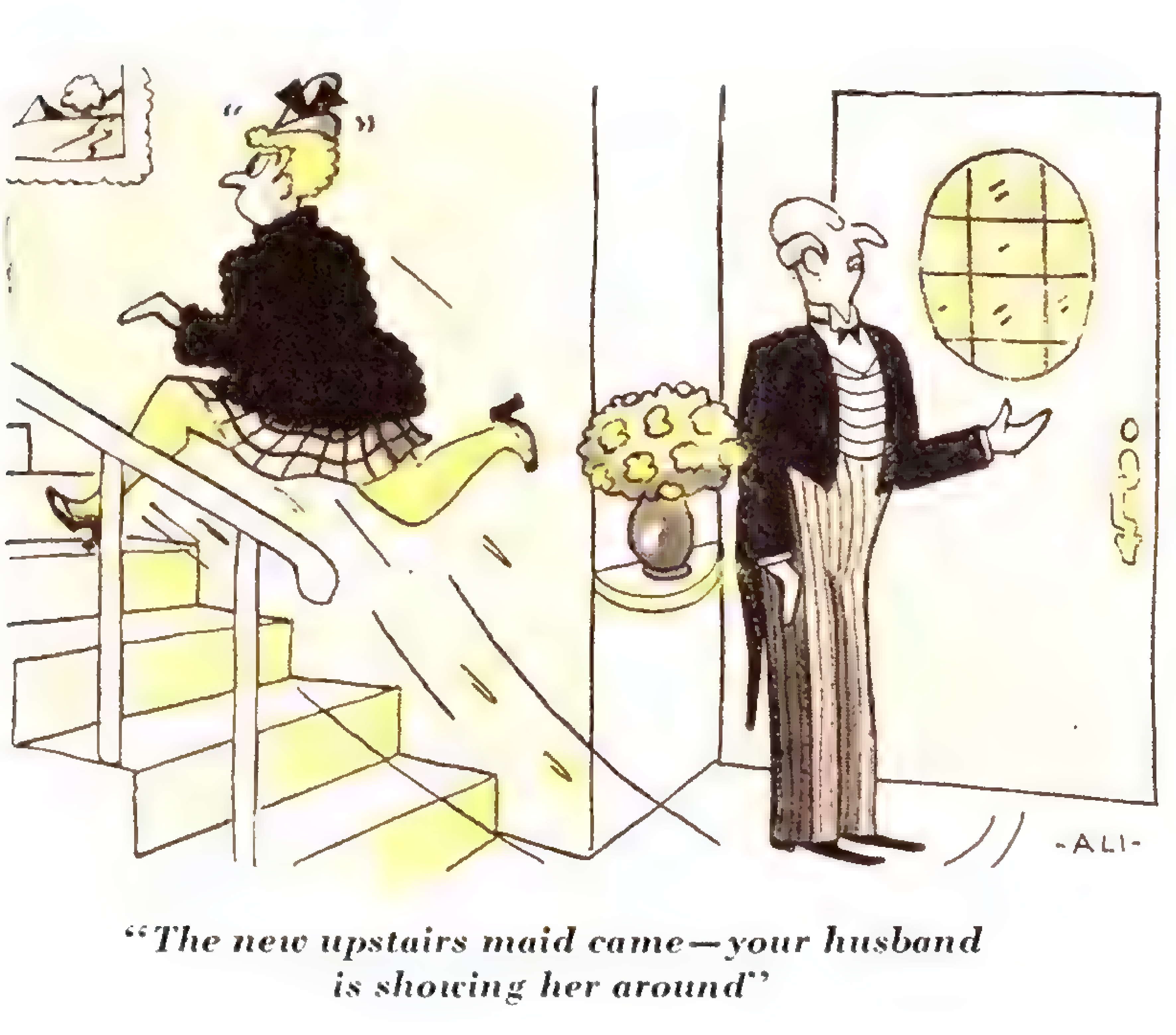
This is as it should be, for Ellington and his band are inextricably interrelated; it is by now axiomatic that Duke composes with his own individual musicians in mind to a larger extent than any other jazz writer, and that this characteristic as much as any other has maintained his reputation for eighteen years as the foremost figure in modern American music.

The story is admirably paralleled in the chapter titles, each of which is derived from an Ellington composition—*Washington Wobble*, *Flaming Youth*, *Echoes of the Jungle* (symbolizing the Carl van Vechten era of Harlemolatry), *Stepping Into Swing Society* and others equally apposite.

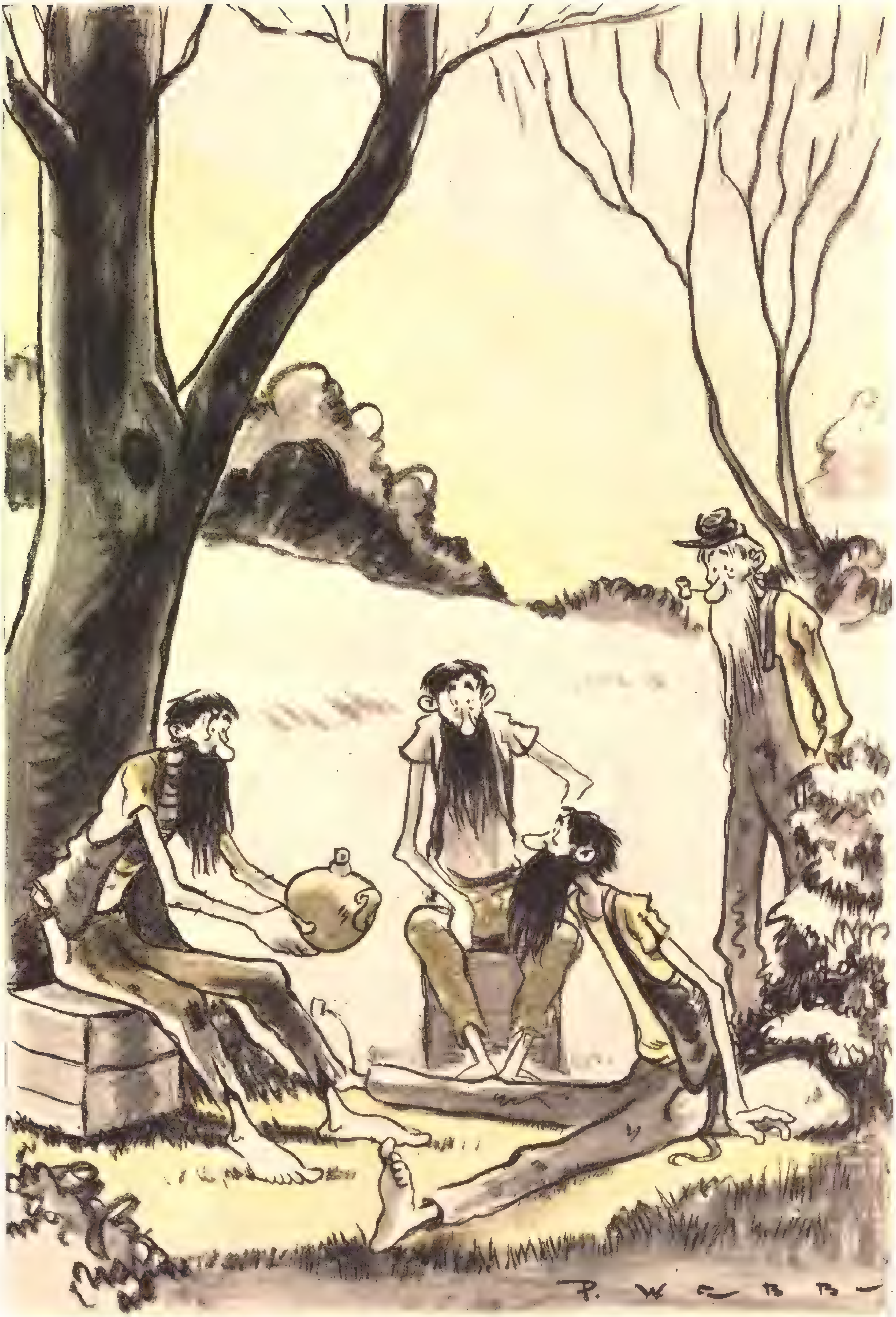
Ellington's eminence was no accident. From the start it was clear that he was born with a keen, ambitious mind, though for a while it was uncertain whether his talent would channel itself into music or painting. Even in childhood, he maintained an elegance that reflected more pride than conceit. "This," he would say as he stood at the foot of the stairs in his Washington home, "is the great, the grand, the magnificent Duke Ellington." Then he would bow. Looking up at his smiling mother and aunt, he would say, "Now applaud, applaud." And then he would run off to school.

Edward Ellington was eight when a neighbor, Zeb Green, gave him his nickname, for no better reason than that he picked one at random for all his buddies. The early chapters tell of the family and friends who influenced Duke's early career, of the True Reformers Hall where Duke's original Washingtonians took shape in 1917, one of the members being Toby Hardwick, who is with the band today.

Ellington did not have to *(Continued on page 145)*



"The new upstairs maid came—your husband is showing her around"



"Better have a quick swig, Luke—you jest set yourself down on a copperhead"

Vacationers in the South can learn about covey shooting from experienced, quail-wise gunners

The Sportsman's Yearbook: February

by WILLIAM J. SCHALDACH

FROM AN ORIGINAL DRY POINT

Mellow winter sunlight bathes the sleeping uplands of the South, transforming drab fields into living color. A gentle wind is just brisk enough to dispel the illusion of spring. Along the strip of sedge which borders a briery fence, a racing orange-ticked dog skids into a sudden stop. One step, another; then he freezes into a high-headed point. Ten yards behind, his brace-mate draws up with a backing point, honoring the find. In the tangle of grass and bramble ahead the alerted covey lies, ready to burst on thundering wings and fan out across the field. This is the grand moment!

In the Carolinas, Georgia, Mississippi, Alabama, Florida—quail shooting is now in full swing and will continue in most states through February. For the gunner there is no finer way to spend a winter holiday.

Veteran followers of bobwhite make doubles on the rising covey, and take single birds with deceptive regularity. It looks just too easy. But the beginner soon discovers that what he may know about other game birds won't apply here. For bobwhite has his own design for living and it is quite different.

Most of the alibis center around that nerve-shattering phenomenon, the covey flush. "If only I couldn't hear the damn things," one gunner said, "I might be able to shoot 'em before they are out of range." Scaring the daylights out of you is the only defense tactic that this mild looking but exceedingly gamy little bird possesses. And he will use it to advantage every time. You'll have to break it down, if you want to kill right and left with fair consistency.

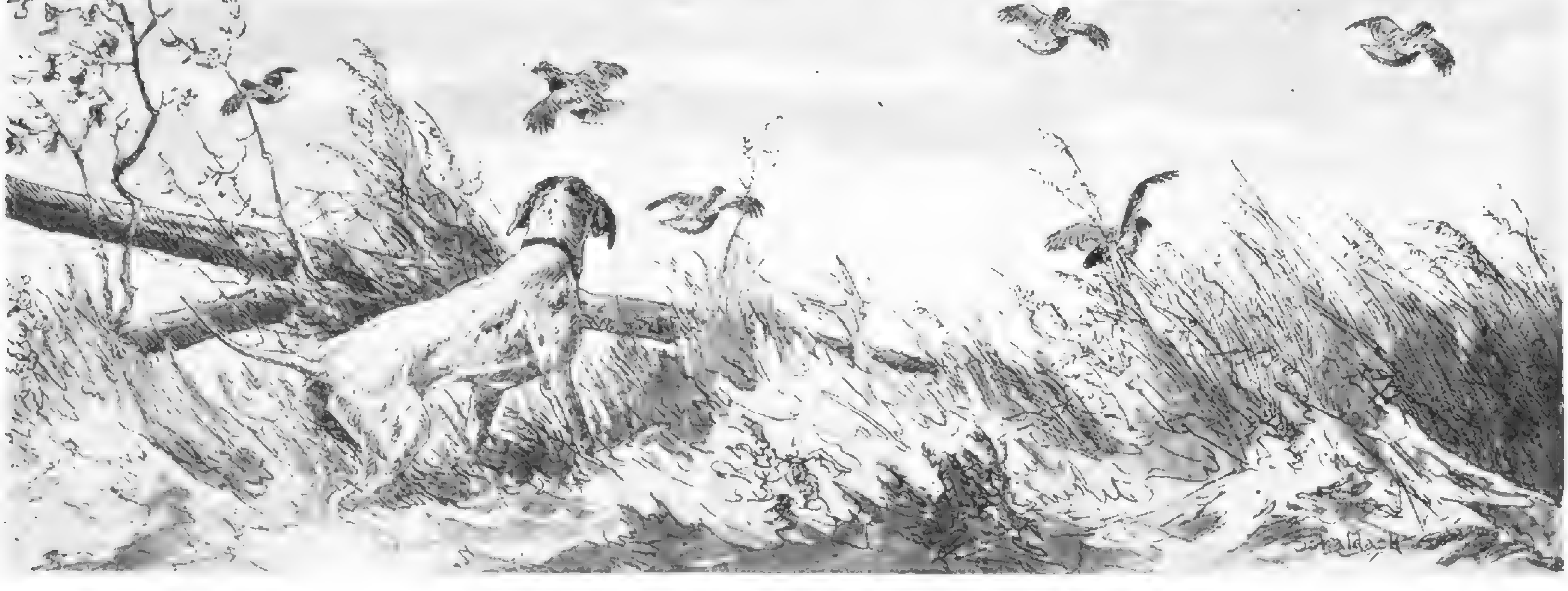
When the air is filled with the roar of fast-beating wings, the tendency is to fire two barrels at the flock as rapidly as possible. They're so thick, it is surely impossible to miss. The hell it is! The amount of space around each bird is astonishingly generous, and in most cases that is where the shot will go. Take it easy. The birds aren't traveling nearly as fast as they would have you believe. Pick your target and cover it carefully, as you would a rising woodcock or pheasant. Did you roll him? There is still time to reach out with the second barrel and take another bird; and there's your double.

Covey shooting is largely a matter of self control. Subsequent work on singles, when the birds are scattered, is much more informal. Whenever possible they will head for heavy cover, often the toughest spots, and here the seasoned northern brush gunner will be right at home. For the problem that bobwhite presents in boring out of a tangle of briers, or flicking through pine branches, is not unlike that offered by his vigorous cousin the ruffed grouse. Partridge gunners who are baffled by covey shooting sometimes show up stunningly on single's gun handling.

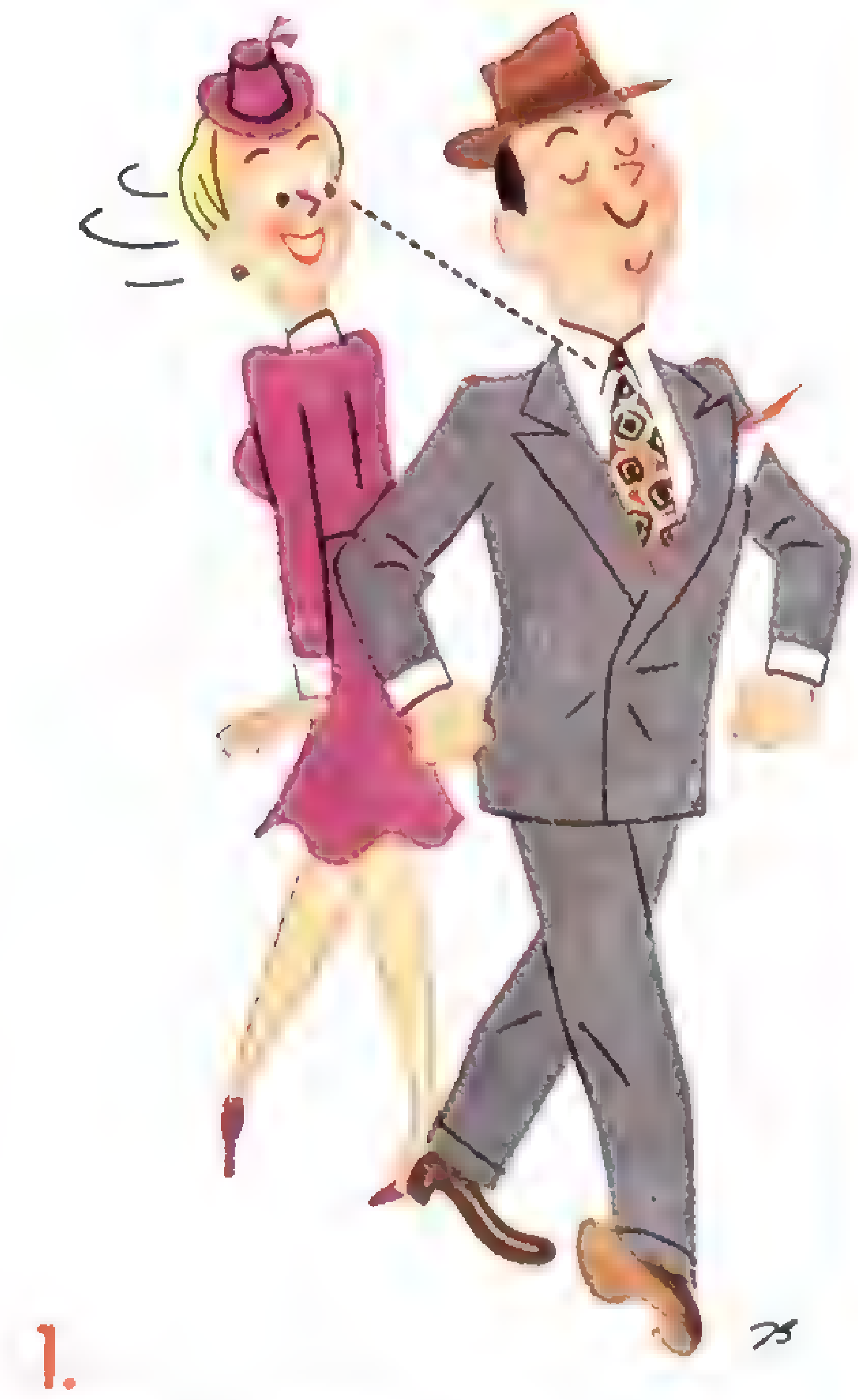
In the matter of choosing a gun it is better to avoid extremes, especially if the handler is not a particularly good shot. The average man will do better with a light 12 or a 16 bore than he will with a 20. On the other end, it is possible to be over-gunned by carrying a heavy, closely-choked fowling piece afield. Upland boring—improved cylinder and modified choke—will make a good quail gun in any of the three popular gauges. Number nine shot is the choice of most quail hunters; and express or high-speed loads should never be used. Standard field leads are entirely adequate and comfortable to shoot.

Much could be written about the habits of the quail—and has—but it is better left to the competent guide whom the newcomer will employ on his first trip. These men are bird-wise and have well-trained dogs, ready for the business of showing the visiting gunner a good time. A week or two in the company of a keen quail gunner will teach the beginner much: where birds are likely to be found at certain hours of the day and under varying weather conditions; the futility of trying to get between quail and cover, in an attempt to make birds fly in a direction where the shot will be easier; the qualities needed in practical, working gun dogs; in short, the ABC of southern field gunning.

Though the bobwhite is small, bag limits are generous, and the contents of a game coat after a successful day's shooting are sufficient for the basis of a swell party. Clean the birds at once; they won't improve with hanging. And roast them slowly until they have browned. Abjure all sauces, herbs, cooking wines and other deceitful subterfuges needed for meat of lesser eminence. For this is *food.* ⧺



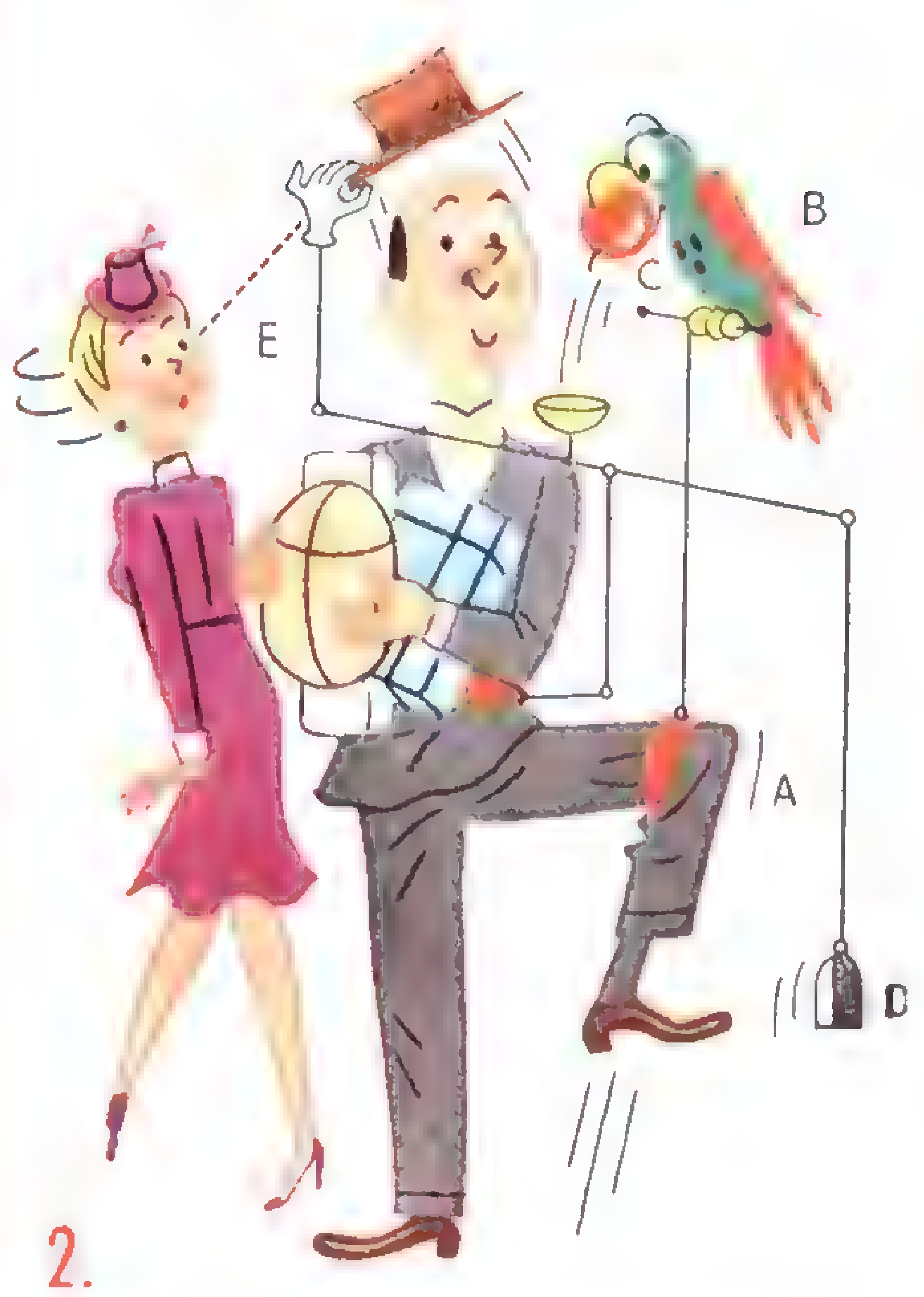
2 WAYS *(one guaranteed)* TO SNARE A SECOND GLANCE!



1.

Wear an Arrow Tie. ANY new Arrow Tie! For Arrow has pooled the limitless knowledge of its veteran Cravat Corps to give you these magnetizers! Such striking stripes! Such melodious color harmonies!

The fabrics are luxurious and long-living, and a special lining keeps them in A-1, wrinkle-defying shape. $1 up.

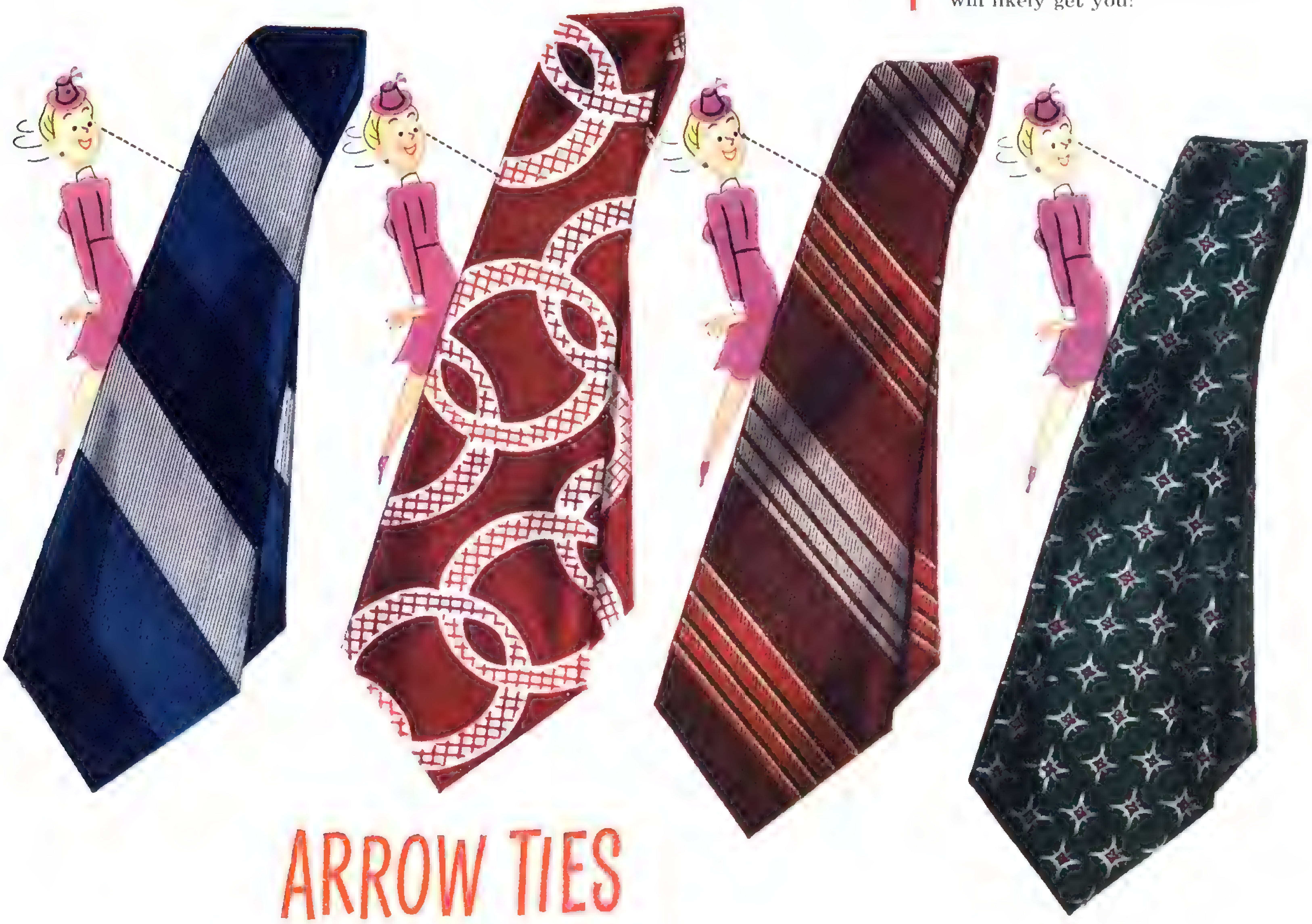


2.

Wear an "Automatic Hat-tipper." (NOT sold by Arrow.)

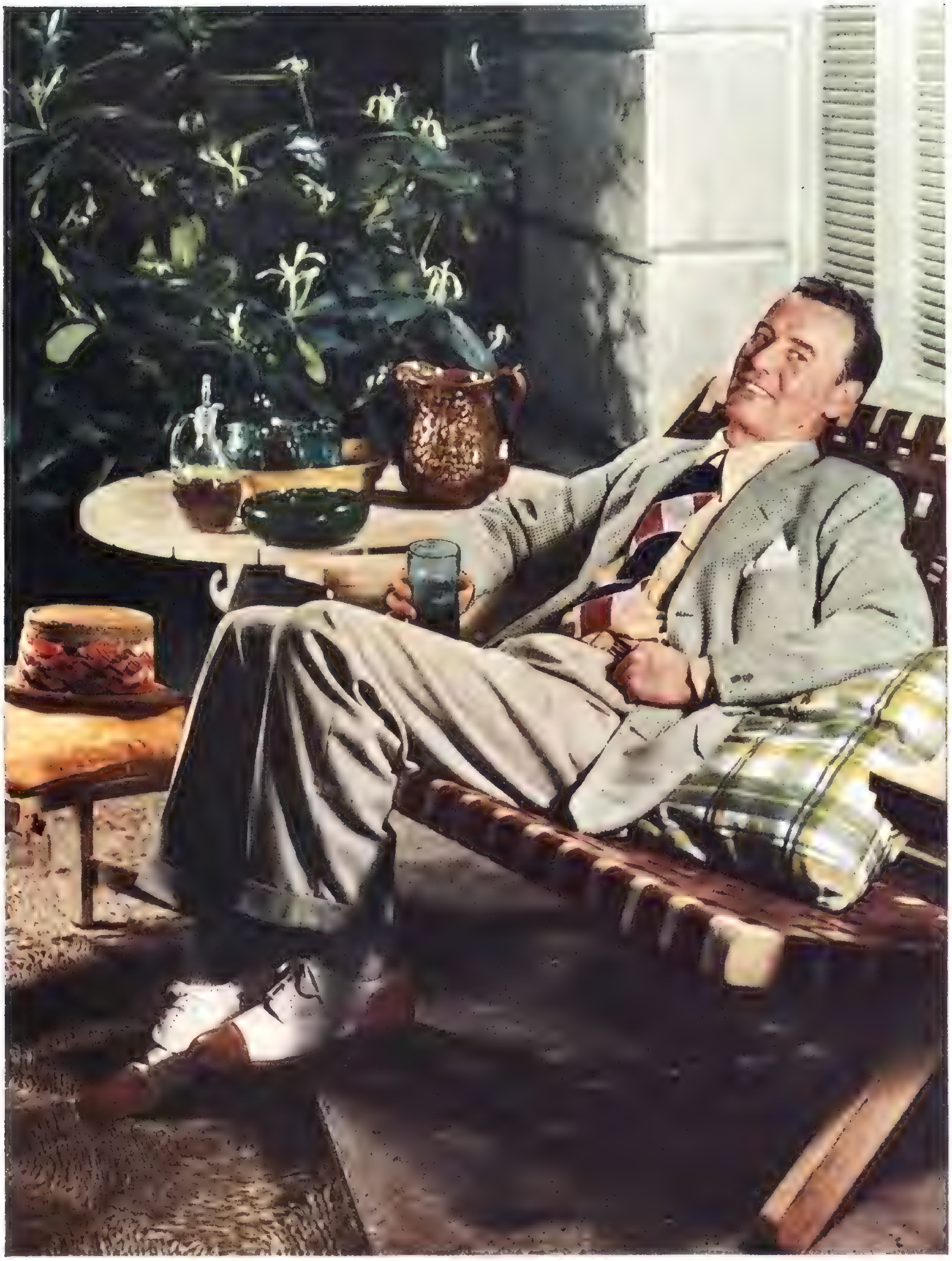
When you meet a lady, and have your arms full of bundles, you raise knee (a) which lifts parrot (b) high enough to reach apple (c). The removal of apple (c) allows weight (d) to drop, raising lever (e) and tipping hat.

NOTE: This will get you a second glance, all right, but not the kind *warm, friendly, admiring* second glance a new Arrow Tie will likely get you!



ARROW TIES

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.



AUTHENTIC
FASHIONS

REPRIEVE FROM LITTLE CARES

Lord and Taylor Setting

Stealing a winter interlude in the Southland, our hero bends his frame on a terrace divan and allows his host to press a tall one into his unresisting hand. His outfit rests as lightly on his precipitate sunburn as anything he could find. The three-button single-breasted sport jacket is made of the new lightweight tweed, which has a rugged appearance without noticeable warmth or bulk. And his slacks, in a shade that's known to the trade as biscuit, are a featherweight blend of rayon and wool. Pleasantly self-assertive are his striped ribbon belt and the foulard print tie with block check stripes. And get that plaid gingham puggree on his coconut palm hat. He's a long way from Manhattan, and he means to make the most of it.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

Three American Standbys

AFTER SHAVE LOTION
TALCUM FOR MEN
Old Spice
SHAVING SOAP
Spice
EARLY AMERICAN
Old Spice
*
SHAVING REQUISITES

Shaving comfort from start to finish:—

Shaving Soap in sturdy mug, 1.00

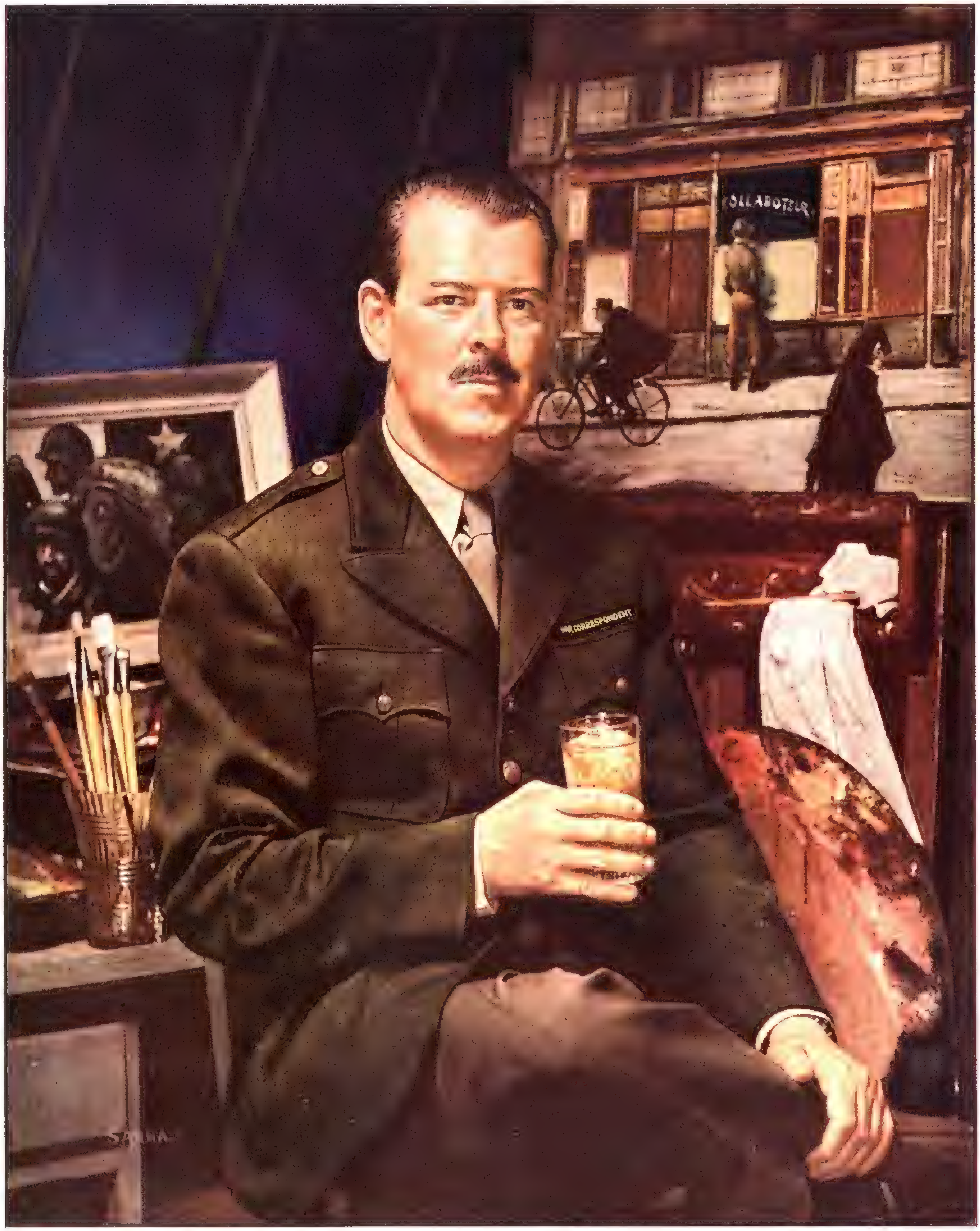
Invigorating After-Shaving Lotion, 1.00†

Soothing Talcum, .75†. †*Plus Tax* *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Each a SHULTON Original

Industrial Achievement Made America Great—Let's Keep It That Way

SHULTON, INC., ROCKEFELLER CENTER, NEW YORK



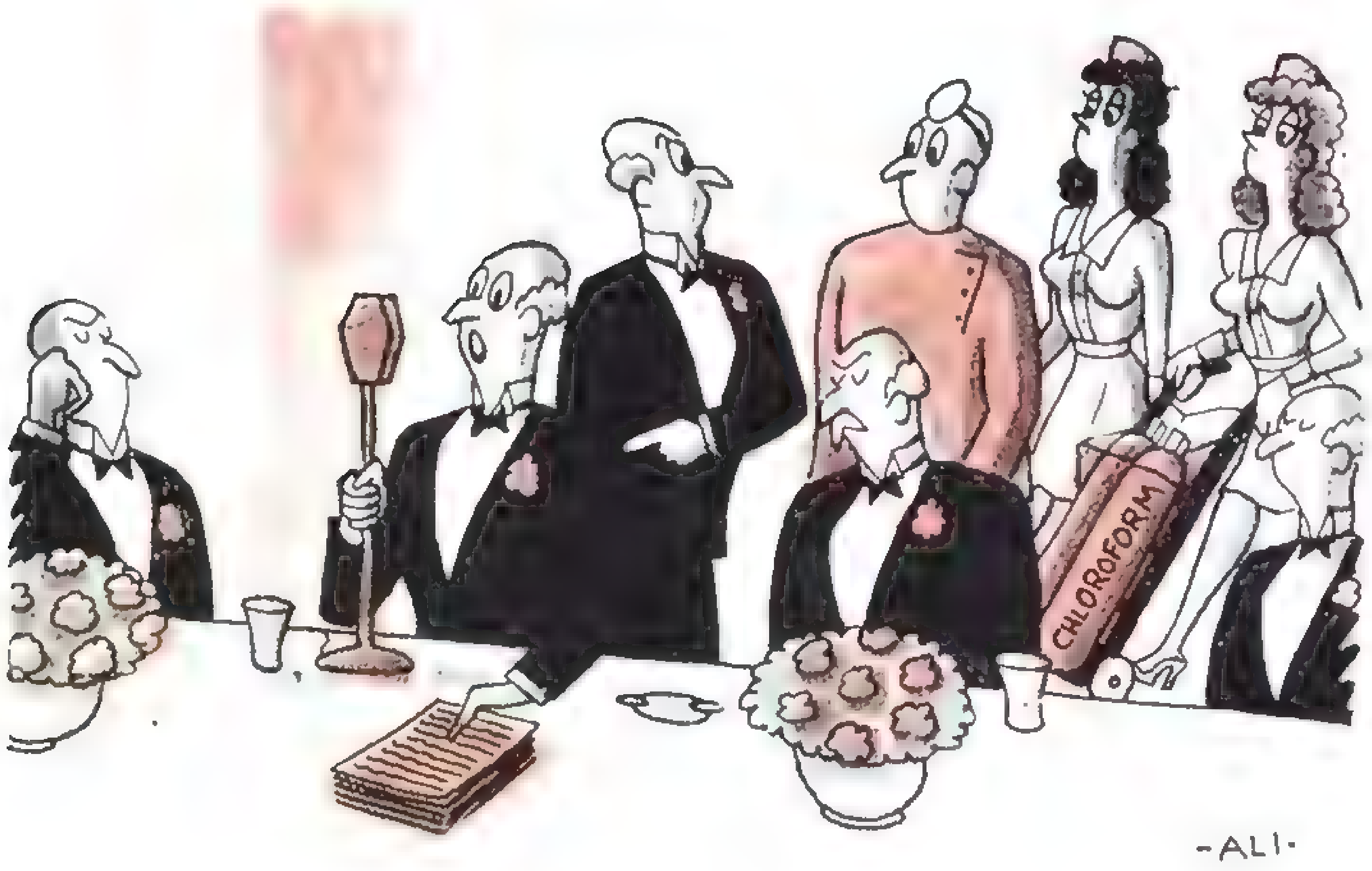
MR. FLOYD DAVIS, DISTINGUISHED ARTIST-CORRESPONDENT

For Men of Distinction... LORD CALVERT

EACH bottle of Lord Calvert is numbered and registered at the distillery. So *rare*... so *smooth*... so *mellow* is this "Custom" Blended whiskey that it has only been produced in limited quantities. For years the most expensive whiskey blended in America, Lord Calvert is intended for those who can afford the finest.

LORD CALVERT IS A "CUSTOM" BLENDED WHISKEY, 86.8 PROOF, 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., NEW YORK CITY

Going the Rounds with Esquire



-ALI-

A WELL-dressed woman walked into a bank and glanced about her with such a commanding air that the president of the bank came out to wait on her.

"Is there anything I can do for you, madam?" he inquired.

"Yes," she said, fishing an envelope and slip of paper from an alligator bag. "Sign here please, Western Union."

—*Penguinews*

•

A doctor says one million women are overweight. These, of course, are round figures.

—*The Bedside Examiner*

•

1950 definition of Japan: A rather unimportant group of Pacific islands completely surrounded by the United States Navy.

—*The Bulldozer*

•

The sudden entrance of a wife has caused many a secretary to change her position.

—*The Range Finder*

•

Voice: "How do you feel this morning?"

Second Voice: "Fine."

Voice: "I guess I have the wrong number."

—*The Transmitter*

•

Farewell to Arms

Yes, this is the day, "le jour," "der Tag,"
When I say good-bye to my barracks bag.
My discharge button on my lapel,
The world is mine and I'm feeling swell.
With my hat cocked over my portside eye
And my yellow shoes plus a bright red tie,
Oh, Ronald Colman and Lucius B.
Are a seedy couple compared to me.
My heart is light, and my hopes have soared—
The back of my hand to my Local Board.
My wagon's hitched to a distant star,
And Hershey's only a candy bar.
Let me help old people across the street,
And offer ladies my streetcar seat,
Better pinch myself, for I'm really back,
Line up and shake hands with *Mister* Black.

—*James M. Black, Jr.*

•

An Englishman returned to his home from a trip to America and was telling his friends of the odd American games.

"And they have the queerest game in the movie houses. It is called 'Ohhell' I think."

"Ohhell?" they asked, "how do they play it?"

"Well, when you go in they give you a card with a lot of numbers and during intermission a man yells out the numbers. Then someone yells 'Bingo' and everyone else yells 'Ohhell' . . ."

—*Terminal Topics*

•

1910—"Look, there's an automobile."

1930—"Look, there's a horse."

1950—"Look, there's a pedestrian!"

•

A labor-saving device is a rich wife.

•

Judge: "Have you anything to offer the court before sentence is passed on to you?"

Defendant: "No, Your Honor. I gave my last dollar to my lawyer."

—*Panacea*

•

It's an exceptional woman who goes out of a man's life without banging the door.

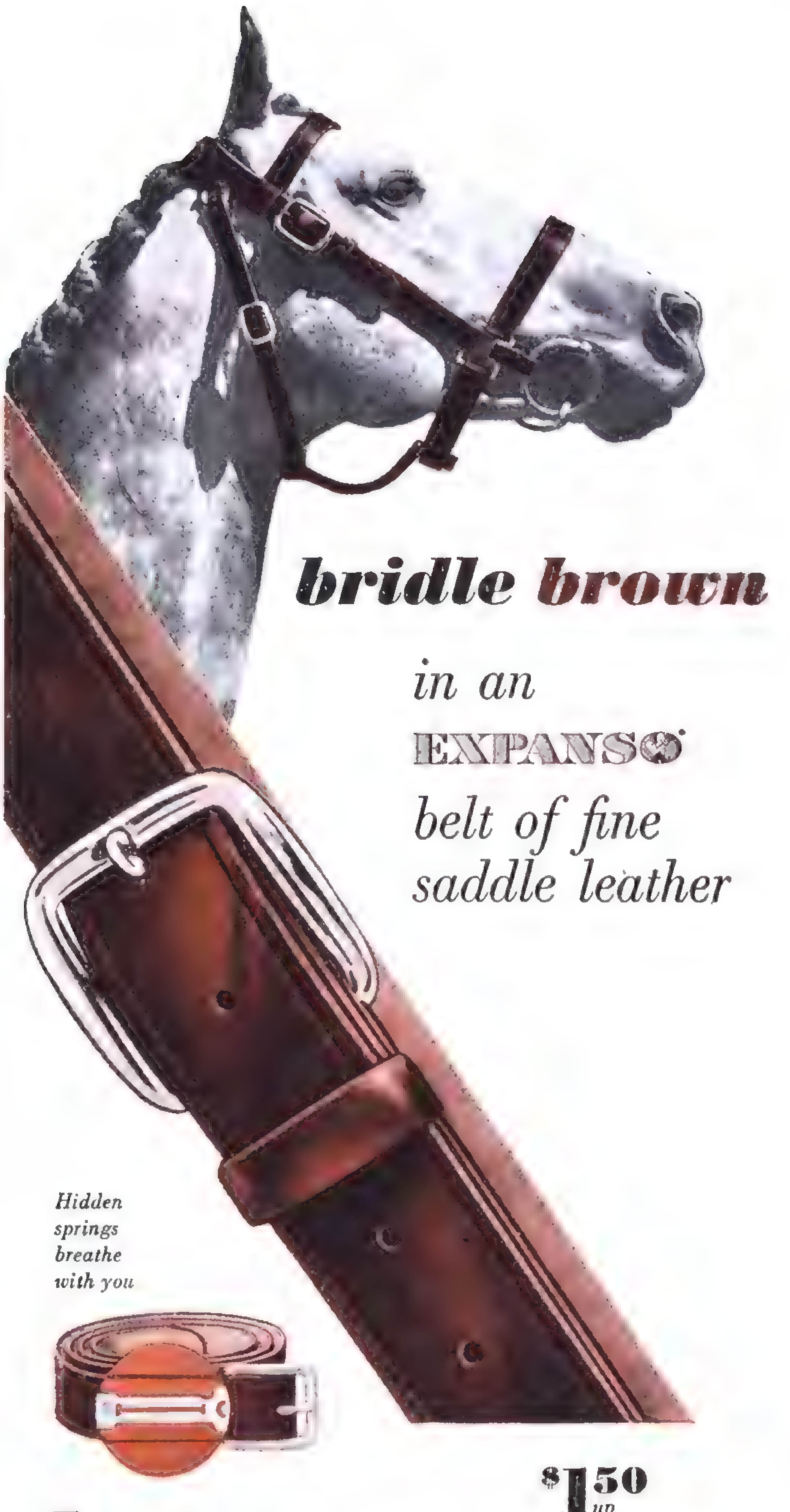
—*The Bedside Examiner*

•

Morton Thompson relates it in *Joe, the Wounded Tennis Player* (Doubleday-Doran):

I was interviewing the English novelist, Somerset Maugham, for material for my column. Toward the end of the interview he said how glad he'd be to get back to England. He had stopped in Southern California for only a few days. He had come miles out of his way to make this stopover, and he made it only because he wanted to buy in Los Angeles a large quantity of an expensive and special California poppy seed, a flower of which he was very

Continued on page 110



$1.50 up
at leading men's stores

EXPANSO Bridle Belts were scarce while Uncle Sam needed fine leathers, but now they are back in striking new shades of Bridle Brown, Suntan, and Natural. They're long-wearing belts because they're made of one solid strip of smooth topgrain cowhide; they're the most comfortable, because of the hidden **EXPANSO** springs that breathe as you breathe. Also available in the familiar black and brown, in sizes up to and including 44.

It's Smart to Wear
EXPANSO*
BELTS • SUSPENDERS • GARTERS • SHORTS
for ACTION POINT Comfort

KNOTHE BROS. CO., INC., 24 WEST 40th STREET, NEW YORK 18, N. Y.
*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. 357542. Pat. No. 2137796

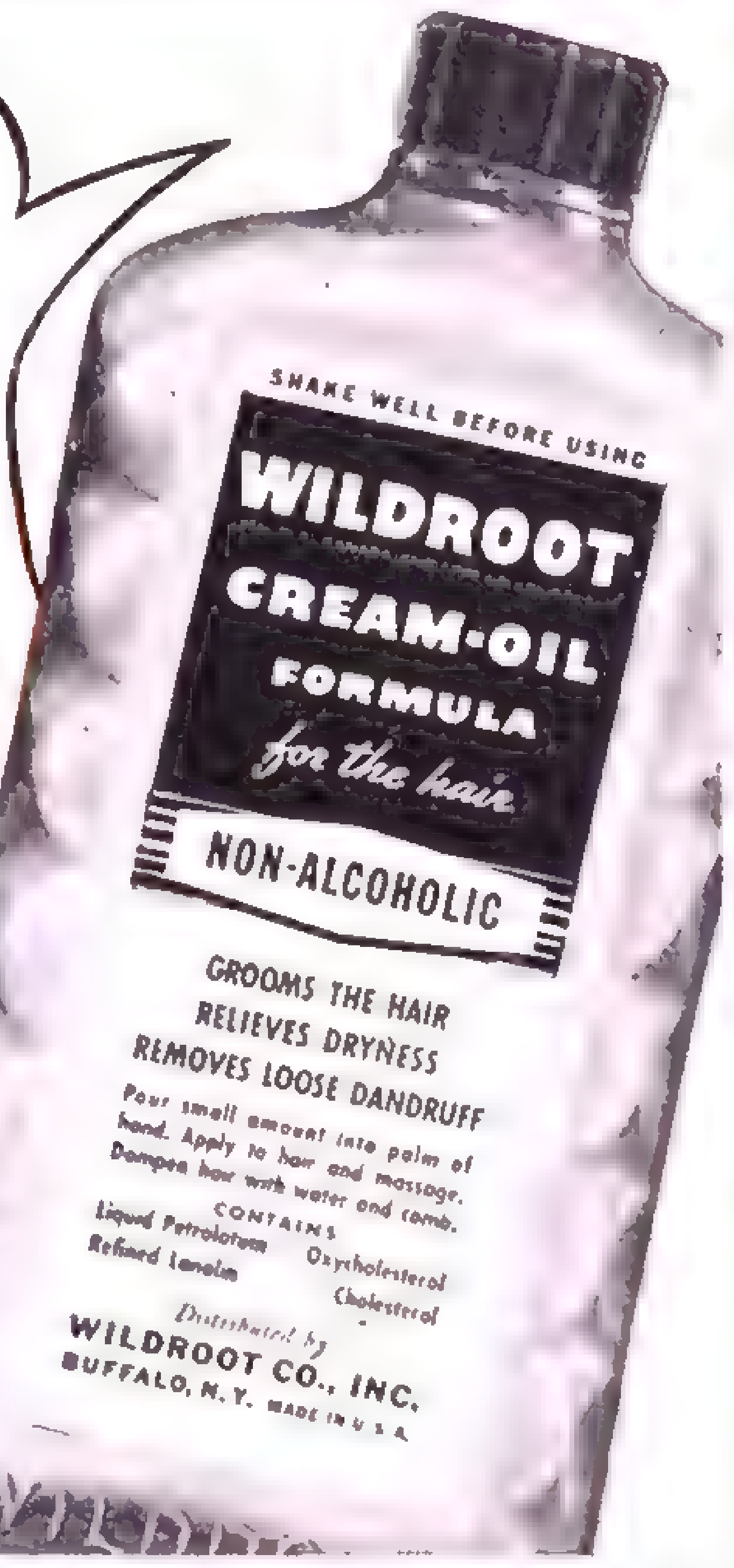
CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE "Finger Nail (F-N) Test?"

1 It's F-N, the test for men! Scratch your head and see if the famous F-N test reveals signs of dryness or loose, ugly dandruff. If so, you need new Wildroot Cream-Oil Formula. Grooms, relieves dryness, removes loose dandruff! Buy the large size for greater economy.

YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK LIKE THIS WITH NEW WILDROOT CREAM-OIL

2 Only a little Wildroot Cream-Oil can do a big job for your hair. Keeps your hair well groomed all day long without a trace of that greasy, plastered down look! Your hair looks good and feels good!

NON-ALCOHOLIC CONTAINS LANOLIN! GROOMS THE HAIR RELIEVES DRYNESS REMOVES LOOSE DANDRUFF



LANOLIN is an oil resembling the natural oil of the human skin! No wonder 4 out of 5 users in a nation-wide test preferred Wildroot Cream-Oil to other hair tonics. Get it today from your barber or drug counter.

IMPORTANT: *Smart women use Wildroot Cream-Oil for quick grooming, and to relieve dryness. Also excellent for training children's hair!*

CREAM-OIL CHARLIE SAYS:

TUNE IN: THE WOODY HERMAN SHOW every Saturday on 183 ABC (Blue) Network Stations . . . 8:00 P.M. (EST)

Going the Rounds with Esquire

Continued from page 109

fond. He had been buying these seeds from this particular man for many years.

I saw a story in that for the city desk, so I got the nurseryman's name. But before I turned the name in I dialed the nurseryman; I asked him about the poppy seed, and what kind of flowers it grew, and why Mr. Maugham stopped off for it and went thousands of miles out of his way for it, and what color was it, and how big did it grow, and how much an ounce.

He remembered Mr. Maugham very well. Said he was an old customer. Been buying the same poppy seed for years. The poppy was a beauty. Expensive, of course. The reason it was expensive was the seed had to be sent all the way from Mr. Maugham's England. That's where they grew them. Grew twice as big and twice as pretty over in England, so they raised them and sent the seed five thousand miles back to California.

—*Morton Thompson*

•

She: "Do short skirts make women look shorter?"

He: "No, but they make men look longer."

—*The Gunner*

•

Lines to an Absent Husband

My dear, the house is spick
and span
Since you are gone, untidy man.
No neckties dangling from a
chair,
No muddy footprints on the stair.
My ash trays, I am proud to
state,
Are every one immaculate;
And when I dash upstairs to
scrub,
There is no ring around the tub.
No socks left lying on the floor,
No shorts hung on the bathroom
door!

This is the way a house should be,
I've always said—but, well, you
see,
The clock has stopped;
I can't persuade it
To run the way you always
made it.
The door to the garage won't
work,
And now the percolator won't
perc.
My kitchen knives are dull as
care,
Without your expert touch, and
there
Is no one to praise my lemon
pies
Or comfort me with soothing lies,
Such as "Of course, you're not
too fat!"

A house, I find, though spick
and span
Is not much fun without a man!

—*The N.O.T.S. Rocketeer*

•

At a Price

The two old schoolmates were having a reunion, one visiting the other at his home, according to Philip Beaton.

The visitor discovered at once that his host was the father of three very wild children. One child was ripping the stuffing out of a divan. A second was driving nails into the floor. The third had pushed a tray of glasses from a table to the floor.

Bewildered, the visitor pointed to the child who was driving nails.

"I say, old fellow," he said to his friend, "don't you find that rather expensive as a pastime for a child?"

The host smiled in a paternal way.

"Not at all," he said, "I get the nails wholesale."

—*Philip Beaton*

•

"I can't stand dumb women."

"Aha! A woman hater!"

—*Neptune*

•

Widow: A woman who no longer finds fault with her husband.

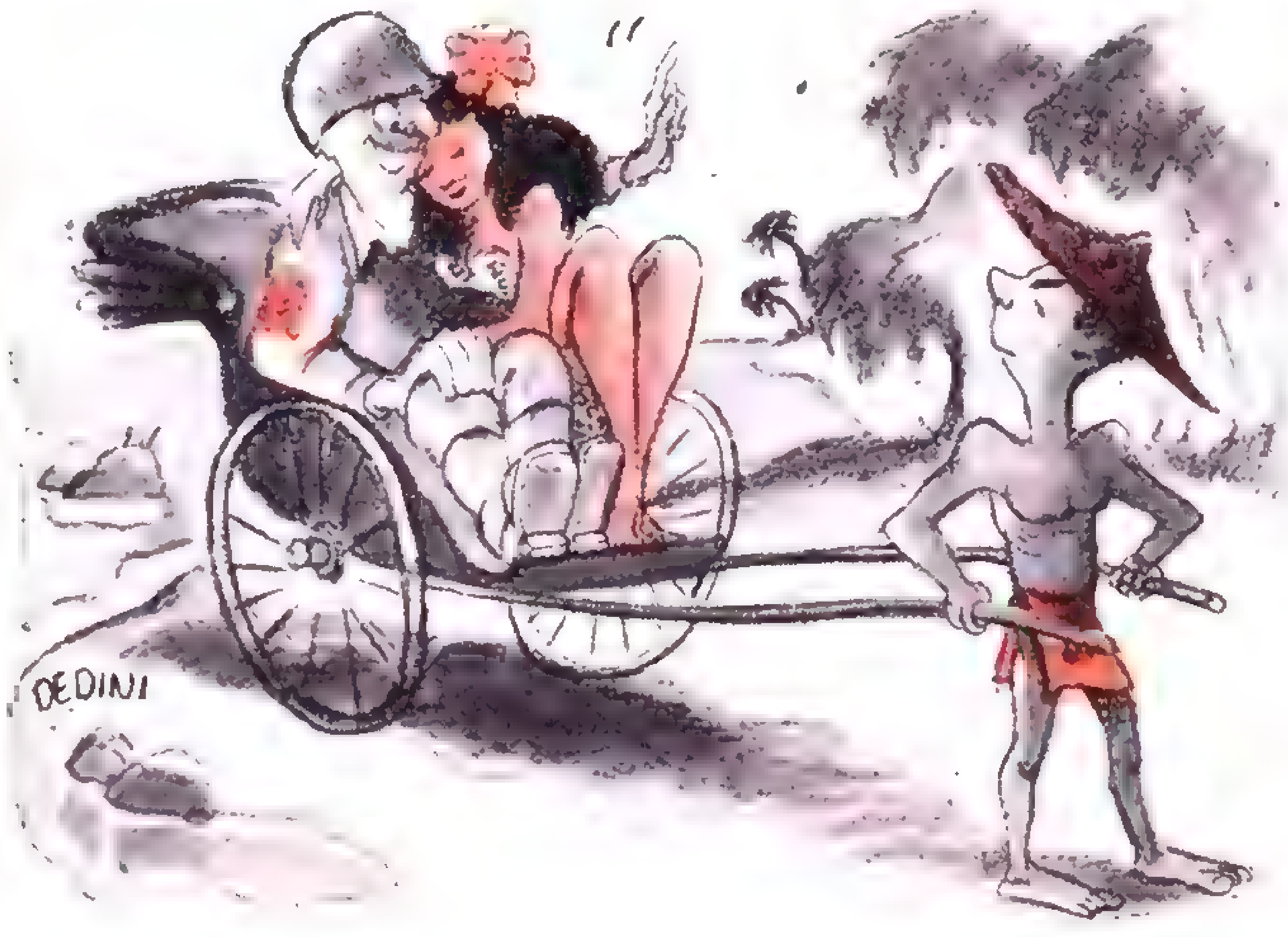
—*Camp Howze Howitzer*

•

Mrs. Shyster: "Did you get the Smith estate settled up all right?"

Mr. Shyster: "Yes, finally. But I had a hard fight. Why do you know, darling, the heirs almost got part of it."

—*Camp Howze Howitzer*



"Once around the island"

men who know their business

wear YALE *Whites*

Ralph Bellamy

Star of the Broadway Hit "State of the Union", says, "In my profession, a busy man sometimes has to work with people, or meet people in his shirt sleeves . . . that's why I wear Whites . . . they always look "right."

YALE . . the SHIRT of the year

Men who know the importance of appearance . . . wear, and swear by YALE WHITES. These are the men who insist that a shirt must look as fresh and crisp in the evening as it did the moment they put it on. Experience the "feel" of a quality shirt today. Step into your favorite store and see what YALE offers in a superior white shirt. Features that include: wrinkle free collar with true points . . . full cut and form fitting to give you that "custom look." Every YALE White is sanforized shrunk.

GUARANTEED for ONE year

YALE SHIRT COMPANY • 1239 Broadway, New York 1, N. Y. • *Since 1895*

HEARTS AND Flowers-by-Wire for GINNY SIMMS!

Ginny was in Hollywood on Valentine's Day—so her husband remembered her the most beautiful way of all—with flowers-by-telegraph.

All my Love
every day
Bob

In any event—wire Flowers

FOR BIRTHDAYS, HOLIDAYS, ANNIVERSARIES—FLOWERS-BY-WIRE

As an example, you can send a $5.00 bouquet from Detroit to

PLACE		Price of FLOWERS	+	As Cost of WIRE
BOSTON	for	$5.00	+	53¢
PENSACOLA	"	"	"	60¢
EL PASO	"	"	"	63¢
DAVENPORT	"	"	"	53¢
SAN DIEGO	"	"	"	63¢
BOISE	"	"	"	63¢
LEXINGTON	"	"	"	44¢

NOTE: These are just a few examples of how reasonable it is to send flowers by wire

Just follow these 3 simple steps:

1. Go to any florist with the Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association seal on his window.
2. Tell him kind of flowers and amount you wish to spend.
3. He does the rest! He wires your order and message for card to FTD florist in other town—who then delivers the flowers.

It's *easy*—just be sure florist has FTD seal (shown at left) on his window.

FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY ASSOCIATION
484 East Grand Boulevard, Detroit 7, Michigan

Up in the Cellar

Wine may be berthed in a spare closet or a converted commode

by LAWTON MACKALL

THOMAS JEFFERSON, in designing Monticello's facilities for the fuller life, devised connections between dining room and wine cellar by means of a pair of small dumb-waiters—his invention—installed in the two sides of the dining-room fireplace. Guides who show pilgrims through this mansion explain that one was for fulls coming up and the other for empties going down. Though idle since Monticello became a shrine, these conveyors and the caverns underneath, are a founding father's hints to home planners today, reminding them to provide houseroom for bottlewares.

Any nook, cupboard, or cubbyhole on any floor will do, so long as it isn't too close to furnace or pipes thereof, nor exposed to freezing; and even these disqualifications can be remedied by lining with insulating material such as wallboard. The Yale Club in New York City, a building which stands on stilts over Grand Central trackage, has its wine cellars on the nineteenth floor, and no member ever gripes at the lack of dust and cobwebs on a bottle served him. For that matter, all the famous hotels and restaurants of Park Avenue in the upper Forties and Fifties, are similarly stilt-perched and do their cellaring aloft.

It was not always thus. In the Old World and in olden-time America a cellar *had* to be deep, dank and dim, for it contained wines and liquors in casks and barrels. The drier the atmosphere, the greater the depletion by evaporation, technically known as ullage; hence the usefulness of dampness as a "slower upper" and guardian against the spoilage that too big a head of air would cause. Vintners lick this ullage problem by filling up from time to time as a matter of routine; they have the resources to juggle with.

Today we let the maker do the making and maturing, and we do the drinking. Our cellar, located wherever we wish it to be, is a hobby, a these-are-my-jewels collection. Its triumph is its functionalism—the damn thing really works. That is to say:

1. It berths table wines (claret, burgundy, sauterne, chablis, Rhine types, etc.) lying down horizontally or, if you're a stickler, with their bottoms slightly upped. Either position keeps corks moist and airtight, which is crucial. Screwcapped bottles don't require this precaution.

2. It does the honors by champagne, sparkling burgundy and other bubblies, in similar moist-cork style. Grand tier or parterre box is where these belong; non-bubblies, especially the reds, can bunk higher where it's warmer.

3. It provides standee accommodations for sherries, sweet and dry vermouth, Dubonnet and other aperitifs; ports, Madeiras, muscatels and other "desserts" and "occasionals;" judicious selection of Scotch, Canadian and American whiskies; esteemed brandies; white, golden, and opulent-bouquet rum; gin of choice; colorful assorted liqueurs in their distinctive bottles and juglets; ready-mixed cocktails; spare bottles of grenadine, bitters, etc. Bin ceilings are high enough to permit extraction of any standee without disastering its neighbors.

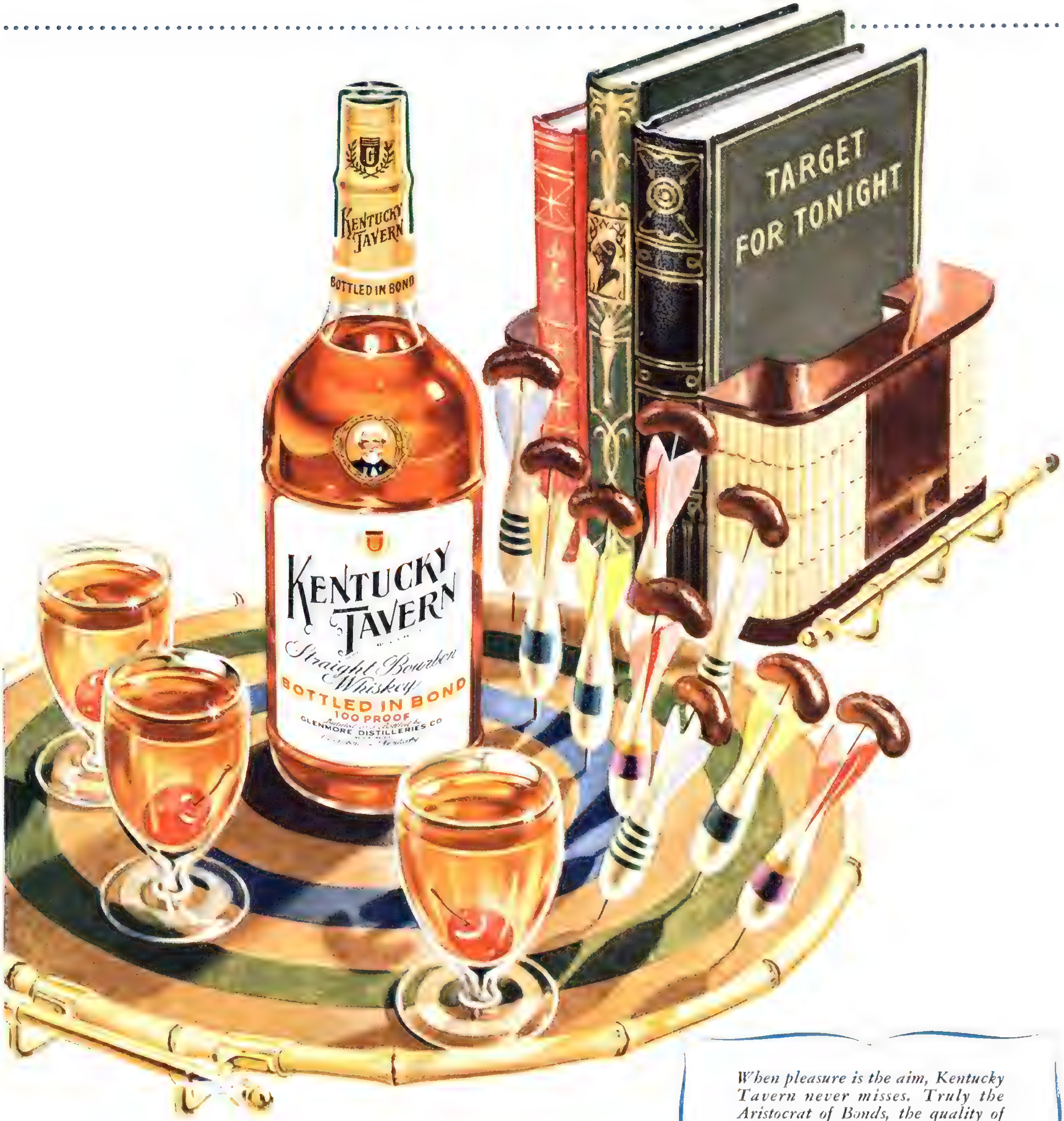
4. It shields wines from sunlight, settles any sediment, and confers age improvements, particularly in the reds, which reach their peak sooner than the whites do. Ruddy port will go on improving in bottle for twenty years.

5. It has a trusty lock on it. The other key is in the possession of the Little Woman so she can borrow cookery-enliveners.

My cellar, for instance, is a simple two-door job of plywood. But don't get me started on it. Let's talk about coat closets. A coat closet is a natural for cellarization. It generally has a hat shelf, all set for stand-up bottles, and below this it's a cinch to rig lie-down accommodations in the form of racks made out of scalloped molding which you can get by the foot from your local lumber yard: front crosspiece cradles necks of bottles, rear one sustains sterns. Further below can be additional shelves, bins, or parking places for cartons stood on their sides, bottlenecks outward.

Waste space under basement stairs has gladsome potentialities; enclosed and equipped it becomes the hutch where Father likes to hover. Kitchens and pantries yield sites for tidy repositories. Bookcases old and new give Sir Walter Scott his dispossess notice in favor of a row of Scotch, and welcome wines into their binbosoms, divided up with diagonals or maybe even boasting honeycombs—stainless metal or wood "bottleholes" in close formation. A mere secondhand chest of drawers, each drawer outfitted with scallops, can play cellar cheerily in quarters where space is scarce. When it comes to that dream castle on the horizon, the plans of which are already being sketched on tablecloths, nothing short of a room unto itself is discussible—a cellar upon whose threshold a corkscrew would swoon. #

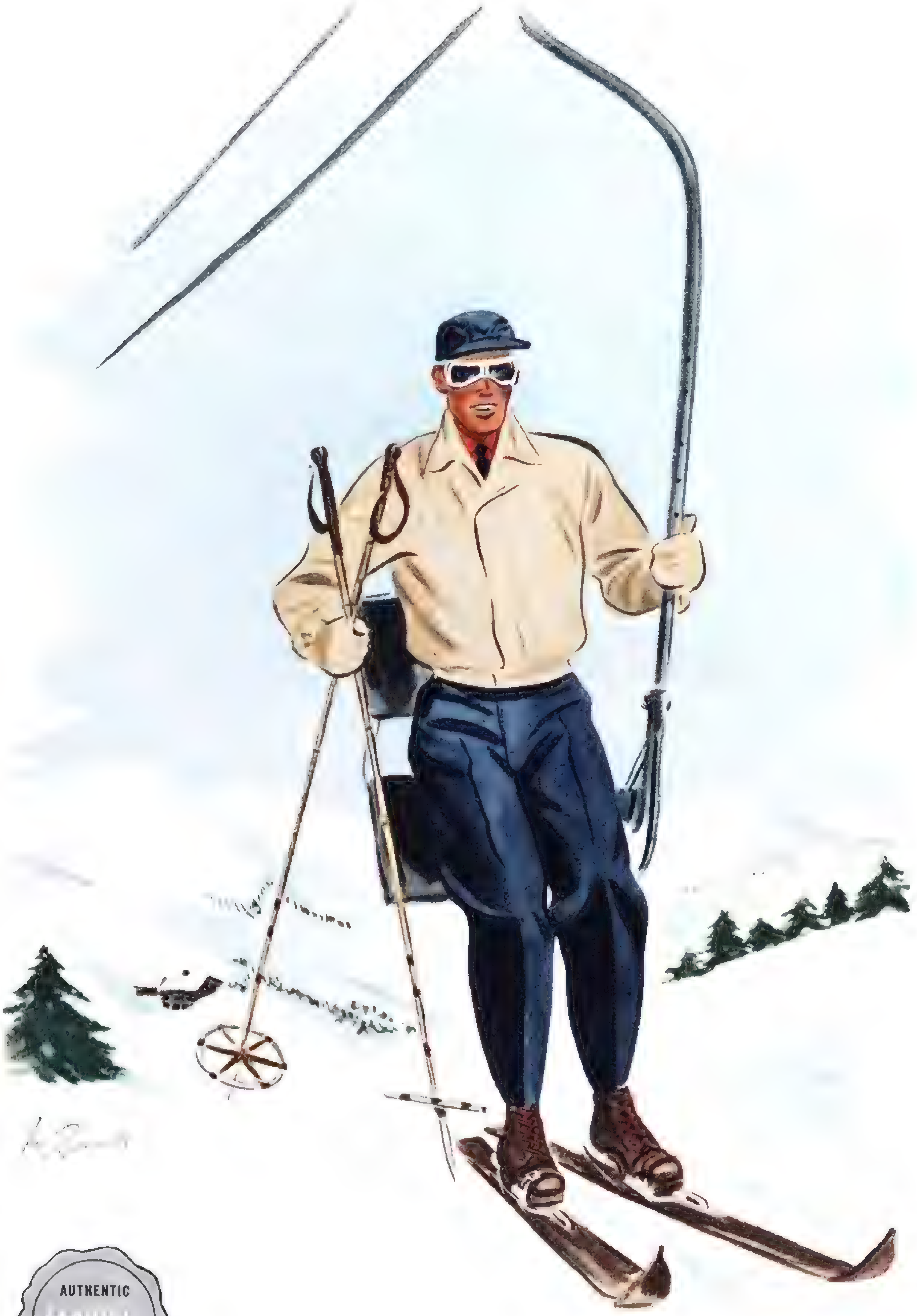
The Aristocrat of Bonds


G
KENTUCKY TAVERN
BOTTLED IN BOND
KENTUCKY TAVERN
Straight Bourbon Whiskey
BOTTLED IN BOND
100 PROOF
GLENMORE DISTILLERIES CO
TARGET FOR TONIGHT

When pleasure is the aim, Kentucky Tavern never misses. Truly the Aristocrat of Bonds, the quality of Kentucky Tavern has been the obligation of one family whose knowledge of fine whiskey making has been a tradition for 75 years.

©1945
Glenmore Distilleries Company,
Incorporated
Louisville, Kentucky

THERE'S ONLY ONE BETTER BUY IN BONDS... *SAVINGS BONDS!*



AUTHENTIC
ESQUIRE
FASHIONS

OVER THE HILLS AND FAR

Drawing by Runnette

This momentarily passive sportsman has reached the summit the easy way, but there's real adventure before him. He'll soon skim over the snow, taking the turns Parallel or Snowplow, depending on his school of skiing. He is geared for action; his processed cotton jacket has plenty of underarm fullness and the gabardine ski pants are ample at the knees and hips. Wind resistance is minimized by a fly-front closure on the jacket and gauntlet mittens that extend over the sleeves. Come snow or blow, the cap has inside flaps that fit snugly over the ears and a convertible collar on the jacket turns up for added warmth. His processed cotton mitts feature leather palms that allow a firm grip on the poles. Cable bindings fasten the blucher-front ski boots.

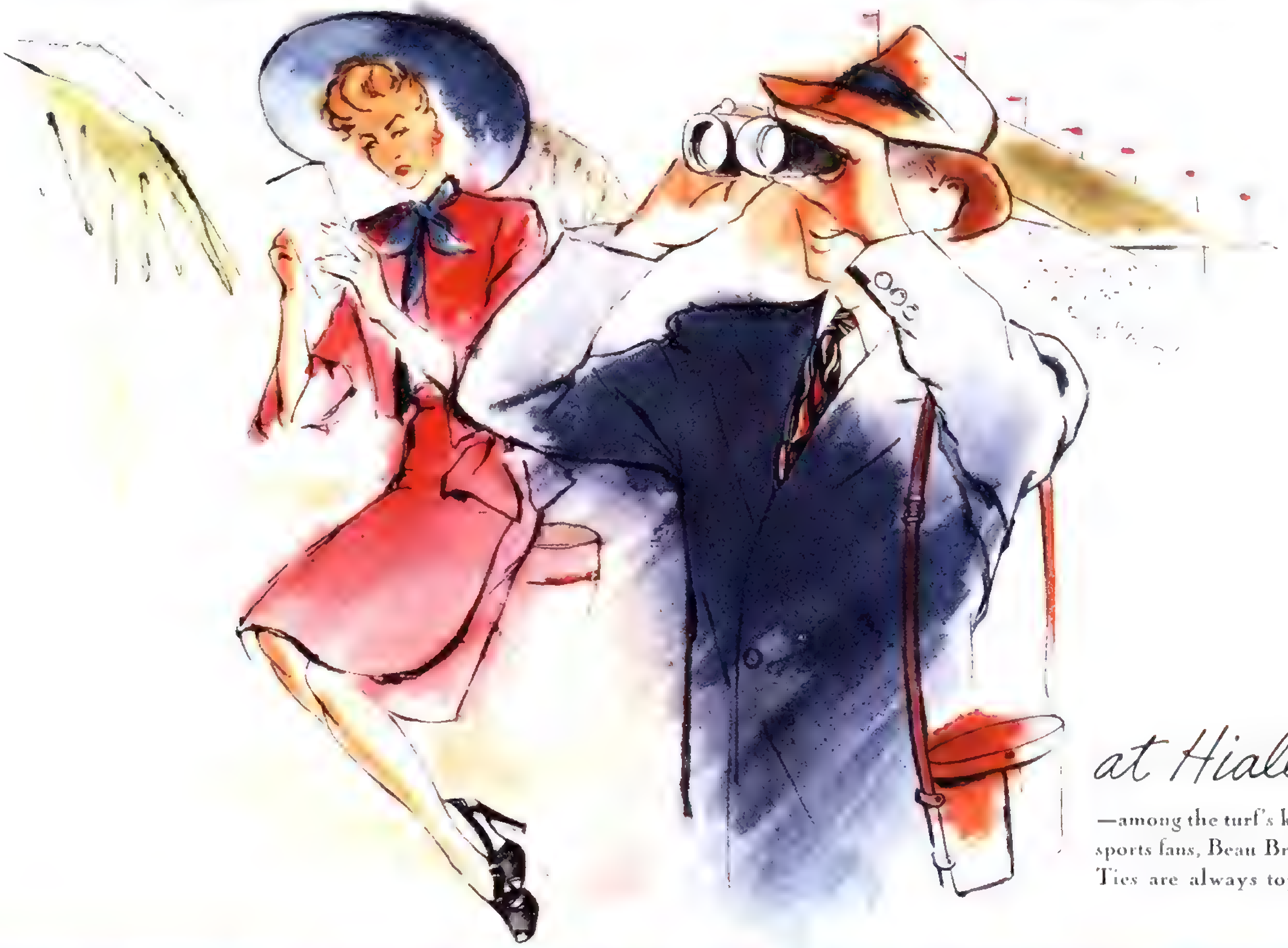
(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

SHOES BY *Delman*

Discerning women consistently choose Delman shoes for fine workmanship and exquisite styling.

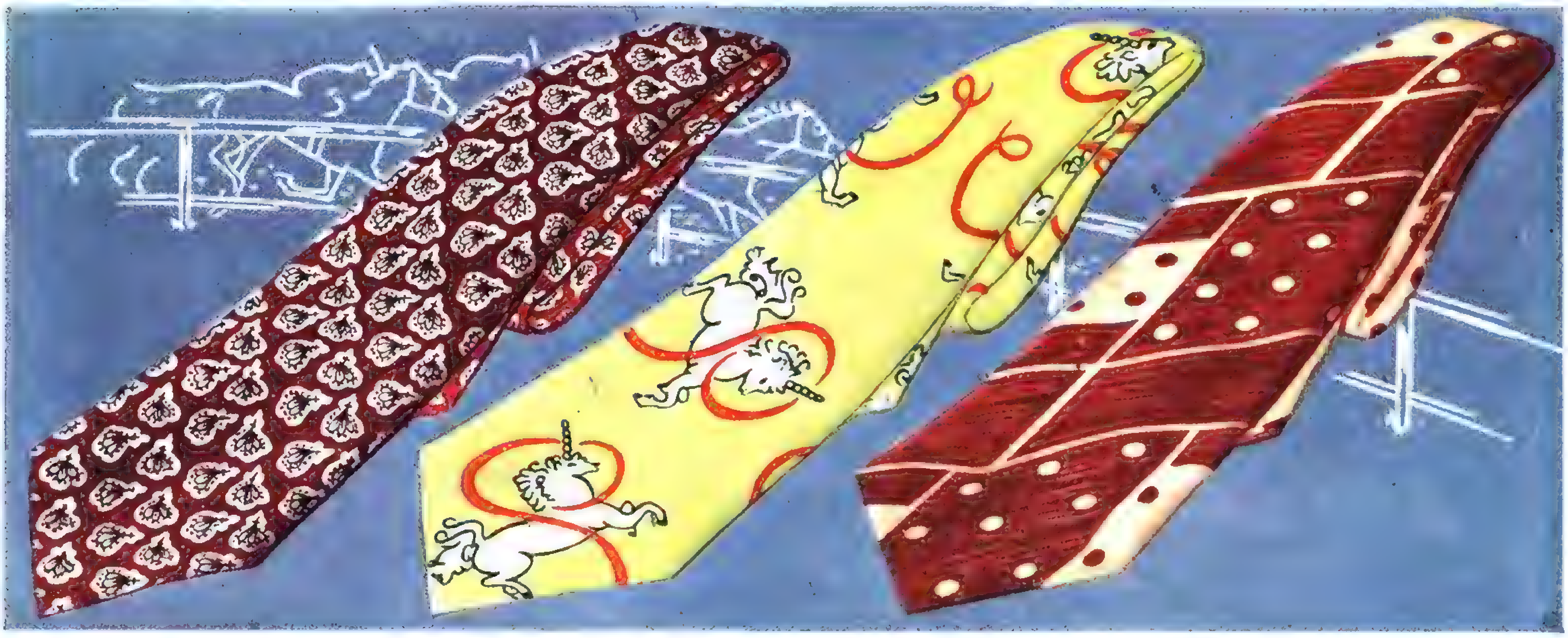
TIES BY *Beau Brummell*

Aptly-styled accessories to your resort wardrobe—setting a pace of enviable smartness.



at Hialeah

—among the turf's knowing sports fans, Beau Brummell Ties are always top form.

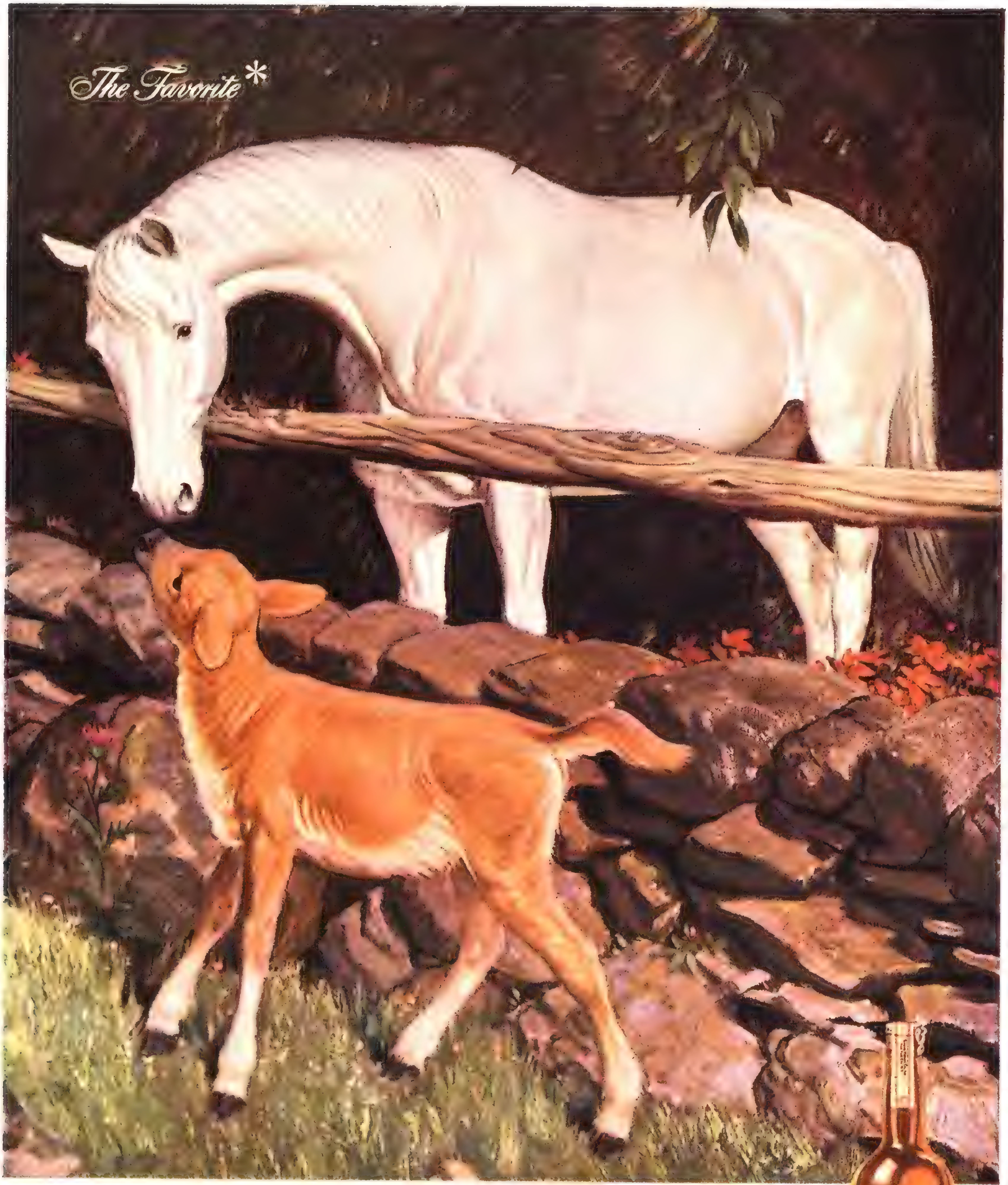


Fashion unerringly follows the lead of Beau Brummell Ties. Choose them with confident knowledge that they harmonize perfectly, not only with your wardrobe, but with the dictates of fine fashion. At better men's shops and department stores. One to ten dollars.

AS "BEAU BRUMMELL TIES" GO . . . SO GOES THE FASHION

all America is saying BEAU BRUMMELL Ties the best

Beau Brummell Ties



The years have been kind to White Horse. They have schooled experts in the art of blending the choicest whiskies to the peak of their flavor goodness. And down the long years the fame of White Horse has spread from Edinburgh around the world. That's why *everybody likes White Horse!*

86.6 Proof. Browne-Vintners Co., Inc., New York, Sole Distributors

* EVERYBODY LIKES

WHITE HORSE

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

ESTABLISHED 1740

© 1946 BROWNE-VINTNERS CO., INC., N.Y.

Man the Kitchenette

On the virtues of that spawn of the Volga sturgeon: caviar

by **ILES BRODY**

EDUCATION of the American palate to appreciate caviar must start without delay, since there are persistent rumors that the Russians, who control the world's caviar market, are going to cut its price and make it available to the masses. Up to now, only the very rich could afford as an appetizer a spoonful of the small, dark sturgeon eggs, for a pound of fresh Beluga, the best kind costs around twenty dollars retail.

Caviar is best when no other flavor disguises its peculiarly sweet and pungent, slightly salty and pleasantly fishy perfume. A real gourmet spreads his caviar on extremely thin buttered black bread, called *tartine* by the French, and doesn't even squeeze a drop of lemon on top. When tasting Beluga this way for the first time in your life, you might make a wry face and say that the flavor reminds you of your childhood cod-liver-oil with a little salt added. But after you've swallowed the second mouthful of caviar *tartine*, you'll enthusiastically agree that this is the greatest delicacy in the world of edibles.

Russians have actually always preferred pressed caviar to the fresh kind, because it has better flavor, a more interesting consistency, and is much cheaper.

You probably know that only the sturgeon yields real caviar. The so-called "red caviar" is merely salmon eggs, and much inferior in both flavor and consistency. There are a few fish whose eggs are processed for "caviar," such as the spoonbill catfish, the whitefish, the shad, or the mullet; but in order to give their eggs a dark color, they are artificially dyed with charcoal powder or burned sugar.

The majority of the finest caviar-yielding sturgeon exist in the deepest, coldest waters of the Caspian Sea. In the spring, when the sturgeon is ready to spawn, it swims to the mouth of the Volga River, where this usually gamy fish falls an easy victim. Sometimes a single fishing station—and there are many near the Volga's mouth—catches ten thousand sturgeon during a week's migration. You can imagine how much this amounts to when I tell you that each fish may weigh as much as two hundred pounds, and one specimen, the *acipenser huso*, weighs two thousand pounds.

Caviar processing must start immediately after the fish is brought aboard ship. The eggs are taken from the fish while it is still alive, are placed on a sieve, and freed from the million little pellicles which connect them with the sturgeon. Often the eggs are put through seven strainers before they are ready to go into a seasoning brine, composed mainly of Luneburg salt. This salt comes from Germany, and is noted for its preservative quality and its bland flavor.

Until 1920 the Russians used a chemical substance, urotropin, an ammonia and formaldehyde mixture, in keeping their caviar fresh for a long time. Caviar liked harmless urotropin better than salt, but not the United States Board of Health. From 1912 to 1922 occasional lots of Russian caviar were found to contain urotropin and refused entry to the United States. The Russian consul general asked why the United States objected to the use of urotropin and the reply was that urotropin readily breaks down to ammonia and formaldehyde and the latter is a deleterious substance.

The eggs stay in the brine for eight minutes, are strained again to remove all moisture, and then put in kegs which are lined with gelatinous matter extracted from the sturgeon. Then there is a race for the canning factories, where the caviar is put in either three- or four-pound immaculate tin containers also lined with that mother's gelatine. There is a half-inch opening all around where the lid meets the can, over which a rubber band is fastened. So, you see, contrary to general belief, the cans are not hermetically sealed; on the contrary, the liquid which forms in the caviar is allowed to ooze out through the band.

Each can bears certain marks of identification for color, grade, and the number of fish. Black caviar is denoted with a single o; medium black with two oo's; fine grey with three ooo's. The word "Beluga" stands for large grains; "Ossiotra" for grains that came from a sturgeon not weighing more than seven hundred pounds; "Sevruga" from a fish around two hundred pounds; and "Sterlet" is the name used for the smallest sturgeon and the tiniest but finest eggs. Let's say that a certain sturgeon is numbered 12, and that this Number 12 fish yielded three hundred pounds of caviar; there will be then one hundred three-pound cans, all numbered 12. The cans are shipped together, and if you fall in love with the eggs of No. 12, there are plenty more where the first can came from.

Finally the shipping vats are made up at the canning factory. Three cans of caviar go into a tightly-fitting, strong, linen bag which is laced up like an old-fashioned corset. Eighteen linen bags each containing three cans of caviar are placed in the vat,

Continued on page 118

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Man the Kitchenette

Continued from page 117

and ice and seaweed are tightly packed around them. When, after weeks of voyage through cold regions, the vat arrives in the United States, the ice has barely melted and the caviar is perfect. As they say in the trade, "it is alive," and perhaps it really is.

Pressed caviar is made from either premature ova, or from eggs which were damaged on the sieves. Such eggs are manipulated by hand in the brine; they are put into linen bags, and the bags are then powerfully twisted to extract all the brine before they are pressed into barrels. These eggs need less salt in the brine than fresh caviar, keep much longer, and are tastier. However, because it is less attractive due to the eggs not being whole, it is much cheaper.

The chief caviar expert in the United States is Mr. Antoine Dadone, founder of New York's Caviar Restaurant, and proprietor of the Vendome Delicatessen store. He is among the few who have actually seen and tasted the rare "golden caviar." It happened at the Hotel Bristol in Vienna (where Mr. Dadone was an apprentice in 1900), when the Russian Czar visited Emperor Franz Joseph. The Czar, himself, brought the golden eggs from Russia, for no one else could have this miraculous edible; it was a royal prerogative, like sturgeon in England, back in the days of Edward II. The "golden caviar" is actually albino, that rare phenomenon of the animal world which renders a chosen member colorless.

Mr. Dadone always has at hand all sorts of caviar—except the golden—and is forever packing and repacking it, and nibbling it constantly. And this vigorous sixty-five-year-old, young man is indefatigable in ferreting out sources where good caviar can be bought, for obtaining really fine caviar in the United States is still a difficult business, no matter what statement the Russians make, or how American business groups assure us that they have cornered the caviar market and secured a monopoly of imports.

For instance, Amtorg, the official Russian trading company, has only pressed caviar available, and they won't get fresh caviar for a year. I talked to them and wasn't at all astonished that they treated the caviar question as though the tasty sturgeon eggs were a secret weapon. They cross-questioned me as to why I wanted to know so much about caviar. Finally, I lost my temper, as a man longing for a good morsel naturally would, and shouted that I wanted to eat some, and not only every leap year, but now that it will be dirt cheap, I wanted to make it part of my daily diet. Gospodin Fomin, head of Amtorg's caviar department, looked at me with Caspian-cold eyes, and because I am a sensitive man, I imagined that he was weighing the extent of my mental derangement. But he did not call either for a strait jacket or for a *tartine* of caviar.

In case we ever elect to boycott Russian caviar, we might get small quantities elsewhere, and right here at home, too—my spies tell me that large sturgeon is caught and wonderful caviar is processed in South Carolina, in the Waccamaw River, near Pawleys Island; the Great Lakes yield some sturgeon; and at Vincent Astor's place, on the Hudson, in Rhinebeck, a Russian chef processed marvelous Beluga, according to my friend, Colonel Serge Obolensky. As a matter of fact, at the turn of the century, two or three million sturgeon were caught yearly in the Delaware River; the caviar was expertly processed, and was exported for the ridiculous sum of 105 dollars for a 135-pound cask!

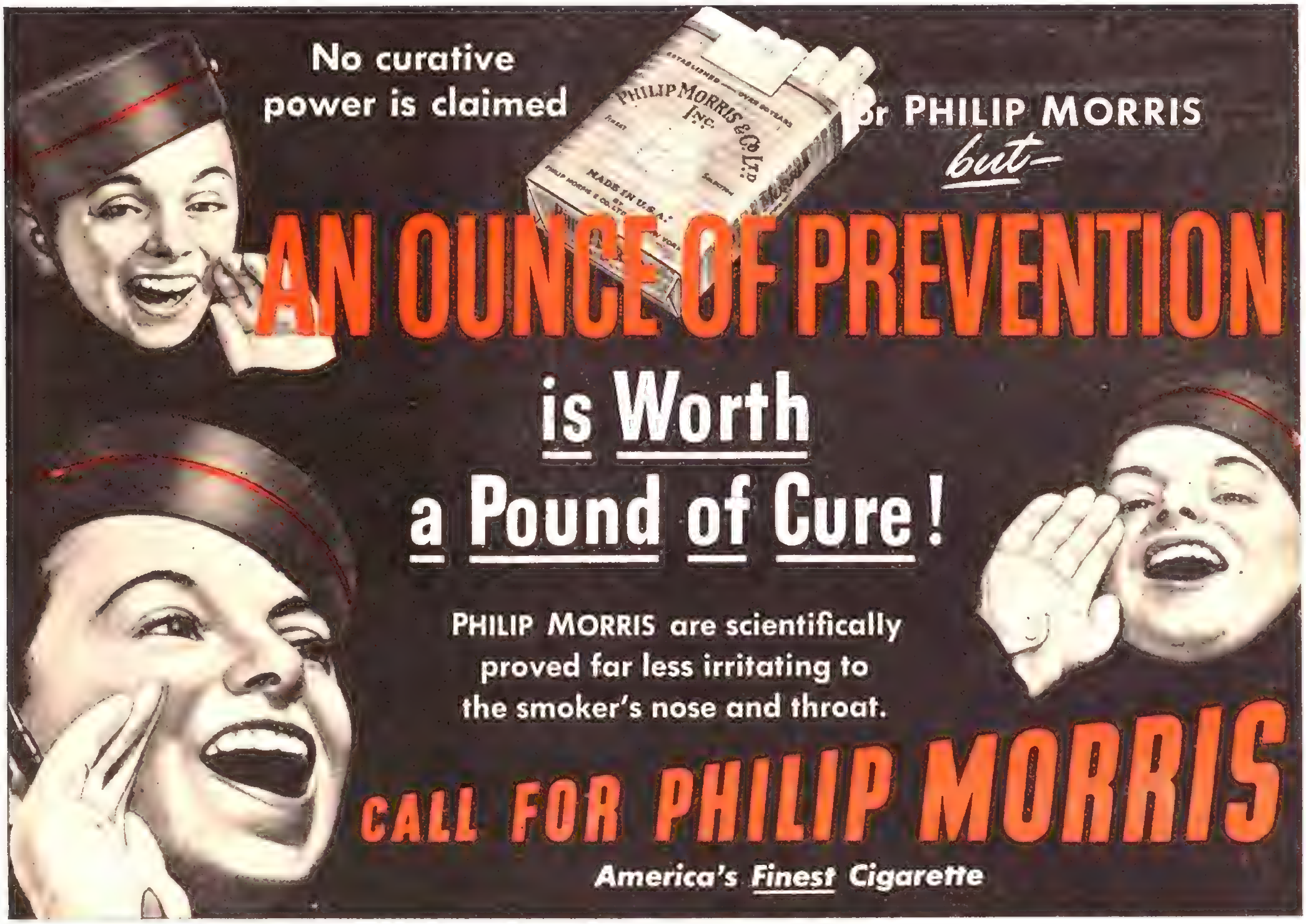
But we went ahead too fast; sturgeon became almost extinct in our waters, and since the big fish was later caught purely by accident, the fishermen did not carry caviar-processing equipment with them. Romania, Persia, Canada and Spain have some caviar, too, but of course it is not quite as good as the Russian. The latter country has the upper hand because of its cold climate, so beneficial to caviar (an even 25 degrees Fahrenheit temperature would keep caviar fresh for years), because of the abundance of sturgeon in the enclosed and controlled Caspian Sea, and because of the Russian art in processing.

Don't think for a moment that caviar is a useless food of the pampered—it is extremely healthful. The palate of a sick person receives it with joy; it is most nourishing; and it is the only known natural remedy against seasickness. Many other fine virtues are attributed to caviar, even that it has aphrodisiac qualities.

I asked Mr. Dadone, "Is that true, Maestro?"

The Professor of Caviar was caught unaware for once, and he had to swallow quickly a big mouthful of finest Sterlet. His eyes twinkled as he twisted the points of his waxed moustache.

"They say it is, but I don't know from personal experience. I don't need that sort of thing—my heart is that of a seventeen-year-old. . . ." #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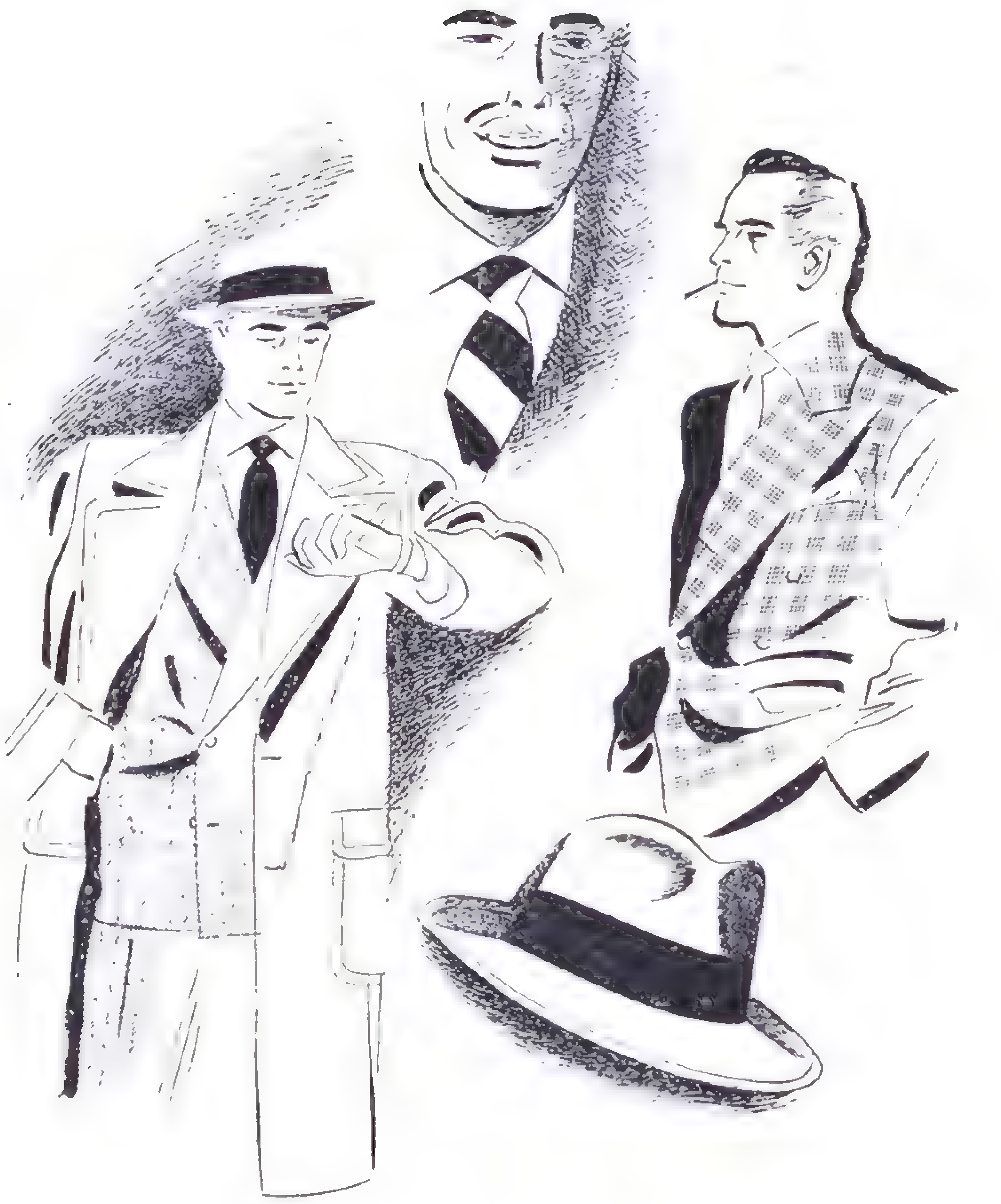
Tips for the Tall

If bulk is your goal, choose plaids, tweeds, pork-pies and broad lapels

by **O. E. SCHOEFFLER**



WHETHER we grow more civilized or very much brighter with the passing of time, may be open to question. But thanks to advancements in medical science, to greater leisure and participant sports, we *are* growing taller all the time.

Greater thinkers than we, will have to decide what effect this may eventually have on streamlined automobiles and lowslung chairs. We'll confine this little essay to clothes tips for the tall man.

Yesterday's mail contained a letter from a reader signed "Long Shanks" who declares that tall, lanky men, as well as half-pints and chubs, have many a shopping problem. Accordingly, our avuncular advice for this month is respectfully dedicated to the man who is taller (and thinner) than the average.

Since the over-all aim is to give an impression of greater breadth, horizontal lines are desirable. Double-breasted suits are preferred because the extra width of the lapels tends to make a man look broader. Easy-fitting jackets with looseness around the waist as well as generous width at the shoulders help to create the right effect.

Since not all men happen to like double-breasted jackets, we recommend as a second choice those single-breasted models which have broad lapels. Whatever your choice may be, jackets, of course, must be long.

The patterns and types of fabrics deserve more than passing attention. Overplaids and plaids are especially satisfactory. The crosswise lines cut the vertical markings and thus tend to emphasize breadth. Some tall, thin men lean to herringbone weaves of indistinct character. Loud stripes, of course, are looked upon askance.

While unfinished worsted gets under the wire, thicker looking fabrics such as Cheviots and Saxonies are more to be desired. In sport jackets, the fuzzier tweeds that have a bulky look are preferred.

In accessories, the same general plan prevails. Hats with low crowns and moderately-proportioned brims look well on the man who is very tall. Pork-pie models are fine.

As for shirts, those with spread collars give the proper horizontal line.

In outer coats, long double-breasted styles with broad lapels get the nod.

The tall man can easily wear the bulky-looking polo coat with half belt. ⌗

Give Me a Cigar

Citing a pleasure overlooked by some shortsighted epicures

by **WM. E. BURTON**

THE knowledge of exquisite food and rare wines is, rather surprisingly, very widely spread in the civilized world. The connoisseur of good living is not only aware of what constitutes sublime eating and drinking, but is very vocal about it . . . with the result that an extensive bibliography exists on the subject.

There is another area of taste enjoyment, mostly overlooked, which can readily equal, if not surpass, the enjoyment of fine food and vintage wines. I refer to the pleasures of cigar smoking.

There *are* owners of perceptive palates in the world who see in cigar smoking all of the opportunities for the gourmet's sheer delight and few if any of his limitations.

The lover of French cooking, more often than not, tends to corpulency, or to end his days nursing dyspepsia, or some other stomach disorder. Not so, with the pleasures of cigar smoking.

The cigar smoker has an automatic limit which operates in his behalf. If he smokes too many, his palate becomes dulled and the taste pleasures lost. Hence, your true cigar connoisseur is never given to oversmoking.

While words have always been meager to describe the delicate sensations of taste, the cigar smoker discovers in endless variety all the slight nuances known to the wine drinker and more.

As with wine, the tobacco crop varies from year to year, hence you have *vintages* also in tobacco to please and delight your taste. Also, as with wine, different growing areas, because of weather and soil conditions, produce variations in leaf that are later reflected in subtly varying smoking enjoyment. Most important of all is what happens in the process of *maturing* not only the tobacco leaf but the cigars themselves.

This matter of maturing the cigars before you smoke them is really the key to cigar enjoyment which is known to far too few people.

It should be stated at this point that we are talking about *Cuban* tobacco. In Cuba a happy coincidence of sun and humidity contrives to produce a flavor and aroma unmatched in any other leaf when rolled into cigars.

Not all Cuban tobacco, however, is of a quality to please the cigar connoisseur; but this variance is part of the fun of discovering the proper leaf and blend. The vuelta abajo (lowlands) area of the Pinar del Rio province produces the choicest leaf and that fact is a guidepost for novitiates.

Perhaps because of its climate, all cigars taste fine in Cuba—even the "five centavos," sold in the streets in palm-leaf-wrapped bundles. But don't make the mistake of bringing them to the States. They won't taste as well when you smoke them here, for when cigars leave Cuba they undergo a change. There is probably a scientific explanation for the change; but the connoisseur knows his precious cigars require tender care through which they not only recover sound health, but acquire new virtues for taste enjoyment.

That tender care is largely a matter of maturing. It takes from six months to nine months. From that point on, the longer you keep your cigars, the better they are. If there is a top limit as to how long you should keep them, I have yet to discover it. The best cigars in my humidor were bought in London ten years ago. Some few cigars, again like wines, reach their optimum maturity within a few years. These, of course, should be smoked when they reach that point.

Perhaps you are the man who says, "I can't stand a Cuban cigar; it's too strong." Then you can never have smoked a *matured* Cuban cigar. Next time you're in a good shop, ask for the *oldest* imported cigar in the place and see for yourself. The lovely aroma and full-bodied taste inherent in the Cuban leaf is there waiting for you, *only mellowed* by the passage of time.

Or perhaps you are the man who says, "I can't keep a box of cigars around the house; they dry out." Actually, only a little care is necessary to keep cigars properly. I have some twelve-year-olds that are perfectly fresh and a joy to smoke.

To keep cigars, simply get yourself a chest or box, preferably of Cuban cedar, and keep it in a cool place, which is free from odors and from excessive dryness or moisture.

If your house is steam heated, tending to excessive dryness in winter, it may be necessary once or twice during the season to introduce a little moisture into your cabinet. This can be done with a wet sponge or dampened blotting paper. Or your tobacco dealer can get you a block of absorbent stone which when wetted, soaks up moisture and gives it off slowly. Be watchful when feeding moisture to cigars that they don't get too much. You can soon tell at what point you like them best. But guard against excessive mois-

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Give Me a Cigar

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ture, because it may produce mold or an unnatural hardness.

In summer in most parts of the country, there is plenty of natural humidity in the air so that added moisture is not necessary. In fact, at the seashore, you may find it necessary to get rid of excessive humidity in your cabinet. This is best done with one of the absorbent blocks referred to above: you put it in *dry* and remove it occasionally to re-dry it.

Another thing to watch out for in the summer, is "worming." Tobacco worms in the field deposit larvae on the leaf, which, under the right combination of heat and humidity, hatch out after the cigar is made. The worm eats its way out, leaving a hole which may make the cigar unsmokable. This is best prevented by keeping your cigars in a cool place, without excessive moisture.

Assuming that you have become a "matured" cigar convert, your simple cedar chest may outgrow your needs. After you've determined the length of time for maturing that best suits you, it's a matter of elementary arithmetic as to how many cigars you must store ahead in order to keep you going.

You can still get by with your small cedar chest if you can steal some of your wife's quart Mason jars. Here's what you do: give the cigars six months (or more, if possible) in the cedar chest in their original cedar boxes. After this initial seasoning, remove from boxes and put in the glass jars, sealing tightly. Then they'll keep anywhere for almost any length of time: I have some lovely coronas that I've had for ten years in glass.

This glass jar idea came originally from a Hollander. They use the glass jars in Holland to guard their cigars against the excessive moisture of the lowlands.

But still you may find you need to expand your storage facilities. The writer finds it desirable to keep about three thousand cigars on hand, in various periods of maturity. This sounds as if it would require a lot of space but it really doesn't.

I had the two middle bottom cupboards of a bookcase lined out with sheet copper . . . and it makes a perfect humidor for current smoking. Then in another part of the house, I had a closet built of Cuban cedar for steady storage . . . it measures about three feet wide, six feet high, a foot and a half deep. You can readily work out your own needs and meeting them will become part of the ritual of smoking.

Once again, I am reminded that maybe all this sounds hard and intricate. After first assuring you it isn't and that it is really part of the fun, here's an easy way out: don't age your cigars at all yourself at the outset, but buy them aged. I say "at the outset" because if you don't do it yourself eventually, you're missing part of the enjoyment of your cigars.

Of course, when you buy your cigars aged you've got to be careful about your tobacco dealer; but fortunately many of them are sympathetic souls, knowledgeable and ready to help you indulge your fondness for aged cigars. Now and then, you'll find a Walsh, a Richard Steere or a Jimmie Russell . . . and when you do, you will have found a helpful friend with cigar knowledge that is wide and profound.

Walsh, particularly, was the high priest of cigars, sent here originally by the English house of Benson & Hedges. Later, he ruled the Dunhill humidor, after which he opened his own shop. I haven't seen or heard of him for years, but the memory of his snow-white beard and ready wit will always live among cigar lovers who knew him. *The New Yorker* did a profile on him some years ago and it's well worth hunting up.

In England, it's part of the cigar dealer's job to see that his cigars are aged. The real British market will have none other. They want their cigars to be at least four years old. In some London shops, you can state just the age you desire and you'll pay the standard price plus interest for the time they've been kept maturing.

The British happen to like their cigars rather dry as well as aged. This has led to the classic American tourist joke about the horrors of English cigar smoking . . . about biting off the end of a cigar and getting a cloud of tobacco dust. Sheer blasphemy, because for years the Cuban makers have regularly sent their finest selection of cigars to Great Britain. In their quiet way the British have answered their cigar critics by posting huge signs on certain shops which say "Green Cigars" . . . which mean unmatured, moist Havanas intended solely for the American tourist trade, and seldom if ever smoked by the cigar-loving Englishman.

One aid to the beginner who wishes to buy his cigars aged rather than to age them himself, is the cancel date of the U. S. revenue stamp on the cigar box. These stamps are usually applied by the wholesaler who imports the cigars. Some stamps are canceled with a perforating machine, others with a rubber date stamp. The stamp tells the date when it was put into the box, and it can be your guide as to how long the cigars have been maturing.

After you buy them, put your own date on the boxes, too . . . because that is what you'll want to do when you start aging your cigars yourself and it's part of the ceremonial that will lend added enjoyment to your pursuit of cigar happiness.

And now something needs to be said about cigar *colors* . . . that is, about the color of the outside wrapper that holds the inside tobacco leaves together. A fetish has grown up among American cigar smokers that a wrapper very light in color means a milder cigar.

That this is silly on the face of it, is best shown by the fact that most grading for color is done *after* the cigars are made. Hence, the inside filler leaves are exactly the same and the wrapper color is largely happenstance. This is not always so, because sometimes shade-grown wrappers are used, all of which are light, and also the maker may try to blend the inside leaves for mildness . . . but the chances are they too are all about the same, regardless of the wrapper color.

"Shade grown" means the tobacco leaf is grown under muslin tents that shield the plant from the sun, and keep it lighter in color. Seems somehow a denial of nature; in any event, I'm sure it has no meaning in terms of mildness; remember, it's aging and maturing that gets rid of harshness and bitterness; and to my mind, the shade-grown wrapper lacks much in fragrance.

Remember, too, the Cubans themselves prefer the darker colors of tobacco wrappers. "Maduro," meaning ripe, is one of the darkest colors and is said actually to contain less nicotine than "Claro," meaning light. It's the Cuban's favorite color.

The matter of cigar *sizes* is more important to cigar enjoyment than you would think. There are a number of factors of size that affect the taste pleasure you get out of your cigars . . . such things as length, shape and circumference (called ring measure).

Compactness is important, too, because a loosely-rolled cigar burns more quickly and hence is likely to yield a hotter smoke. A rather firmly-rolled cigar burns more slowly, hence is cooler in smoking.

A single bundle of uniform tobacco leaf when rolled into a variety of sizes yields various taste sensations when smoked. And it's part of the pleasures of cigar smoking to discover these differences for yourself and to decide what size, shape and ring measure best please you.

You may find more than one size of cigar is necessary to please you completely. It is true that the same cigar smoked after breakfast and after dinner will taste different and a change in size is one way to adjust for this. A thinner, shorter smoke is likely to taste better in the morning, a larger heavier size in the evening.

Ring measure is particularly important. The English market generally prefers slightly heavier weights of cigars which is a result of larger ring measure and this is another reason why Cuban cigars prepared for the London market are likely to be preferred by the true cigar connoisseur.

Perhaps the best all-round size and shape is the *corona* size. Cuban makers usually put their best leaf selection into this size. Its straight sides, weight and blunt end make for slow, even burning.

My own preference is for the *full* corona size and shape . . . possibly with a slightly larger ring measure . . . but with slightly shorter length. Various makers have different names for the cigar I mean, such as "club and kings," "royals," or "club banquets." Some importers designate them by special number.

I like such a cigar best, because it seems to me to be my best cigar portion, not taking too long to smoke at one sitting. Cigars are best enjoyed if you can smoke them slowly and evenly . . . thus avoiding carbonizing the tobacco which destroys some of the flavor.

For most pleasure, a cigar should be smoked to the end without relighting . . . but the theory that you shouldn't relight a cigar that goes out is pure fiction.

Again, the cigars I like best are placed in their boxes . . . usually 100 in a box . . . wrapped in bundles and thus packed without pressure. This preserves their round shape and is to be preferred over the packing that squeezes them into assorted shapes. It is my belief that lack of pressure on cigars in their boxes permits them to breathe and have air, which aids them in maturing.

I have referred to the British market as receiving the best of the Cuban crop. This was more true formerly than it is now. The war,

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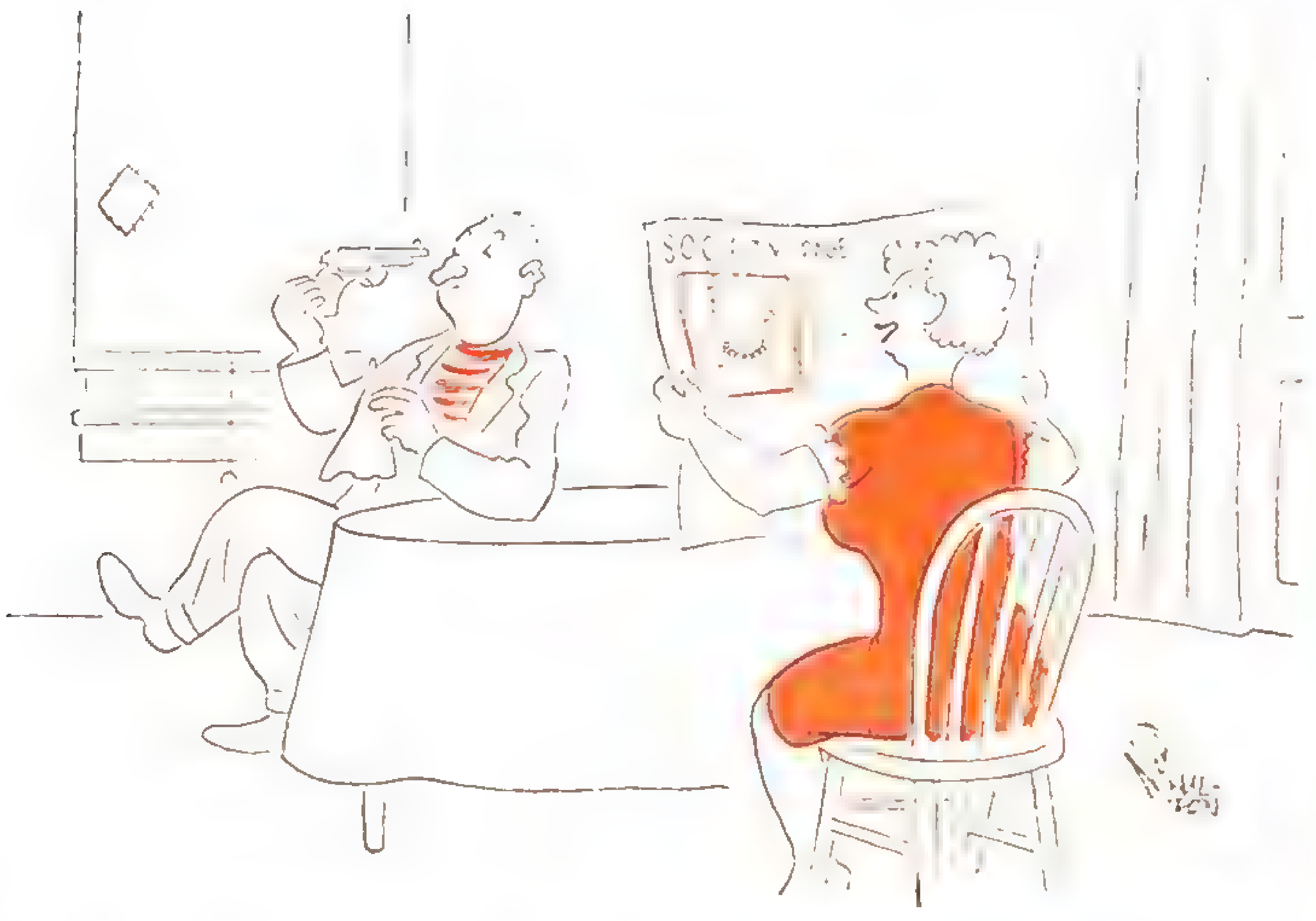

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Give Me a Cigar

Continued from page 123

of course, severely limited shipments to Great Britain and even before the war, England was restricting its cigar imports somewhat to maintain its exchange balances.

Prior to the first World War, the Russian Grand Dukes used to usurp the cream of the Cuban cigar crop, but the arrival of "Uncle Joe" said good-bye to all that. Later the Spanish grandees bought the best cigars the market afforded but that passed, too, and England became the recipient of the finest cigars that were made.

Now America is in a fair way to becoming Cuba's best cigar customer and, with a little diligence, the American cigar lover can rest content that the best the world affords is his for the seeking . . . and considering the smoking joys to be had, it is certainly well worth the seeking.

The perceptive cigar smoker of today finds himself one of a distinguished company of kindred spirits in cigar enjoyment, both past and present. The compass of this present story permits mention of but a few.

The elder J. Pierpont Morgan was a real cigar lover. He took great pains to get exactly the kind of cigars he wanted. His favorite shape was the Kohinoor, a tremendous cigar eight inches long and of appropriate thickness. Calvin Coolidge too knew his cigars and Herbert Hoover is a truly discriminating cigar smoker.

Perhaps Winston Churchill is the world's most famous smoker of cigars. No picture of him is complete without his cigar. He is said to smoke fifteen cigars a day, of a special size . . . a somewhat enlarged corona, I would say. A robust smoker, surely.

Many famous people have had cigar sizes named for them. Such as the Rothschilds of France and Lord Lonsdale of England. "Rothschilds" and "Lonsdales" are sizes incidentally worth looking up, because both make for wonderful smoking.

Nor are the only cigar smokers men: there are many women cigar smokers, believe it or not. One Fifth Avenue shop has regularly on hand, being stored for feminine customers, ten thousand or more cigars of special size preferred by the gentler sex.

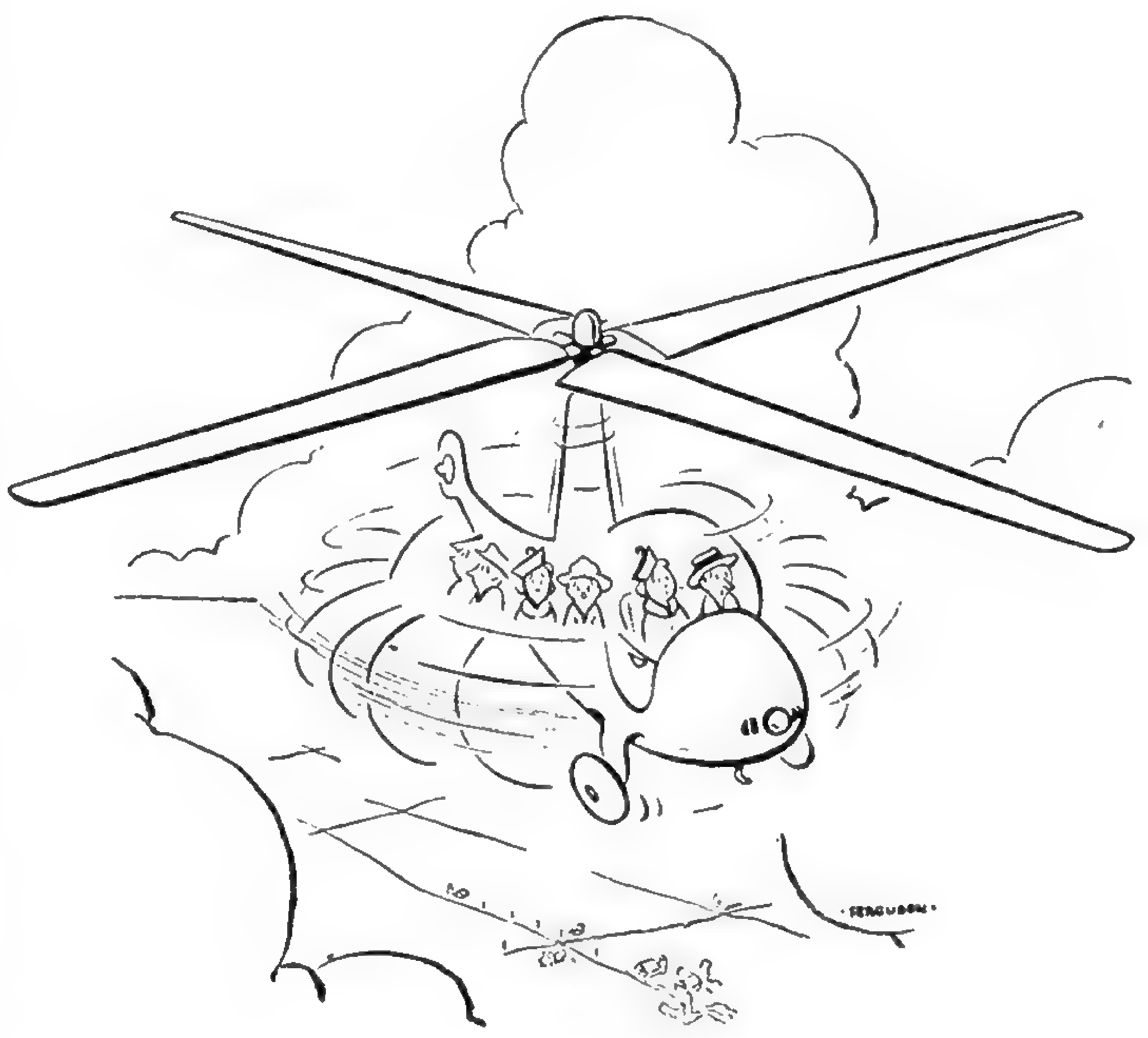
Amy Lowell was perhaps the most famous woman cigar smoker, although Lillian Russell, famous actress, was said to smoke quantities of cigars in the privacy of her own home, preferring a specially-made, small, corona-shaped cigar three inches long.

But cigar smoking is essentially a man's pleasure . . . and certainly very few women want to claim it. It is that secret amalgam which permits two men to sit together after a fine dinner in the quiet hours of the evening, almost without the need of speaking to transmit each other's thoughts, as the fragrant smoke from their cigars weaves pictures of past experiences remembered and well enjoyed.

Beyond a doubt, if the pleasure that the smoking of cigars has yielded could be assayed and measured, it would represent a substantial contribution to the art of contentment and better living.

And yet, it seems a pity that the real joys to be found in cigar smoking are known to so small a circle of cigar lovers. Particularly since this enjoyment awaits only the understanding that a cigar that is aged acquires added virtues of smoking pleasure.

So why not start now *maturing* your cigars and discover for yourself a new world of taste enjoyment, which truly can equal the enjoyment of fine food and vintage wines? ⧺



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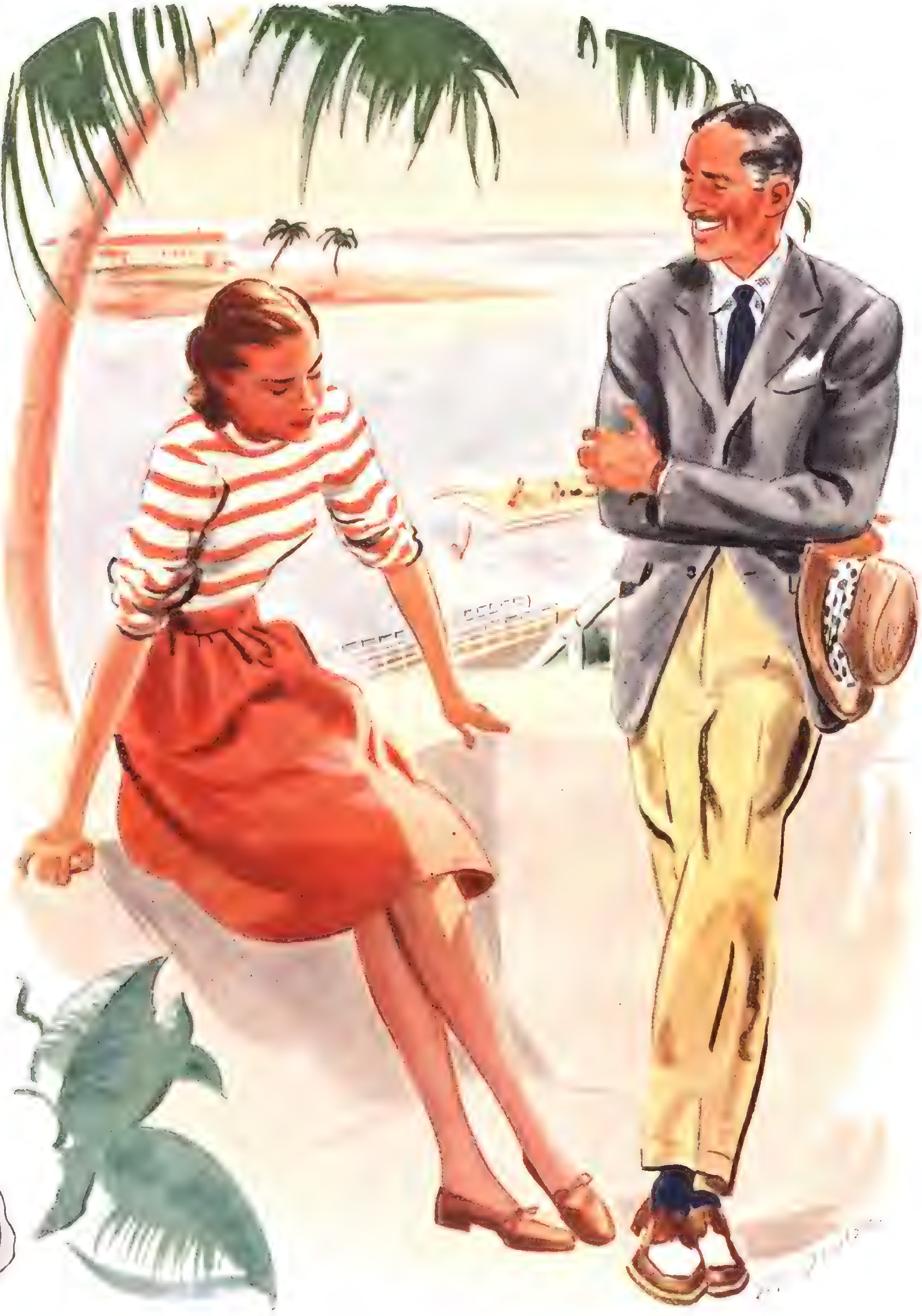


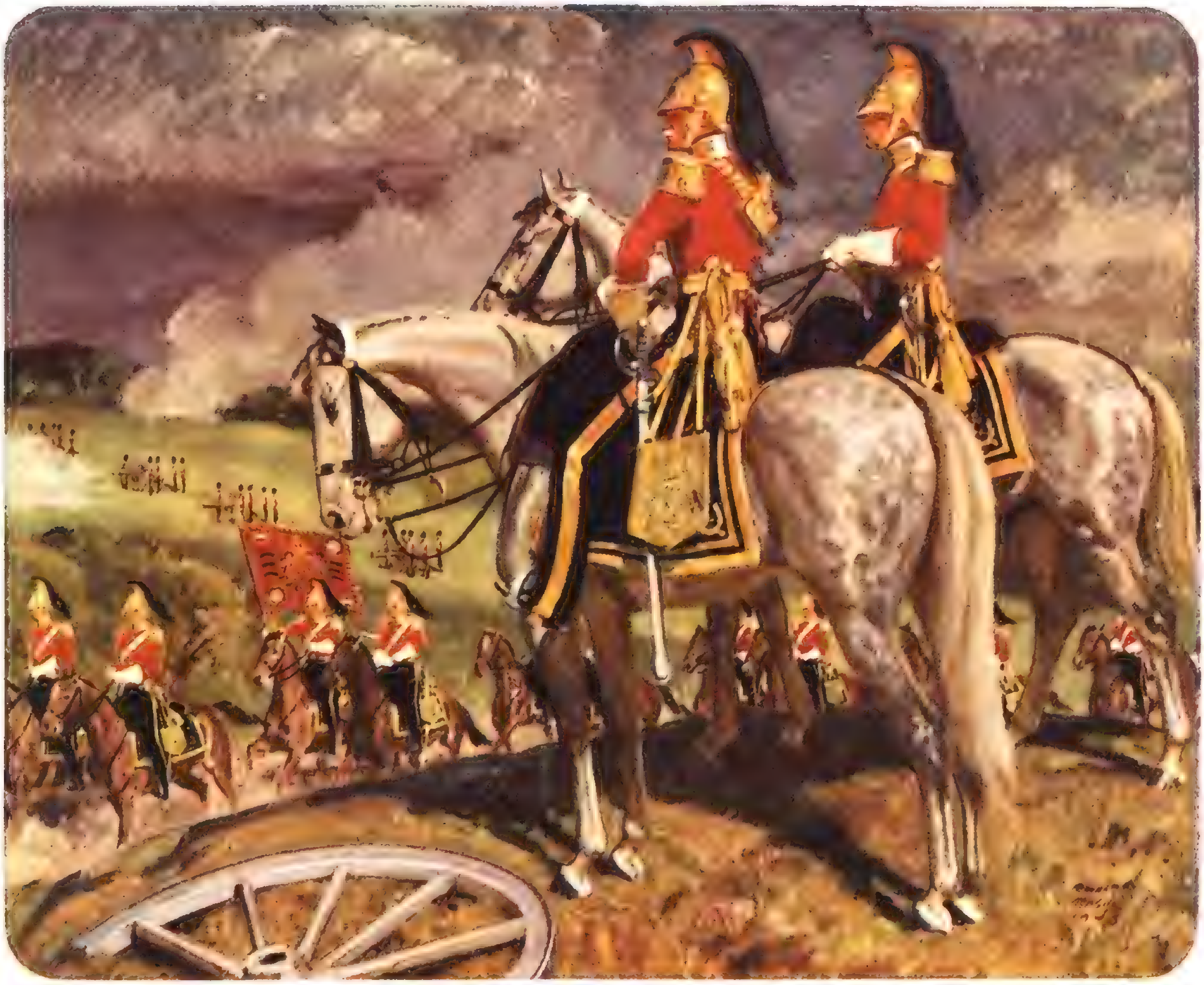
AUTHENTIC FASHIONS

THE MINX IS UNAMUSED

Drawing by Fenton

Judging from the pink lady's glum expression, we can't say the laughing Lochinvar is making much time . . . so far. But his high spirits are reflected in the unusual way he combines colors, and he takes his cue from the uninhibited Southern landscape. Let's consider, for instance, his hunting-yellow linen slacks and grey flannel jacket. While this color combination is not extraordinary, the use of light trousers with a darker jacket in these shades is a switch. Instead of a figured tie on a plain shirt he has reversed the order by wearing a plain blue tie on his Glen Urquhart plaid cotton shirt—with very good effect. Blue, ribbed cotton anklets are worn with his two-toned shoes. And his coconut palm hat is decorated with a blue and white dotted puggree.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)



Officers 6th Dragoon Guards (Carabiniers). One of a series of paintings in the Kings Men collection by Donald Teague.*

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*Beautiful color reproductions of the Donald Teague painting, illustrated above, without advertising, ready to frame, will be mailed to you upon receipt of 25¢

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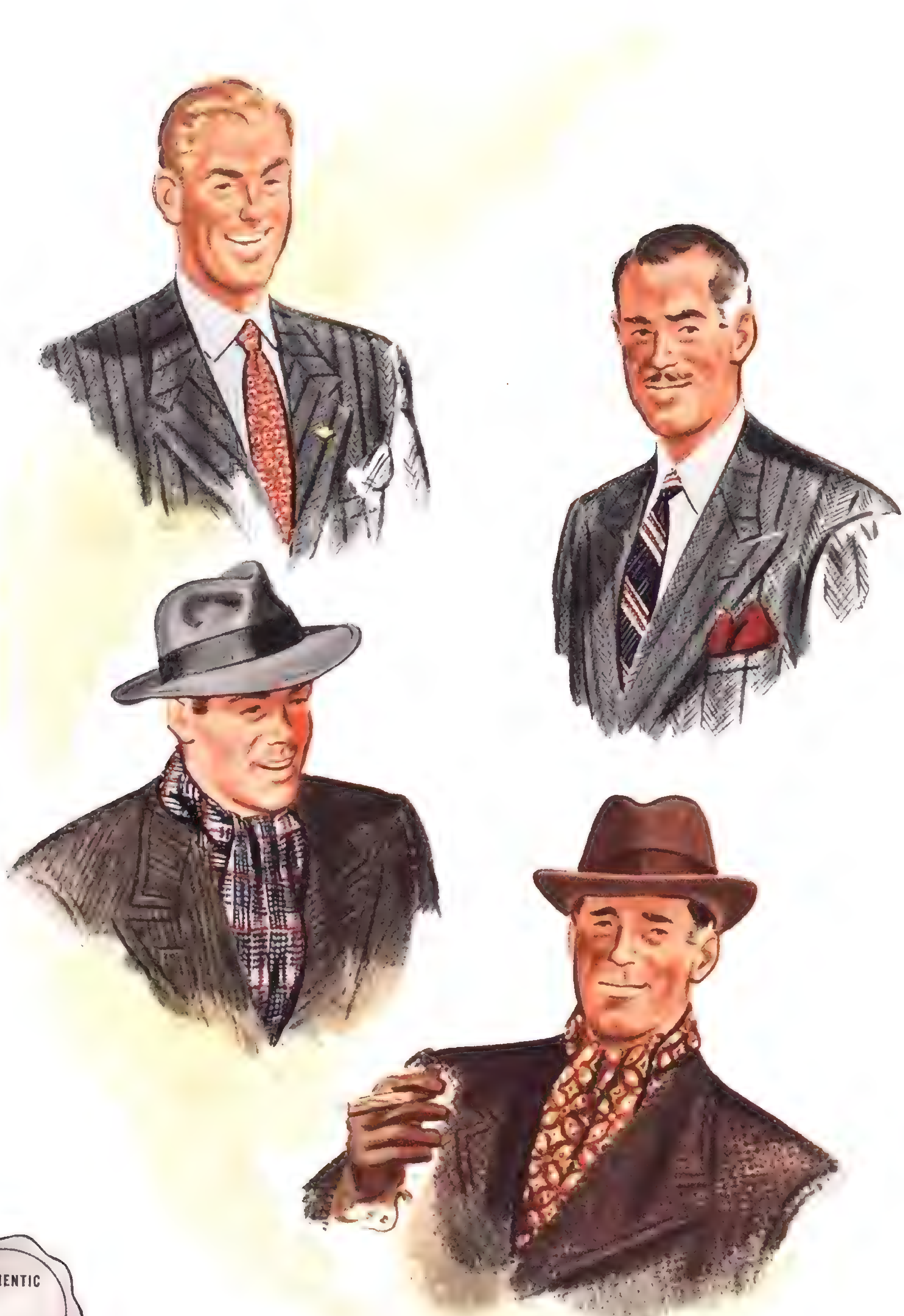


AUTHENTIC FASHIONS

Mel Murley

FROM THE NECK DOWN

Drawing by Murley

The ex-G.I. with the cat-that-swallowed-the-canary grin celebrates his return to normal living with a cheery red tie. It's a small-pattern foulard which makes a fine foil for the stripes of his shirt and his cheviot suit. The fellow at right goes for stripes too, but not all out. A plain broadcloth shirt backs up his group-striped tie and his worsted suit. Under the snapbrim hat, lower left, a diagonal tweed overcoat provides a neutral grey background which can take the decisive pattern of the Glen Urquhart wool muffler with its red overplaid. Last but not least, spontaneous is the man at lower right who combines brown with red—quite a daring departure, at least from the commuters' conventional viewpoint. The muffler, incidentally, is figured rayon.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

Detour in the Clouds

Pee Wee welcomed the chance to get acquainted with a talking sea gull

by **H. M. WYNN**

Pee Wee sat on the edge of a mauve-colored cloud and remembered how he and his companions were singing, "In my arms, in my arms, ain't I ever gonna get a girl in my arms?" He hoped he wasn't going to be lonesome up here without his companions.

For the present, he might as well rest every last muscle of his weary body. He fluffed up a shimmering mass of cloud and eased it beneath his head. Not any too soon because his cloud was riding the air pockets and he felt a trifle nauseated.

A sea gull flew by. Pee Wee waved his hand weakly. The bird made a right-hand turn, came back, landed on the pink corner of Pee Wee's cloud, and stayed there.

"Hi," Pee Wee saluted in the best Army manner.

The bird moved his head arrogantly and eyed Pee Wee like an M.P. "I'm Big Bill," he said and began making preparations for taking off.

"I'm trying to remember how I got here," Pee Wee explained to the bird.

"It doesn't make any particular difference. You're not going anywhere!" Big Bill's head drew back and he gave out with a rude squawk.

Pee Wee ignored his impoliteness. "I remember hearing the orders to bail out. I guess I hit the ground so hard that I bounced up on this cloud," he said and wondered how he could take the bird back with him as a mascot. It would be something for Ripley! "Where are you bound?" he asked, trying to keep the conversation going.

"Thought I'd drop in on the fishing banks for lunch," Big Bill retorted.

Chocolate would satisfy Pee Wee. He paddled and steered his cloud to a mass of brown chocolate bars. Breaking off a piece, he sampled it. There was no taste. He offered the remaining bit to Big Bill who wolfed it and squealed.

"Calling the clan," he condescended to explain.

Pee Wee had to push the little clouds aside so that he could get a glimpse of the revolving globe beneath him. Sea gulls were circling around the cloud. Their wings reminded him of an old hymn.

He sang, "White wings, they carry me over—"

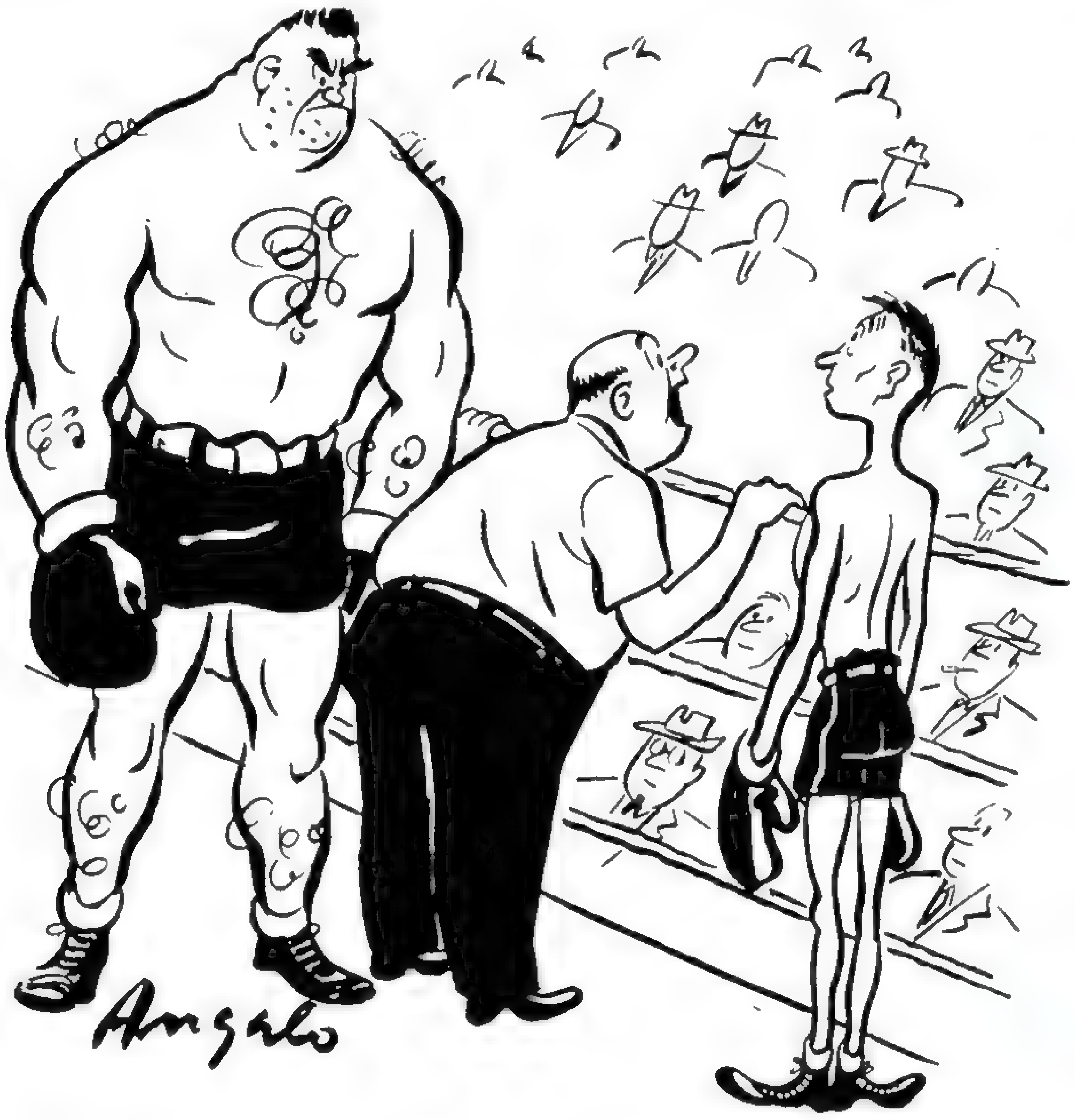
"That was a nice song, but here's where we detour," a sweet voice remarked.

A warm tingle ran through his veins. He looked about and saw no one. Funny! The boys in the barracks always laughed when he sang.

"I'm here . . . traveling along . . . in the rear!" the lovely voice directed.

Pee Wee rolled over for a better view. Then he saw her on a pink marshmallow cloud. She was all

Continued on page 130



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Detour in the Clouds

Continued from page 129

in white, and lovely. Pee Wee caught his breath.

"Don't stare like a sick calf!" Big Bill said.

"A slight wind could blow her off our course," Pee Wee said. "Going my way?" he sang. "Join us?"

"You have a nice cloud. It might hold another one." She waved her arms up and down. Her cloud came alongside, and she fastened the edges of the two glimmering masses neatly together.

"It looks nice that way," Pee Wee said. "It reminds me of something."

"I just fluted the edges as I do when I make pies," she told him prettily. "Maybe that's what it reminds you of."

"You're wonderful." He looked at her adoringly.

She blushed and her cheek dimple winked at him.

"I've seen you somewhere . . ." he began.

"Disgusting! Old stuff!" Big Bill said. "I hear it on land and sea!"

"I admit that was an old approach," Pee Wee apologized.

"I'm lost, way up here in the blue . . . without my ship."

"I'll show you the way back," she promised.

They edged closer as a number of sea gulls landed on their cloud and tipped it perilously.

"It's companionable this way, Beautiful," Pee Wee said and placed his arm around her.

"You're strong."

"Sure," he agreed and wearily laid his head on her shoulder. She had the same feel as the soft, fleecy cloud. When at last he kissed her, it was like strawberries and cream.

"Slush!" Big Bill shook his feathers. "I guess I'll be on my way!"

"Good riddance! A girl in my arms is worth more than a talking sea gull any day!" Pee Wee wanted him to go.

Big Bill lifted his wings and gave the cloud a kick. His companions did the same. The impact broke the cloud in two parts. Beautiful and Pee Wee became separated. A strong wind sounding like the drone of an airplane wrapped the cloud around them and turned them like two jelly rolls. Only their heads showed.

Pee Wee could see a lot of other heads in a row opposite and above him. He blinked hard.

"You're going to be all right," the vision in white said. Her cheek dimple was familiar. "We're taking you back to the mainland."

Pee Wee heard himself saying faintly to the lovely face bending over him. "How did you get down off that cloud, Beautiful? Was it via moonbeam?"

She smoothed his pillow patiently and smiled. "I hope I'm not going to have trouble with you," she said. #

Jazz Is Where You Find It

This time last year, in listing the best records of the year, I pointed out that most of them were by small bands on small labels. This year the products are more evenly distributed, with big bands and easier-to-find labels well represented. I have tried to list records of which the reverse sides are at least listenable, though in many cases only the side listed is truly outstanding. Here, then, are the 1945 jazz releases that gave me most pleasure:—

Louis Armstrong: *I Wonder,* Decca. George Auld: *In the Middle, Georgie Porgie, Stomping at the Savoy,* Guild.

Charlie Barnet: *Skyliner,* Decca. Count Basie: *Jimmy's Blues,* Columbia. Barney Bigard: *Poon Tang* (12-inch), *Blues for Art's Sake,* Black & White.

King Cole Trio album, Capitol. Eddie Condon: *When Your Lover Has Gone,* Decca.

Roy Eldridge: *Fish Market,* Decca. Duke Ellington: *Time's A-Wastin', Mood to be Wooed,* Victor.

Benny Goodman: *Slipped Disc* (sextet), *Clarinade* (orchestra), Columbia. Dizzy Gillespie: *Hot House, Shaw Nuff,* Guild. Johnny Guarnieri Trio album, Savoy.

Lionel Hampton: *Loose Wig,* Decca. Woody Herman: *I Wonder, Caldonia, Apple Honey, Northwest Passage,* Columbia. Bill Harris: *Mean to Me,* Keynote. Billie Holiday: *Lover Man,* Decca. *I Cover the Waterfront,* Commodore.

Nat Jaffe: *A Hundred Years from Today,* Black & White (12-inch). Harry James: *Confessin',* Columbia. Louis Jordan: *Somebody Done Changed the Lock,* Decca. Chubby Jackson: *Crying Sands,* Keynote.

Joe Marsala: *Don't Let It End,* Black & White (12-inch) or Musicraft.

Red Norvo: *Congo Blues,* Comet; *Russian Lullaby,* Keynote. Hot Lips Page: *Big D Blues,* Continental. Ike Quebec: *Blue Harlem,* Blue Note (12-inch).

Boyd Raeburn: *Out of Nowhere,* Guild. Artie Shaw: *Little Jazz,* Victor. Stuff Smith Trio album, Asch.

Art Tatum Trio album (12-inch), Asch. Tenor Sax album, Savoy.

Charlie Venturo: *C. V. Jump,* Sunset. Cootie Williams: *'Round Midnight,* Majestic. Mary Lou Williams Orchestra album (12-inch), Asch. Teddy Wilson Quintet: *Just for You Blues, Bugle Call Rag,* Musicraft.

On these records you can hear most of the greatest jazz artists of 1945 in bands featuring a wide variety of styles and sizes. More important, they're the kind of records musicians listen to when the night's work is done—and you can't ask any better recommendation than that.

—Leonard Feather

ESQUIRE ON THE RECORD

BEST SELLERS

Compiled by **GILBERT SELDES**

New Materials

The Victor "unbreakable" was announced a few months ago. It makes good, even on an inferior player, with such a reduction of surface noise that during a pause you hear nothing. The first offering was *Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks*, by the Boston Symphony (Koussevitzky).

Capitol Records is issuing a series of Vinylites, and others will follow.

Inflation

I Got Rhythm
The Man I Love
(Columbia—B. Goodman)

Scherzo from Flesh and Fantasy
Theme of Laura
(Victor—Janssen Symphony Orchestra of Los Angeles)

Ol' Man River
Stormy Weather
(Columbia—F. Sinatra)

These are only a few of many 12-inch records devoted to trivia. It is old-fashioned of me to think that there is something "respectable" about the 12-inch size, and I have praised a lot of Asch's Negro jazz on the 12's. But I feel that producers are inflating trifles, trying to get 12-inch dignity. In most cases, the treatment of a simple song becomes operatic and a popular theme is blown up with orchestration to be symphonic. Unnecessary.

Cut to Size

Prelude to Lohengrin
(Victor—Toscanini)

This—in contrast to the above—is just right. Two sides are needed, not one groove is padding; it's all good.

Songs of the Year

If I Loved You—Rodgers
(Victor—T. L. Thomas and Nan Merriman)

(Columbia—Frank Sinatra)

Only a Paper Moon
(Decca—Ella Fitzgerald)

(Columbia—B. Goodman)

For good reason, everyone is singing Rodgers' song. It is better in a duet where the singers are in Rodgers' best light opera vein; Sinatra handles it as a sentimental pop, with the "retards" which mar most of his renditions. The *Paper Moon* is another favorite, and Miss Fitzgerald gets my vote for the song itself; the Goodman version is more exciting for the treatment.

Old and New

Where or When
(Musicraft—H. Chittison)

Songs of Love
(Sonora—Frankie Connors)

Stomping at the Savoy
(Musicraft—Teddy Wilson)

I Got Rhythm (Variations and *Where Have You Been*)
(Majestic—Bud Freeman)

My Guy's Come Back
These Foolish Things
(Majestic—Thelma Carpenter)

The smaller companies follow one of several lines: a specialty like Asch's jazz; a moderately known star who gradually builds up (like Prima and Brito); recordings of great hits by non-great bands; a backlog of substantial well-known albums (where Musicraft shines); and re-issues of old favorites. The records listed on the left fall chiefly into the last category and show how wide is the range. *Where or When* is not played enough and stands up well; in *I Got Rhythm* it is the remarkable sax of Bud Freeman that stands out; and Thelma Carpenter is definitely this year's radio and recording discovery.

Special Groups

Al Smith Album
(Majestic)

Lily Pons Program
(Columbia)

Daphnis and Chloe—Ravel
(Victor—Boston Symphony)

Rhapsody in Blue—Gershwin
(Victor—Boston "pops")

Marjorie Laurence Sings for the Boys
(Columbia)

An Operatic Recital
(Columbia [imported]—Claudia Muzio)

A Vladimir Horowitz Program
(Victor)

New companies and old look for new devices for selling their material. Jimmy Walker, head of Majestic, got a lot of Al Smith's friends to choose the songs he liked best and recorded them, chiefly with Danny O'Neill, a quartet, the DeMarco Kids, etc. Victor re-issues two records in a special folder as a "showpiece," calling the Rhapsody "a self-portrait of George Gershwin" (it is their Sanroma recording of some time ago). There's nothing against this kind of re-assembly, but unless you know the recording is new, make sure you're not buying what you already have.

Piety and Wit

Five Portraits—Virgil Thomson
(Columbia—Philadelphia Orchestra)

Thomson is the most entertaining of our music critics, a wit, and a composer. His subjects sit for their portraits—a single sitting gives him the musical essence, the scoring is worked out later. Two of the five are of people known to me—and seem apt, perceptive and bright. Musically, if you don't know the people, *Portraits* may seem more inventive than moving.

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NEIMAN-MARCUS, DALLAS

The Rise and Fall of Mrs. Bergman's Back

Continued from page 85

a stag party, I told you.' So then I gave it to him, I say, 'What's the matter, are you tired of me already, just because I spend all my energy bringing up your son and losing my attractiveness?' Then he says, 'What's that got to do with the discussion at hand?' So I say, 'Well, why do you have to go to the stag party?' Then he says, 'It's the first time I've ever been to one.' So I say, 'There's always a beginning of bad habits.' Then he says, 'Well, if it won't embarrass you to be the only woman, I don't give a damn.'

"So I say, 'What do I care, I might even have a better time with no other women there. After all, you might not think I'm so hot looking, but I'm no slouch.' Well, that touches him on the wrong spot and he starts raising the roof; a guilty conscience, I guess. When he quiets down, he says, 'If you have to come, then come.'

"So how do you like that for selfishness? So then I decided to bring Vicky here, Mother, for tomorrow."

Mrs. Bergman was still quite concerned with her back and seemed to have lost the thread of the argument. But she did grasp the idea that Gloria was going on a boat ride, and that Vicky would be staying with her. She said, "Of course—so it's settled."

"But there's one more thing," Gloria said. "I planned the party for tomorrow."

"So he's having the party next week," said Mrs. Bergman. "This week—next week, what's the difference?"

"But his teacher said at the parents' meeting," Gloria persisted, "that children shouldn't be disappointed. It hurts them later in life."

"Teachers are smart," Mrs. Bergman said, nodding her head. "So I'll get a couple of kids and I'll make him a party."

"But this is a special party, Mother," Gloria insisted nervously. "He has his own playmates, and besides I already bought the paper hats and the place cards, and how about the four quarts of ice cream I ordered?"

"So all right," Mrs. Bergman said, "so *his* kids are coming. So it's settled, after all a couple of kids—" She seemed to be struck simultaneously with the implications of the phrase "four quarts" and with a sudden and immediate pain in her back. She clutched her hip and said weakly, "Four quarts? So how many are coming to the party?"

"Yes, black raspberry," answered Gloria, "and it's delicious."

Mrs. Bergman looked up at me with pain-struck eyes and said, "I think my back hurts me a little. Maybe, sweetie, you would get the hot water bottle in the kitchen?"

As I was fixing the bottle, I heard Mrs. Bergman ask again, "So how many are coming to the party?"

Gloria hesitated for a moment and in a too cheerful voice said, "Twelve, and they're all well brought-up children and they're very cute. You'll love them, Mother."

There was a heavy silence in the room when I came in and then Mrs. Bergman said in a dull voice, "Twelve, oh my back."

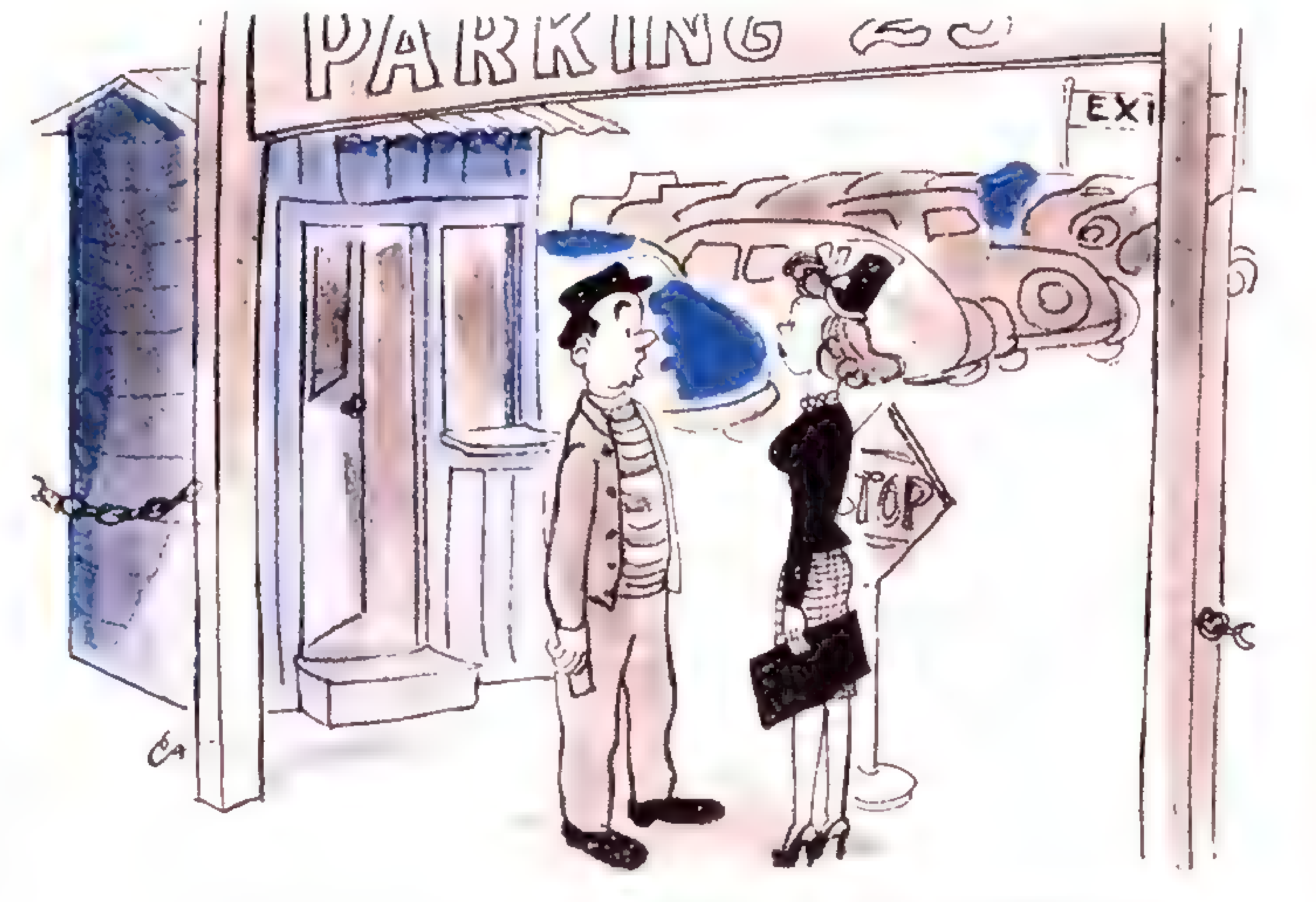
I put the bottle under her back and straightened the pillows. She groaned a few times and said, "My pains are a little worser I'm thinking."

Gloria jumped up then and threw her arms around her mother crying, "Gosh, Mother, you're an angel to have the party in your house."

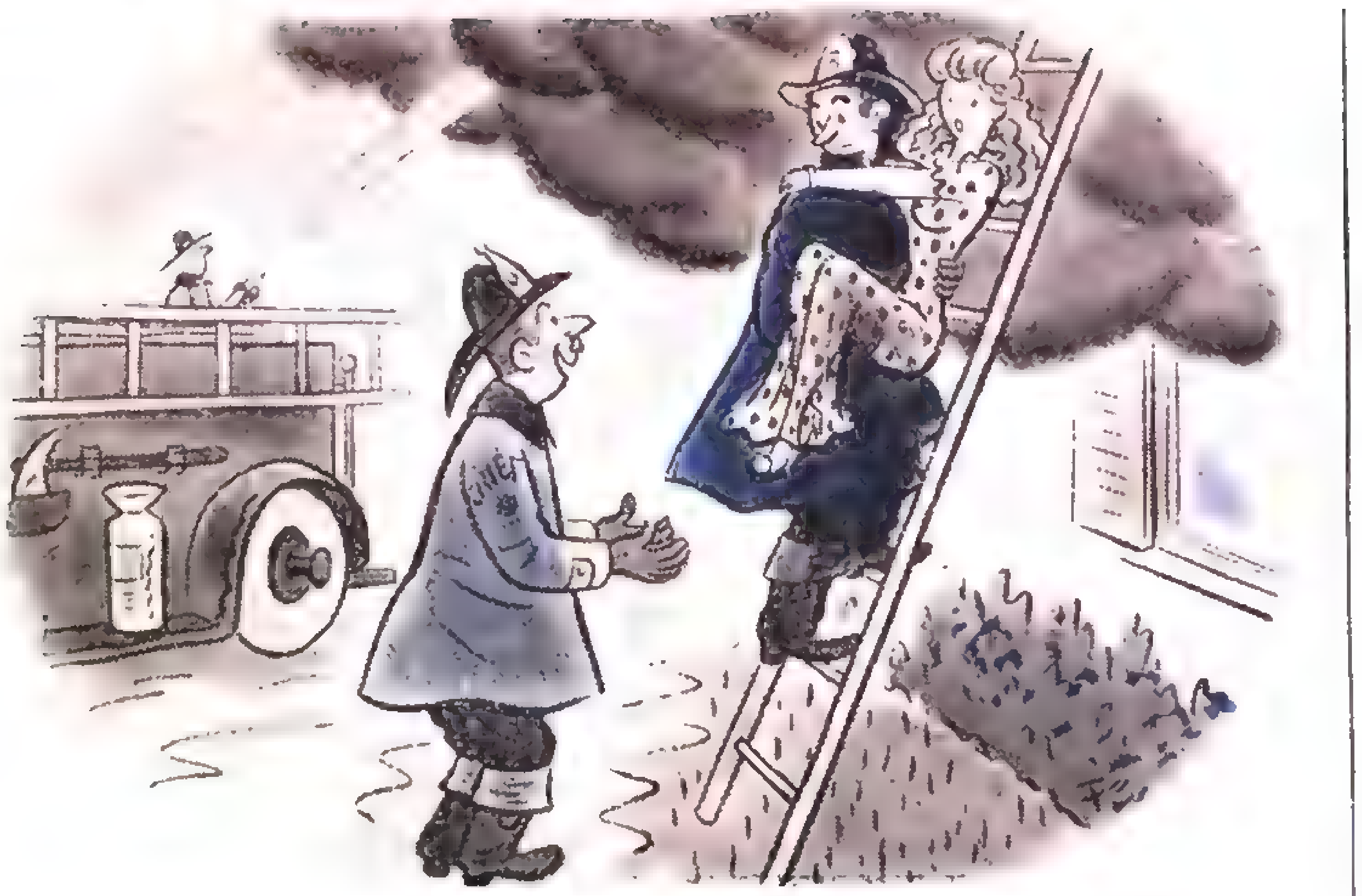
"All right," said Mrs. Bergman. "Oi."

"Well there's just one more thing, Mom," said Gloria. "Of course with such small children you have to bring them to the party, so I thought maybe Papa could pick them up in my car. I can leave the car here and take a taxi home, even though it'll be a nuisance."

"Maybe Papa," Mrs. Bergman repeated mechanically. "So



"Are you sure you parked your car at this lot lady—I didn't hear any crash"



"Nice work Jones—I'll take over from here"

when are you coming back for Vicky?"

"Well, the boat comes in around six o'clock and I'll be tired so Papa can drop him at my house after he takes the other kids home. I'll leave you the addresses—here," she said, taking a slip of paper out of her bag, "they're just a stone's throw from each other."

"Yeah," said Mrs. Bergman. And then: "Oi, my pains are now terrible."

Gloria pretended not to hear this last remark and said, "Oh, Mother, it certainly is a relief to know that even if I do have a selfish husband like Cyril, who doesn't even want to take me on an outing, I *do* have a generous, considerate mother."

Mrs. Bergman said, "Francis, maybe you'll be so kind as to bring me a little more hot water for my legs. I think the pain is spreading."

Gloria took Vicky by the hand and led him off to the spare room, saying as she went, "If you're a good boy, maybe Grandma'll make you a *garden* party."

From the kitchen I heard a softly muttered "Oi" from Mrs. Bergman.

After Vicky was tucked in bed and Gloria had gone, I asked Mrs. Bergman if there were anything else I could do for her before her husband came home. There was a long silence.

I saw pretty clearly what had happened: when Mrs. Bergman had fallen from the kitchen table she had felt that she deserved sympathy and had set about to get it from her daughters; once she had got this sympathy she had forgotten her back long enough to sow confusion in their dinner arrangements; but when her richest daughter had shown no interest in her misfortune, her back had at once taken prominence in her mind again, and now she was suffering elaborately. She was justifiably upset that now she had to contend not only with a stiffness of the joints but also with a thankless daughter and twelve children and maybe also a garden party with umbrellas.

"Francis," she said, "I wouldn't be long on this world and besides my corns are hurting. I'm hoping it'll rain tomorrow, not with cats and dogs exactly, maybe just a drizzle. Oi."

Her frustration expressed itself in a last request. Would I please help her write a post card to her daughter who lived in California. She dictated and I wrote.

"My dear darling adorable sweet daughter Betty," she began, "I had a terrible accident. I'm reaching for the clothes drier, and I'm falling on my back and I'm hurting myself terrible. I didn't see the doctor yet but I'm sure I broke every knuckle in my body. At the moment I feel broken to pieces. I miss you terrible and also my darling grandkid, Jackie. If you were here I would feel better already. How goes it with Felix in his new radio shop? Maybe the doctor wouldn't think my back is so bad but for my part I'm thinking I wouldn't be long on this world. Already it's late at night and Papa is out playing pinochle. He doesn't know yet what happened. I think I'm closing now with love and kisses and kisses and love to my gorgeous adorable daughter and my sweet, cute grandkid and my handsome son-in-law. Love and kisses, Mother."

That was the message. "Now read it to me, sweetie," she said.

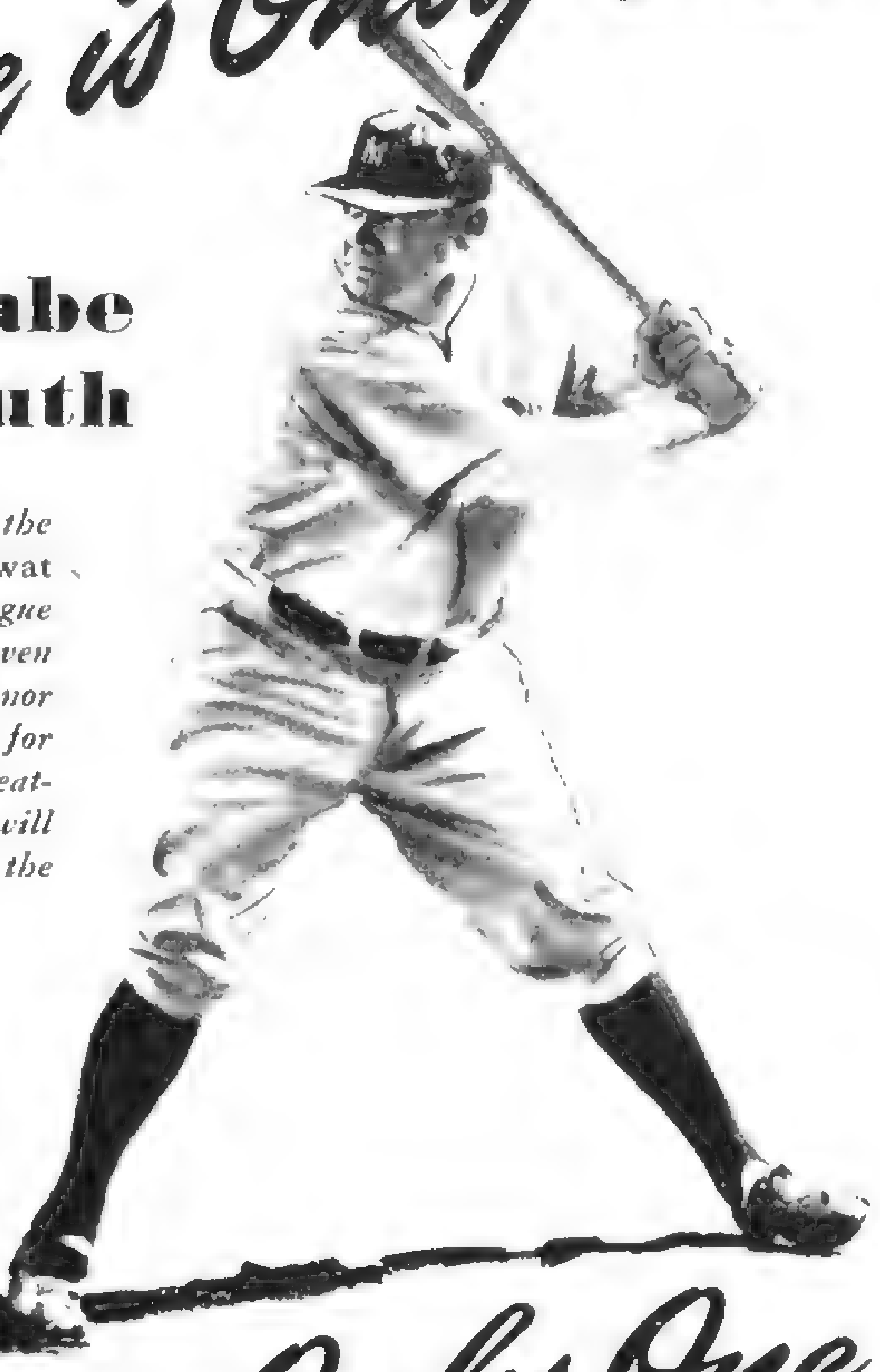
"'Dear Betty,'" I read. "'I had a little accident with my back. I haven't seen the doctor yet, but I don't think it's very bad. I miss you and Jackie and wish you were here. How is Felix doing in the new radio shop? Love, Mother.'"

"Thanks, darling," she said, "that's just how I wanted you to say it. Such an education children can get today to write such a gorgeous postal."

She was pretty tired by now and I helped her into bed with three hot water bottles, mailed the post card, and went upstairs to bed. When I came down the next morning, I found her sweeping the stoop and boasting to the neighbors about a garden party she was going to have that afternoon—"with twelve high-class fine kids from the Botanical Gardens." ###

There is Only One

Babe Ruth



714 homers! That's what the books give the Sultan of Swat *in 22 years of Major League baseball. No one has even approached this record nor his mark of 60 home runs for the season of 1927. This greatest ball player of all time will long be remembered as the* one *and* only *"Babe."*

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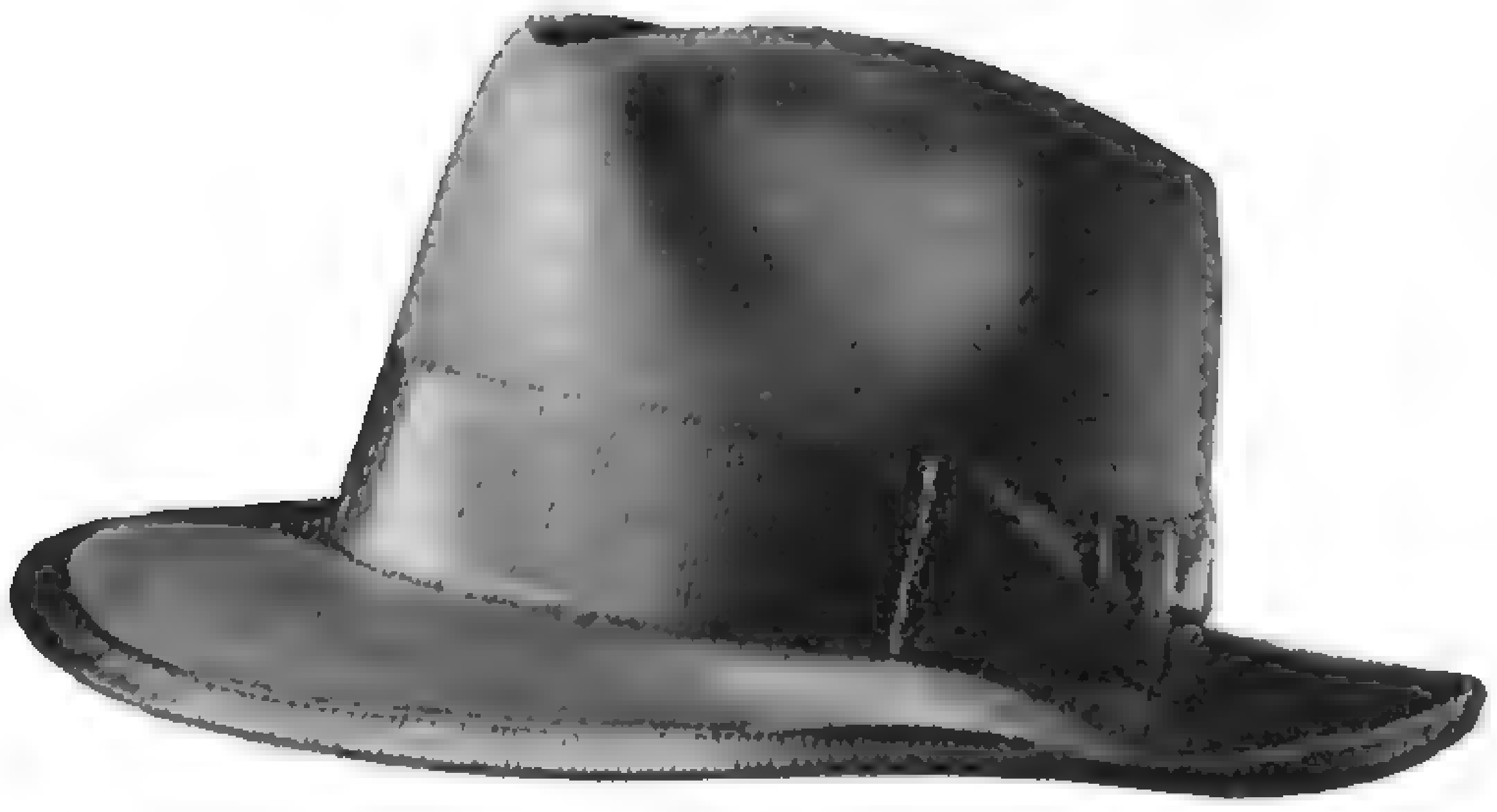

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358 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

The Fabulous Plan of Phineas Flutterbutt

Continued from page 31

makes me sick to see Susie Abercrombie flaunting her new clothes as she rides past in her new car. And why can she do it? Because she has a man; a man with gumption enough to make his firm take two hundred dollars a week from him. And you, you worm, you—you old comma searcher, letting your boss get away with taking only fifty dollars a week from you."

"A comma searcher, indeed," thought Horace bitterly. If Emma would only give a little thought to his repeated explanations of how important his job really was, she'd realize how millions of dollars hung on the correct placement of one tiny comma in the contracts he checked.

Martyrdom saturated Emma's next outburst as she looked at Horace's beaten expression. "If only you weren't so negative." Her voice rose with staccato shrillness. To Horace it was like the crack of doom. "So you take that money with you this morning, Horace Entwhistle. You take it with you and get rid of it. I don't care how. That's my last word!"

Horace got up slowly from the table and picked up the money with cold fingers, while the weight of all the world's misery settled in his heart. Emma's last word was not to be taken lightly.

With leaden feet he walked slowly toward the subway. Looking across the years, Horace could see but one faint ray of hope. The eight hundred billion National Wealth had shrunk by half already. In another few years there would be no balance left and then maybe some other good senator would reverse the plan and go back to the good old days when a dollar was a dollar. But, by that time, Horace reasoned sadly, he would be filling a pauper's grave.

Suddenly his heart began to pound as he entertained a thought of black criminality. He walked past the subway station to the river. The money in his pocket filled him with a horrible desperation. He had to get rid of it. "Why not take a chance," he thought. "Why not throw it in the river and run?"

One of Horace's hands went up involuntarily to touch the bankbook in his pocket. Therein was entered the serial number of every piece of money he had been forced to take. Not till he passed the money over legally to another would a number be canceled. And, to be caught without that book was a much more serious offense than being caught without a draft card in wartime.

As he approached the subway station, a ragged beggar slunk out of the shadow of the entrance. He sidled up, his eyes as evasive as his alcoholic breath was forthright. Out of the side of his mouth he mumbled, "How about it, chum? How's about taking a ten spot so's I can go out and maybe get a cup of coffee and sinkers?"

Horace shuddered as he walked swiftly on. He could see himself forced down to this gutter level, his pockets bulging with money, unable to get a decent meal or find a place to sleep, crushed down by the curse of an account book so full of entries that society had cast him out.

For the Fabulous Plan had provided for such eventualities. It was stipulated that once every three months all individual books must be examined. Anyone with more than five thousand dollars entered and unused was adjudged an irresponsible citizen, and likely to become a public charge. And, in the eyes of one's fellow men, a social pariah.

At the newsstand Horace picked up a paper and wordlessly held out this book for the vendor to mark, and his hand for the coin.

On the subway train, seated under the sign that read, "Beware of Put-Pockets," he spread out the paper and read avidly. There was a sit-down strike at the Mammoth Automobile Corporation plant. The men were striking for a raise. At their present rates, Mammoth accepted from them 150 dollars a week with time and a half for overtime. The union was asking Mammoth to accept 200 dollars a week, with double time for overtime.

"Those danged unions," Horace muttered under his breath. It was not that Horace was against unions. It was just that he, unprotected by any such organization, felt the injustice of his lot the more keenly when balanced against the privileged class of the union members.

As he read on, he observed that they had apprehended the mad chemist at last. The chemist, one Joe Provitsky, had developed an acid that had caused the Treasury Department one of its worst headaches. The Provitsky acid destroyed the supposedly indestructible money. It had taken months to work out a new formula of money-making and many more months to run to earth Provitsky and his accomplices.

There was another item that touched Horace more closely. A man in Flatbush had just been sentenced to ten years in Atlanta. A neighbor had observed him burying something in his backyard. Notified by the neighbor, the FBI had swooped down and discovered that the man had buried ten thousand dollars and very cleverly faked his personal account book to show it had been legitimately spent.

With dejection riding his stooped shoulders, Horace went out of the subway and up the street. He passed a bar and saw a row of men drinking. "Lucky stiffs!" Horace muttered. "They can afford to stand along the bar drinking and taking money in bales from the bartenders."

He halted in front of a store

window and looked at the grey suit. It was a cut-rate place. The sign read, "Why go to the ritzy stores and take 100 dollars with a suit when we can outfit you and ask you to take only half of that?" It was the same sign and the same suit that had taunted Horace for a week. He sighed and trudged on toward his office.

In the office of Boggs and Company, Horace sat down wearily at his desk and arranged pencils and papers for his day's work. A contract with The Consolidated Machine Corporation, involving millions, was before him. He put his head in his hands for a moment, trying to cast off Emma's withering scorn. He must concentrate. One misplaced comma and the entire essence of the contract might be changed. Horace knew that he held his job by virtue of his extreme accuracy. One slip and old Waffletree, Vice President and head of the Legal Department, would toss him out on his ear. The fact that Waffletree,—an old-timer, used to the pre-Flutterbutt Plan type of contracts,—got all the credit for the accuracy never bothered Horace until now.

Suddenly the world seemed all topsy-turvy—commas being so important; money being so importantly unimportant. Horace peered at the contract before him. His lips tightened as he started to put in a comma, but dropped his pen on the desk instead. Glowering at the contract, he muttered savagely, "No, I won't do it. It just means that old Boggs will be able to give away another two million dollars, instead of having to take it. It's about time I got wise to the fact that I'm a pretty important man around here."

He glared at Waffletree's door. "You fat old walrus! Both you and Boggs giving away millions, living on the fat of the land." The injustice of it all overpowered even the money in his pocket and his own hopeless future.

In a mood of black depression he walked slowly to the water cooler to get a drink of water. He drank slowly as he gazed thoughtfully out of the window at the street far below. It was funny how things went on down below just as they had in the old days. The way things were now, it should all be reversed, with everyone walking backwards and the clock hands moving counterclockwise.

He turned back from the window and walked briskly back to his desk and reached for the contract. But the contract wasn't there. He rummaged wildly with no success.

He was crawling around on the floor, desperately searching for the missing document when the clerk at the next desk said, "If you're looking for that contract, you can stop. Boggs just sent out for it on the double. Waffletree is in with him now. Seems the old man wanted a look at it."

Suddenly, Horace felt an unfamiliar glow of self-confidence; let 'em see that he hadn't fixed it; just let 'em try to make him fix it.

Waffletree's voice roared in Horace's ears, "Entwhistle! Entwhistle!"

Horace jolted out of his seat, automatically responding to his master's voice. Then, deliberately, he sat down again.

Wafflletree came over and shook the contract at him. "Make it snappy and fix this contract. As it stands we have to take two million dollars from Consolidated. Get busy. It stands to ruin us this way."

A feeling of power swept over Horace; such power as he never had felt in all his meek and subservient life. "Fix it yourself, you fat old sea cow; I like it the way it is."

Waffletree jolted backward, his eyes bulging and his face purpling. "Why, why you half-baked squirt, just come into Boggs' office and repeat that."

"With pleasure," said Horace, rising and following Waffletree into Boggs' luxurious office.

When Waffletree had finished spluttering about Horace's strange behavior, Boggs' long horse face glowered. Before he could formulate a word in reply, Horace addressed both of them: "Now, you two parsimonious punks, I'm quitting. I'm quitting, do you hear. I'm sick of doping out contracts

Continued on page 136

Ned Hilton
HOT DOGS 10¢

Roese
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"What's cookin', honey?"

"Almost anything—now that you're rid of your '5 o'clock Shadow'!"

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EVERY TUESDAY EVENING OVER MUTUAL NETWORK

The Fabulous Plan of Phineas Flutterbutt

Continued from page 135

so that you can give away the last million. I'm fed up trying to help you get rid of money in bales and keep the soundest business in town."

He drew a deep breath. "What's it got me, I ask you? I work like a slave and all you'll take from me is a miserable fifty bucks a week. You wallow in your prosperity while I grind out my life in poverty. Well, to hell with you."

Waffletree stuttered, "Why you upstart—you—you—" He gasped, while behind him Boggs' sallow face grew darker.

"So I'm quitting," Horace said loudly. "But, before I quit, I want to tell you, I know how to fix that contract. But you try to do it. It's only just dawned on me that I am a most extraordinary person and perhaps Consolidated could use me and appreciate me. I defy you or any other punk in this office to fix that contract."

Waffletree stared at Horace. "Now, just a moment, Entwhistle. Don't let us be hasty. Let us keep our tempers and talk like men of the world."

Boggs spoke for the first time. "Yes, Entwhistle. Only yesterday Waffletree and I were talking about you. We were saying that you were a good man, and deserved—er, significant recognition. We agreed that we'd have to take more money from you and give you some official standing with the firm, if we wanted to keep such a good man as yourself. Now, how about this contract?"

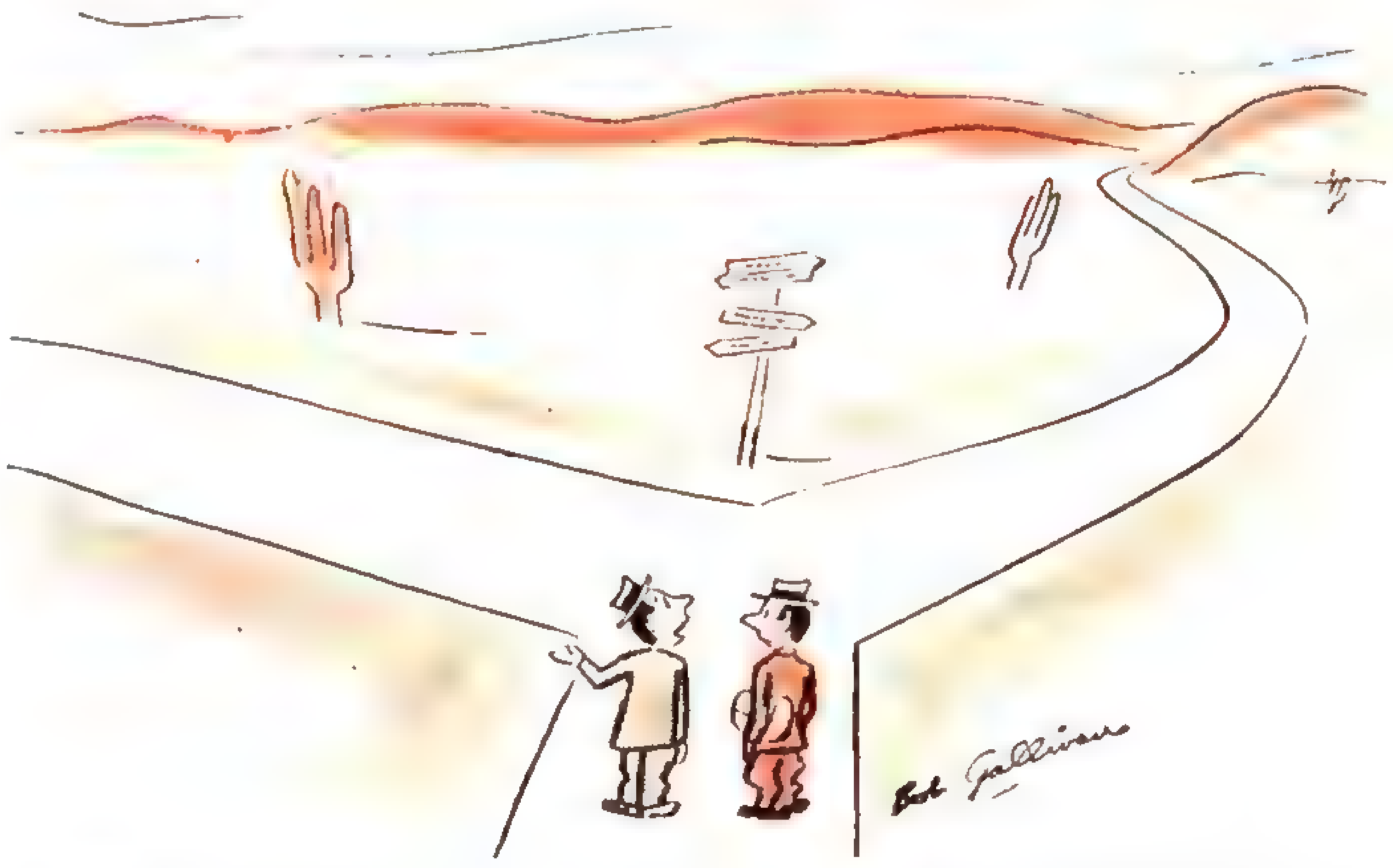
"That contract," said Horace, crisply, "can wait. How about my contract, the one that substantiates what you have just said?" Horace seemed to grow in stature as he hauled the money out of his pocket and stacked it on Boggs' desk.

"As a little bonus," he explained, "here are five thousand, three hundred dollars and twenty-three cents. Here's my book. Before we start talking about anything else, take away this money. You can enter it in the book as accepted for services rendered."

Waffletree looked at Boggs, who nodded his head slowly. "Gad, but you drive a hard bargain, Entwhistle."

"That's just my bonus. Now for my contract. I insist that you take from me 300 dollars a week from now on."

A short time later, Boggs was standing happily with the altered Consolidated contract in his hands as he beamed at Waffletree. Horace had given them a gay salute with his own contract as he went out the door. "A forceful young man, our Mr. Entwhistle," Boggs said. "He'll go far, Waffletree."



"It's entirely up to you, Freddie—I just don't care"

Horace went out through the main office before the bemused gaze of the sleek secretary. Maybe he stepped too high, for he slipped on the polished floor. His leg doubled up underneath him with a "crack" that Horace actually could hear. Then everything went black.

When he came back to consciousness, a doctor was saying to the anxious faces of Boggs and Waffletree, "Nothing serious. A clean break. I'll send him home in a private ambulance. It will knit in no time."

"Don't worry about anything, Entwhistle," Boggs was saying. "You'll have the best of care. Any money the doctors give you, the firm will absorb."

Emma came running out, half crying, as the ambulance drove up. But it didn't take Horace long to tell her the good news.

Then Emma cried out: "Darling, there's more good news. Remember that accident policy I made you take out a year ago? Well, they have to take fifty dollars from you every week till you're working again. Isn't it wonderful?"

Horace lay with his eyes closed. He smiled till his face hurt as he murmured softly, piously, "Thank God. Thank God for Phineas Flutterbutt and his Fabulous Plan." ⌗

Continued from page 31

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This Man's World

Continued from page 42

"Colonel's Clique" in our Army, it would scare the hell out of me. Sincerely yours.

Where Are the Sweets of Yesteryear?

A FRIEND of mine who came into New York town recently, set up a bitter complaint about the sweets situation and, evidently under the curious illusion that anyone pays attention to the hints and suggestions for a better world that appear in this space from time to time, demanded that I do something about it.

He said in effect, "What the hell is going on here with these new joints where you have to go to buy candy these days, with a couple of foreign-sounding names on the outside, the inside all done up with satin walls, or French mirrors, or Old Masters, something like an old-fashioned New Orleans or high-class Barbary Coast interior without the girls and the piano player, and what you get is a five-dollar rap for a pound of fifty-cent candy? By gum, I am a steady, tax-paying client of Esquire, and I demand that you write something. When I am in the mood to soften up the Old Lady with a couple of pounds of nut filberts or nougats or soft centers, I do not see why I have to pay for a Palace of Versailles interior-decorating job which I cannot take home with me. Why, when I was a boy . . ."

Ah! When we were boys. I know, I know. He was thinking of the luscious days of penny candy which we got in the little stationery store next door to the school. But we ain't none of us boys any more. And even the so-called penny candy of today is lousy. Tempus fugits and times change. But one may look back.

I know what my friend is talking about and share with him his distress. It's pretty good eating candy that comes out of those fancy Fifth Avenue and Michigan Boulevard traps and I have stuffed away my share of it while moaning bitterly at the prices thereof, but I know that they could make it twice as good and it still wouldn't hold a candle to the palate memory of the penny candy I used to buy at Hirschfeld's Stationery Store next to Public School 6, on Madison Avenue off 85th Street, back in dear old 1907.

All of my pocket money went there and I have never regretted a penny of it. It was among other things an important source of supply as a trading post, for it sold for a penny a slab of jaw-breaking taffy which had wrapped with it, as a gift, a colored picture of a Blériot Monoplane, or the Wright Brothers in flight, or a battleship or railroad locomotive series, and these, added to the pictures of prizefighters, ballplayers and race horses which we got out of Dad's packages of Sweet Caporal Cigarettes, made up an important collection fastened with a rubber band, with duplicates to the rear for swapping purposes. Our standing in the school community was dictated by the size and variety of these packs of pictures. Do those satin-ribbon-mirror joints ever throw in a present with a fifteen-dollar order? Like fun. They give you a glassy stare and clip you for the taxes.

For sheer flavor delight, there was a variety of items of which I remember one called chicken corn, offered in two poisonous colors of orange and yellow. Mr. Hirschfeld had a measuring glass holding about four ounces, which he would fill to overflowing with this candy for the price of one penny.

Caramels and chocolate peppermints were "two-fer," and with a nickel you could really do some shopping, saying, "Gimme somma them 'n somma them, 'n them, and a coupla those," and come away loaded with enough gooeys and cheweys and gummies to hold you through the lazy spring day in the buzzing classrooms.

There was a delicious confection called "Niggerbabies" served, like the chicken corn, by the glass measure, licorice bars, licorice drops and licorice shoe strings, and there were things that looked like bits of stick from the branch of a tree which, when chewed, turned licorice flavor. There were jawbreakers and fruit balls and orange and lemon drops, walloping big lollipops or all-day suckers (and you *could* suck on them all day), large lemon and peppermint sticks wrapped in wax paper, little boxes of plain Baker's sweet chocolate containing *five* slabs for a penny, and various grades of bubble gum, itself an important item in breaking up the equilibrium and routine of the beloved teacher on a dull afternoon.

Fat, dirty Mr. Hirschfeld used to serve us the unwrapped candy with very dirty hands, but that never used to bother me. I can see those pudgy, soiled fingers to this day, wandering about inside the showcase, leaping like avid spiders from tray to tray at my behest. I was too excited at the prospect of the delights ahead, and too interested to see that I got my full share, to worry about sanitation. I live to tell the tale. I remember Mr. Hirschfeld as being a man of not only honor but generosity. If his grubby fingers seized upon one candy too much from the tray, he would pop it into the bag as lagniappe, rather than return it to the counter. I'd be having one on the house, a system later copied with great success by Mr. Sherman Billingsley in his refined saloon.

One day, not long ago, when I was down on the farm, I was shopping in the little general store down in the village, and just for auld lang syne, I bought some of the current penny candy. It was a great disappointment. The old items were missing, inflation had

Continued on page 138

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PARK & TILFORD Import Corp., New York, N. Y.

This Man's World

Continued from page 137

jacked up the prices so that my nickel really took me nowhere. There are no more "two-fers," and the flavors of what I acquired seemed flat and acid, ironed out by the war, the sugar shortage and the general modern pestiferousness of man who has got out of the habit of giving anybody his money's worth.

And so to my complaining friend I say, "Brother, I know just how you feel, but that's the kind of world we live in and candy isn't the only thing that has gone high hat on us. But you've had your fifty cents worth of beef about it, I've got me a piece out of it, and tomorrow you and I will both be back in those fancy decorated boob traps, shelling out a V for a pound of stuff that probably wouldn't even have been allowed in through Mr. Hirschfeld's back door. My friend, it is *La Vie*."

Monkey See, Monkey Do

As I see it, we are all in a very bad trap, not because the atom has been split and the atomic bomb invented, but because it happened so soon. If we could have waited another five thousand years before becoming so damnably clever, there might have been a chance for us. But as it seems to be today, the human race is still too near the ancestral monkey to be allowed the use of dangerous mechanical contrivances. The Bandar-log can be taught tricks, but he is notoriously short on memory and self discipline. We make noises like men, but we continue to behave like monkeys.

Our record down through the ages is bad and so is the evidence piled up against us. It is characteristic of the chimp or the orang, our beloved cousins who took the easier way down from our common ancestors, that he has difficulty concentrating very long on one thing. He will show a commendable interest in something that intrigues him, giving it an energy and attention that is almost human, only to scamper away, completely forgetting what had occupied him, to play, crack dandruff in a neighbor's scalp, or steal the other fellow's banana. When he is given some contrivance fashioned by the hand of man, he will spend considerable time trying to take it apart, or playing with it, but is as likely to fly into a tantrum and use it to bash in the skull of his keeper.

There is not a shred of evidence to show that we are to be trusted with any gadget we have invented or developed down through the ages to mark the progress of man, no single item to show that we have sufficiently freed ourselves from the mentality and general behavior characteristics of the apes, to be trusted with anything more complicated than a plantain leaf, or a coconut. While our ingenuity has progressed with awesome speed, our appetites, our greed, our inability to think in consecutive pattern and then proceed decently and humanly to carry out the occasional idealism of our thinking, has remained not far above the level of the original monk who was daddy to us all.

Idea after idea, weapon after weapon was put into man's hands, and monkey-like he used them for his destruction, but there was always a chance that his brain or his soul would catch up to the product of his ingenuity, and that someday he would tire even of slaughter. But down through history you may read his black record of better, quicker and more efficient killing. Now his busy little hands are toying with the gadget to end all gadgets, to end all mankind. And like the Bandar-log he has already forgotten all the fine speeches he made at the meeting in San Francisco, he has forgotten apparently even why he met there. He has forgotten already what his new atom toy is about, and won't remember until he pulls the wrong lever and the toy goes off, when there will then be an end to remembering, to forgetting and to his vague aspiration to be a man someday.

Hearts Across the Sea

For the past several months I have been doing some correspondence for a Sunday paper in London, little pieces about America and ourselves, designed to cement the friendship between the two countries initiated by so many of our soldiers. And the other day I received a letter which I found singularly touching for its warmth and simplicity and its restatement of the singular kind of love that sprang up between people of two different nations. I am reproducing it as it came.

"Linbant Farm,
Linford, Ringwood, Hants.

"I very much appreciate your column, Spotlight on America, if only to keep us in touch with the boys we were very pleased to welcome in our homes while they were here. I have no sons of my own so perhaps that is why I feel they were so grateful to me at any little kindness I showed them.

"Bob was an airman, Eddie a Groundsman, Norman and Floyd two G.I.s, very young, and sometimes homesick. They have gone back to America, at least I hope the two former have. *They* went to France soon after D-Day. I saw Bob once when on leave from France. I am the wife of a small dairy farmer and he loved to come and shoot rabbits, he also liked Rabbit-Pie. I always felt a motherly love for them all, they enjoyed spending a short 48 hrs. here away from the camp, my two little girls loved them to Fly Kites and sail boats on the stream and they miss them a lot; we hope they will write to us sometimes and come back to see us some-when.

Mrs. Cecil Golding"

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How to Buy a Camera

Continued from page 41

no pangs of conscience about the trade I made with Mr. Halchester—he made it of his own free will. Besides, he had more Fine mats where that one came from—under the mattress of his bed. He slept on twenty of them.

When I got to Tahiti I got my camera.

When I got to Tahiti I showed my Fine mat to a French gentleman who made a living by collecting curios for various museums in America. His eyes popped when he saw my treasure. He asked me how much I wanted for it. I considered. Time was growing of the essence. I was becoming impatient for my camera. I was bypassing thousands and thousands of miles of eminently photographable scenery and I was not photographing it because I had no camera. My bartering days were pleasurable, but I was getting no photographs. I figured the time was approaching when I should have my camera.

I said to the Frenchman, "Do you have a camera?" He said, "Of course! A beautiful one!" He fled into another room; I could hear him rummaging around in there among his museum curios. He came dashing back holding a battered old Brownie at arm's length. "Isn't it beautiful?" he asked me. I said it was beautiful all right, but not as beautiful as my Fine mat. So we got down to business.

He told me of a man on the island—an American—who owned a Leica camera. "Go to see him," he told me. "Ask him how much he wants for it. Then we shall see what we shall see."

I went to see the American who owned the camera. He lived in one of the outlying districts and it took a long time to find him. I found him. I got right down to cases. "This camera you have . . ." I said to him.

"You mean my Leica?"

"Yes. How much?"

It took *him* about thirty minutes to get to the point, but finally he let me have it—both barrels. "Two hundred dollars. Cheap. I'll sell it cheap because I can't get any film."

"Let's see it."

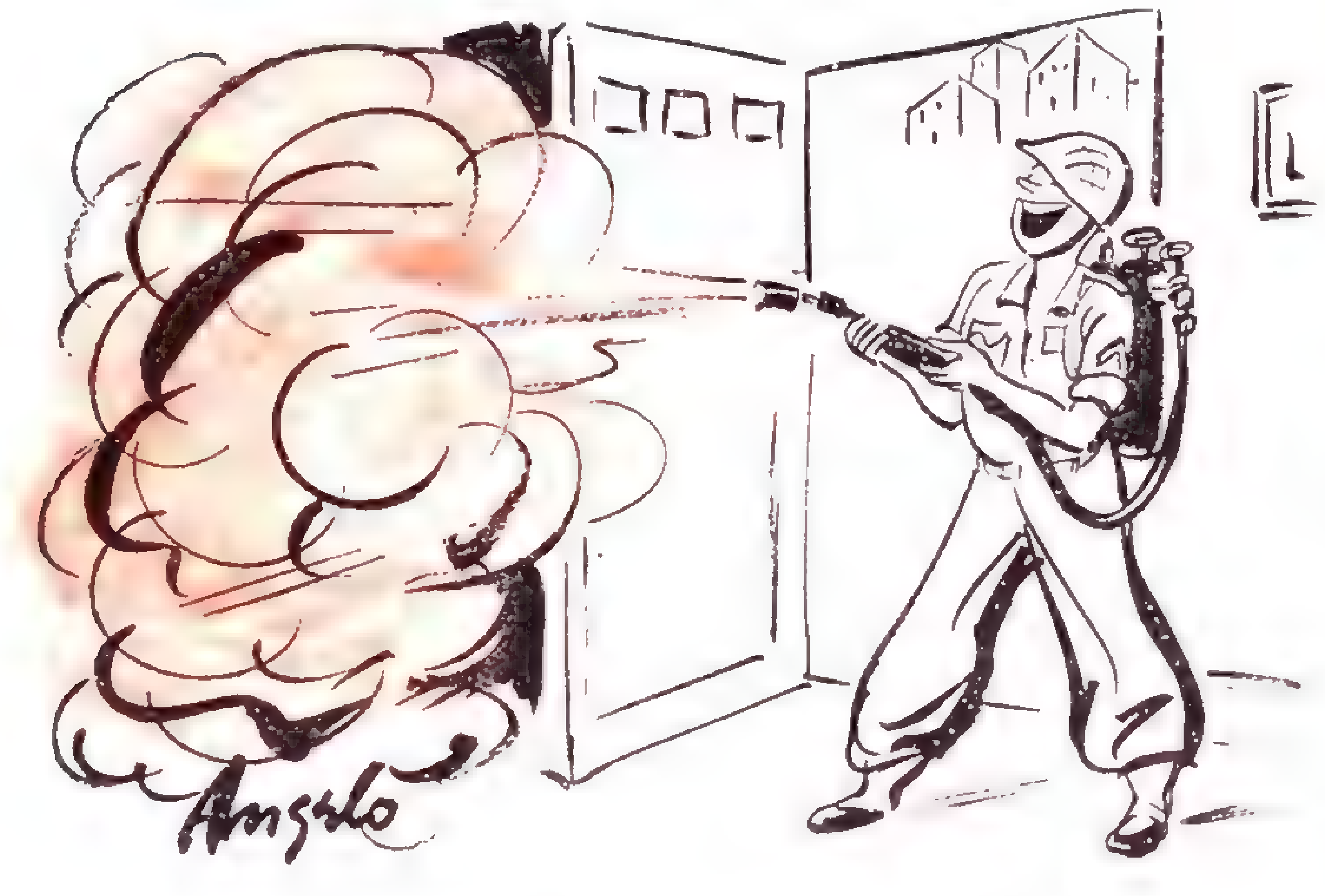
It was a beauty. It was the most beautiful camera in the world. It was the bright vision I had held in my mind's eye for several thousand miles. It was worth about one hundred dollars. "Two hundred dollars . . ." I said. "Hold on."

I went back to the French curio man. "Two hundred dollars," I told him. He was a man of many words, but he was also a man of action. He gave me the money. I gave him the Fine mat. I bought the camera.

There is very little more to tell. I took two thousand pictures with that camera, and I treasure each and every one of them, even the early ones during the taking of which I hadn't the faintest idea of how to work a Leica and it was always a running duel between me and the sunspots. I carried that camera through muck and mire, and across the hottest places on earth. I tended it like a newborn babe. I loved it—I love it still.

There is a postscript to the story. I hesitate to add it because it tends to detract somewhat from the romantic aspect of this tale. I started out to make this an adventurous story somewhat in the form of an allegory . . . a traveler in the South Seas pursuing a bluebird, overcoming handicaps, travails, hardships, eventually flushing the winged creature of his dreams on a tropical island—because his heart was pure, his faith serene. That is the kind of a story this was meant to be, even though it starts out with a set of dirty post cards and quickly becomes tinged with a certain commercial touch. But truth is truth, and it will out, and I have to tell you the one last truth about that camera.

The fact of the matter is that I came out pretty even on the whole thing. The camera cost me two hundred dollars. In the wallet the Chinese stole from me in Honolulu were a hundred and eighty-seven hard American bucks. ⧻



"Mama, guess who's home!"

She'll love you in your P.S.
John Buckley

She'll love you in your P.S.

PURITAN SPORTSWEAR

Sportswear by PURITAN

If you wish to win favor in indoor or outdoor sports, try Puritan Sportswear, tailored in the men's wear manner that makes a fellow look his best. At leading stores everywhere. Write for the name of a dealer near you.

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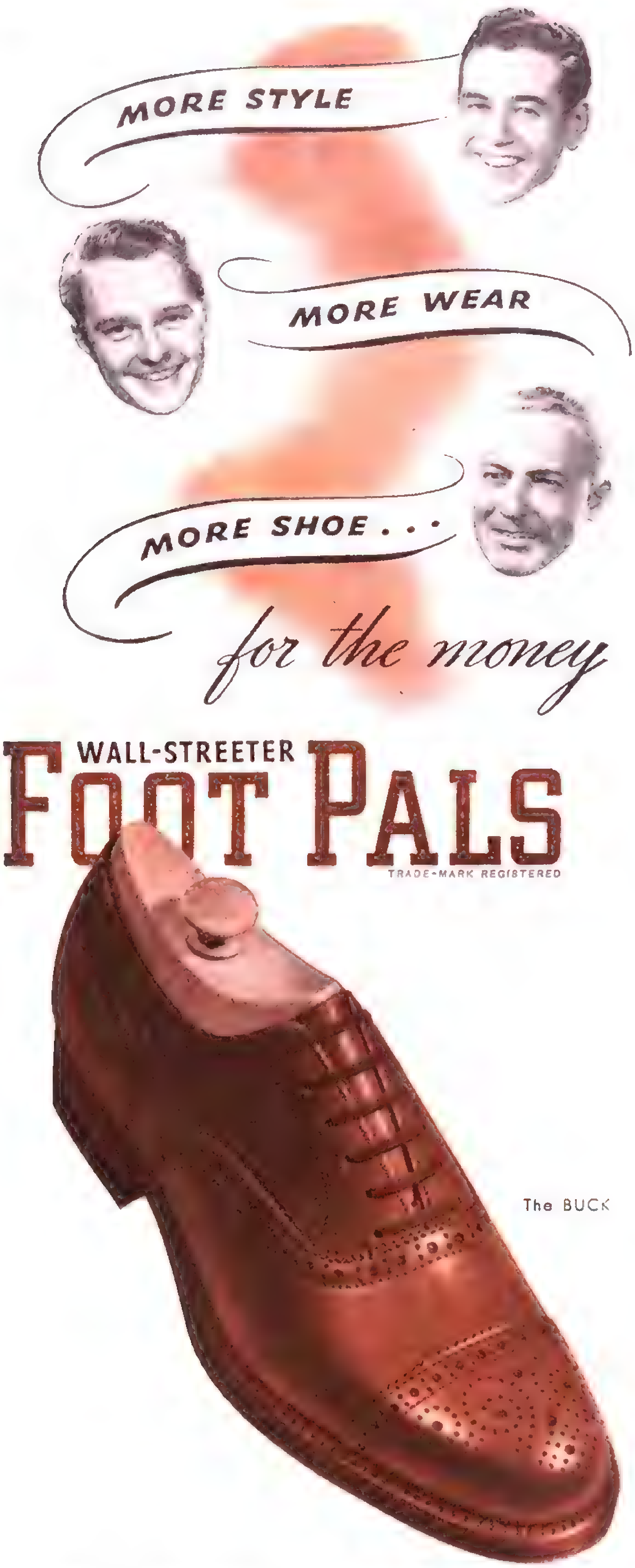

Isn't it a great feeling to buy something and know that you couldn't have done better for your money?

It's a feeling you will have about Foot Pals after you've bought your first pair . . . and long before you've worn them out. You'll like the admiration their up and coming, well-bred styling inspires. You'll like their smooth and easy feel and fit . . . the result of superlatively good shoemaking. You'll like them because, in every way, they offer you "more shoe for the money." . . . Ask for Foot Pals! Wall Streeter Shoe Company, North Adams, Mass.

SHOES WORTH WEARING

Movie of the Month

Continued from page 92

own documentary on *The Battle of Midway*. But in *They Were Expendable*, he carries his audience aboard the P.T. boats for breakneck rides through shellfire that almost blasts you out of the theatre. You are there when the torpedo men loose their deadly "fish" beneath the very bows of Nip cruisers. This is thrilling stuff—the little P.T.s fight against odds that make David's bout with Goliath seem a pushover. No ordinary movie shot in a studio tank could indicate the speed and maneuverability of these recklessly darting little torpedo carriers. Captain Ford shot his action off the Florida coast in deep water, with the Navy co-operating, and he had a cast of actors who could take it.

"Spig" Wead may have missed a minor plot point by not using an accident or some other incident to dramatize the extreme flimsiness of the boats during the opening sequence. This would have motivated the Admiral's reluctance to use a weapon which time proved, when almost all other weapons were destroyed, to be an explosive thorn in the side of a victorious and relentless enemy. It also would have emphasized the daredevil gallantry of sailors who went up against armored cruisers in craft as fragile as hopped-up ping-pong tables. A P.T. in action looks so efficient that it is hard to remember the eggshell vulnerability of its plywood hull. However, this is excitingly demonstrated later on when Jap planes chase one of the boats up on a beach and pound it to pieces. Another breath-taking action shows the Jap air forces attacking the entire P.T. flotilla off the naval base at Cavite. This scene churns with the zigzagging spray of the fleeing boats and the geysers blasted up by the diving attackers. To produce this scene of havoc, Ford used no miniatures or process shots. (This last is a camera trick which enables a 4-F actor, in Hollywood, to appear on the slopes of Suribachi without ruffling his permanent or changing his address.)

The Florida locations double perfectly for Philippine backgrounds. Any realtors who were in the palm thickets kept their heads well down.

The human element triumphs in almost every foot of *They Were Expendable*. One values it most for the things it leaves out. No juvenile goes yellow. No lovable mug from Brooklyn gets off funny lines about the Dodgers, and no laconic guy named "Kansas" becomes wistful for the cows. We do encounter an aviator named "Ohio," but he talks about women. Probably a dilettante from Sandusky. The sailors all act like sailors, and the nurses act like nurses. There isn't even a nurse who used to be a strip-tease artist back at Coney.

I told you this was a different war picture! There are no rewarmed Clifford Odets clichés nor editorializing postures. No hero shouts, "Apple pie and coca-cola! That's what we're fightin' for, Maw!" Mr. Montgomery, unlike Cary Grant in *Destination Tokyo*, makes no mention of fighting the Japs for the purpose of providing roller skates for the children of Tokyo. No character talks like a Leftist tract. Mr. White wrote the book some years before he aroused criticism by putting too much mustard in his bread and butter letter to the Russians. So no one talks like a Republican, either. The class war is ignored. This saves confusion. It helps to know which war the heroes are fighting.

Of course, Bob Montgomery is presented as a man with a purpose. He believes in P.T. boats. But he isn't always talking about them. He exhibits none of that garrulous devotion which marked Tyrone Power's affection for the Suez Canal. Or Spencer Tracy's infatuation for the Edison light bulb. Or Joel McCrea's passion for the Wells Fargo Express. Montgomery's is a quieter love. He says little, but implies a lot. As you watch him lurking outside the Admiral's headquarters, longing for a chance to prove his boats, you get the feeling that here is one of history's unrecognized geniuses. The P.T.s might have saved Americans much suffering if acceptance hadn't come too late.

Mr. Montgomery's performance is so flawlessly excellent that no one scene inspires particular comment. It has no high points because it has no low ones. It is so honest that no actor's trick stands out.

Montgomery once scored as a light comedian. Now he has become what Hollywood always talks about but seldom produces—a restrained actor. Restraint is not achieved by placing a tight leash on a cast-iron dog. Many Hollywood leading men take bows for restrained acting when they are simply not acting at all. But "restraint" means force held in check. Montgomery implies the strong emotions that real men are reluctant to voice. He makes you feel his character's worry, patriotism, and intelligent desperation. His talents now are as admirable and well-founded as is his record for courageous and responsible human feeling. You can't say more than that.

John Wayne always reminds me of Trilby. Not because his feet are especially pretty, but because he has a Svengali. That Svengali is John Ford. When Ford coaches him, John is a persuasive lover. Without Ford, he looks like Lauren Bacall waiting around for Howard Hawks. Ford turns Wayne into a convincing Romeo by letting him think. It isn't true that actors can't think. They just haven't been encouraged. Most movie romances give the heroine so much psychology that the hero can only muse over whether or not the back of his shirt is clean. Often, he's no more important than the furniture. Sometimes he isn't that important. In *Queen Christina*, Garbo prowled around embracing the bedpost, running a loving palm over the window draperies and caressing the wall with her cheek. While this was going on, John Gilbert lay, like the Forgotten Man, in a vast and lonely feather bed. That's the type of stuff Wayne usually gets stuck in. The female stars all want him because he's big enough to make the heftiest heroine seem small.

John plays Montgomery's executive officer in *They Were Expendable*. He shares the star billing and carries the love interest. The romance starts when a harassed nurse (Donna Reed) jerks John's pants off. It progresses as Wayne watches her assist at a marathon series of operations while Corregidor is being shelled. Here, as the lights are knocked out and patients succeed each other on the surgeon's table, you see Wayne's wolfish attitude change to one of solid masculine respect. A clumsy nobility comes into his love-making. He's crazy about her, but is afraid to let himself go. Most men will recognize this. Kipling named it when he said, "I couldn't do such, 'cause I liked her too much." It brings out the Eagle scout in the eager beaver.

Ford hits a fine note of masculine sentimentality when Wayne's shipmates entertain the girl at the squadron's mess. Everybody from the commander to the cook engages in a slightly maudlin conspiracy to make things seem romantic.

Wayne employs his shining hour, as so many of us have—by sitting close to her and smirking his adoration. I must confess that all this got me a little gulpy. There's something sad about a pack of male animals all obeying a herd instinct to "be nice."

The love story ends when Wayne calls up on a field telephone to break a date. The girl knows that duty is taking him away from Bataan. He knows that he's leaving her to be captured. This passage is played with brusque, almost brutal, understatement. The connection is broken before either can say much. There isn't even an "Oh, the pity of it!" close-up. From here the action swiftly moves on to an exciting sequence showing General MacArthur's escape from Bataan.

They Were Expendable owes much of its honesty to Captain Ford's recent preoccupation with documentary films. But this influence also produces defects. After Montgomery takes the convalescent Wayne away from Corregidor, the audience expects an important climax. It doesn't get one.

Ford and Wead may have felt that one more battle would be too much. Perhaps they remembered that servicemen had changed the name of one picture from *God Is My Co-Pilot* to *How Dennis Morgan Won the War*—despite its being based on the real-life adventures of Colonel Robert L. Scott. No serviceman wants a movie to imply that any one man "won the war."

The documentary technique brings other lapses. Unfamiliar characters appear, suddenly, as they do in newsreels, to play important scenes before an audience that hasn't been told who they are. You watch the men labor to get a boat off a reef without quite understanding how it got there. Suspense seems to have been deliberately avoided in some spots. Probably there were dull days, even in the Philippines. But no picture is improved by the inclusion of dull scenes.

In the theatre, reality doesn't always seem real. After the last war, the Army helped Paramount re-enact one of the battles on the Western Front. This was for *Wings*. Regiments of regulars advanced across No Man's Land, exactly as they had been trained to—slowly and cautiously, so as not to walk into their own barrage.

It was absolutely authentic. But on the screen it looked like a bunch of guys searching for nick-

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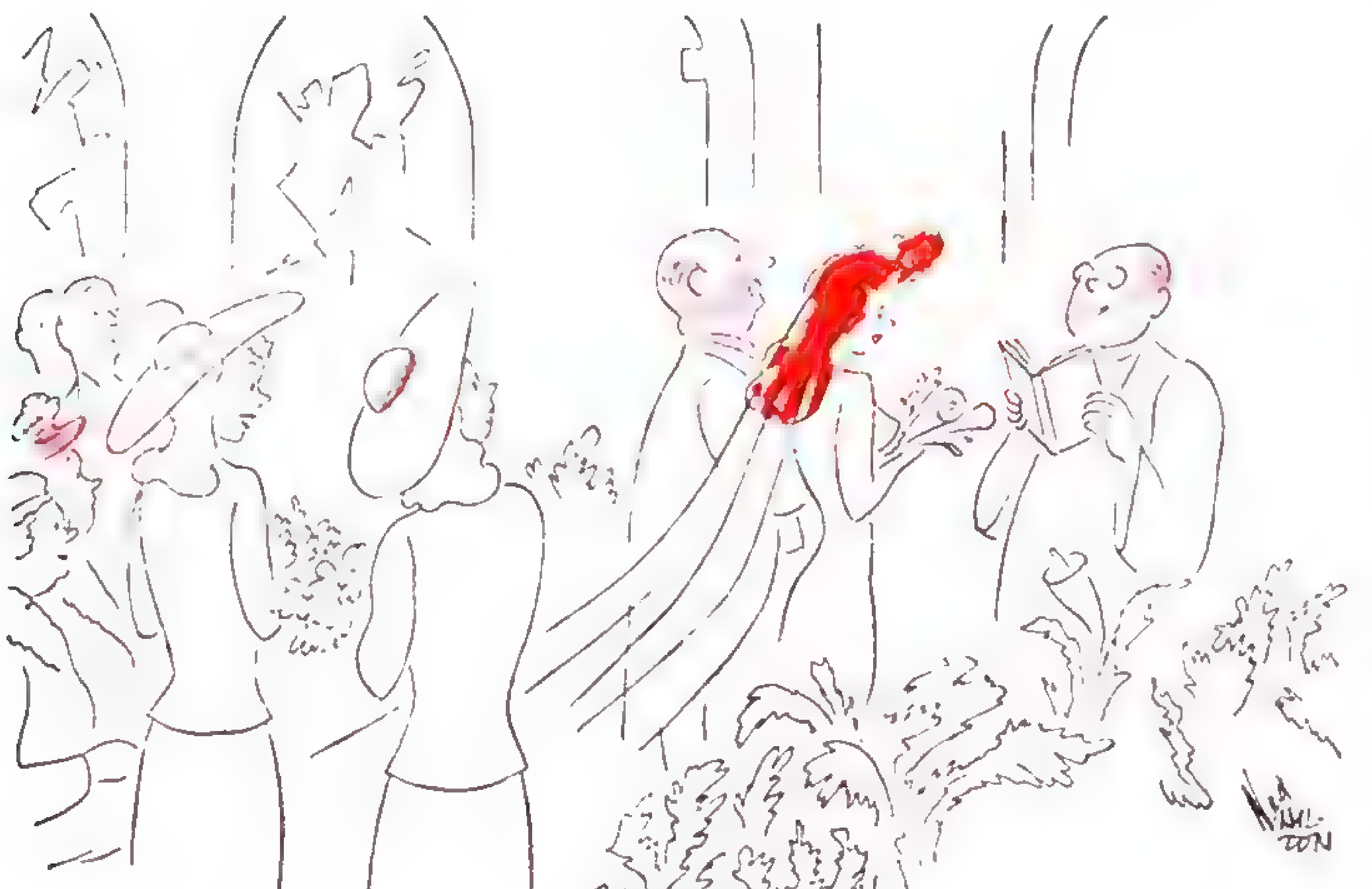
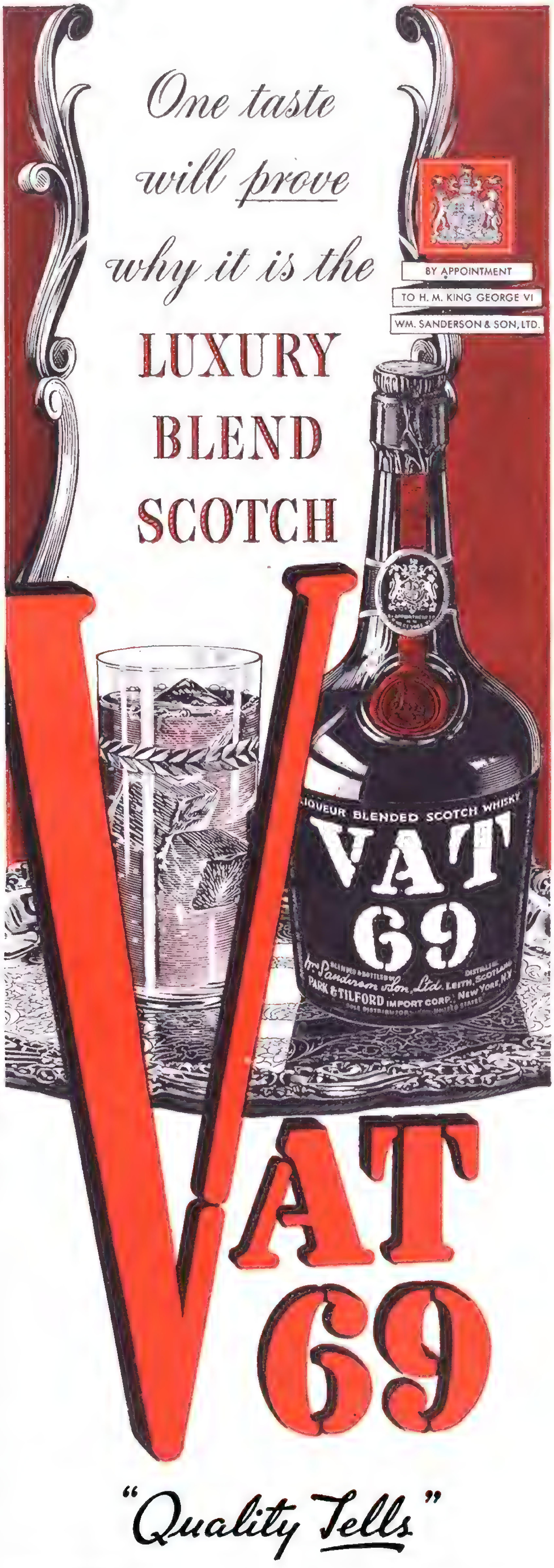


"It was love at first sight—she saw his checkbook, insurance policies and war bonds"



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A **CORDURO** wallet gets around town in the pockets of *discriminating* men—and in the handbags of *modern-minded* women, too. It's a favorite because it is custom made.

CORDURO is a precision-built, distinguished wallet that bespeaks the owner's taste. The almost invisible pores of its superlative shell cordovan prevent moisture, dirt and grease absorption. That's why the leather looks so lustrous.

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SERVICE

Movie of the Month

Continued from page 141

els in a recently-ploughed field. Very little of this slow-paced stuff was used in the finished picture.

Then Lewis Milestone directed *All Quiet on the Western Front.* As soon as the University of Southern California track team was through fighting for U.S.C., he hired it to be the French infantry. These boys galloped over the barbed wire as though it were low hurdles. Holding their rifles like vaulting poles, they broadjumped into masses of defending Germans. Any Frenchman doing that in a real battle would have wound up sitting on a Kraut bayonet. But, dramatically, it was perfect. As attackers hurtled onto the screen from every direction, the audience was gripped by the panic and confusion of a youth defending a trench for the first time. A scene is accurate if it arouses an accurate emotion.

This is where the documentary technique breaks down when applied to dramas. It is instructive rather than emotional. It is at its best when catching the surface accuracies in such productions as *The Fighting Lady* and *The Memphis Belle.* It instructs but it doesn't interpret. *Nanook of the North* would not have been a great picture had its qualities been recognizable only to Eskimos. And a war picture isn't great if it is understandable only to servicemen.

Just now Hollywood is in the grip of an unanalytical documentary craze. There is a passion for being untheatrical that too often results in being undramatic. In an effort to keep actors from looking like actors, they are made to look like people waiting for streetcars.

Periodically, the theatre is rocked by these frenzies. When DeMille made *The King of Kings*, many self-elected experts maintained that it was blasphemy to permit anyone save Bavarian wood carvers to portray the characters of the Gospels. According to the dementia current at that time, Christian tradition could be absorbed only in an atmosphere of shavings and sawdust. This theologic nonsense suffered a shock when the Freyberg Passion Play toured this country and was found to be full of scriptural ignorance. The Freybergers decorated the Temple of Jerusalem with Egyptian sphinxes. They staged the Resurrection at a tomb that only could have been designed by an artist who had never read the Gospels. Pontius Pilate wore his street pants under his tunic, and sported a winged helmet left over from a Wagnerian opera. Nor were the spiritual activities of the players completely in rapport with their subject. In Denver, Adolph Fassnacht (who played the Man of Galilee) got into a row with his brother, Rudolph (who impersonated Judas). In this struggle over the gate receipts, Adolph pushed Rudolph's head through the ticket seller's window. The box-office man, used only to the mild-secular avarice of Shubert road companies, became frightened and called the cops, who carted the two sanctified Bavarians off in the pie wagon.

A similar air of pretentious phoniness pervaded the cast of bookkeepers, underwear models and certified public accountants which Louis De Rochemont assembled for *The Ramparts We Watch.* The fine anti-Nazi doctrine of this picture kept most critics from pointing out that the actors looked like—exactly what they were—a bunch of scared amateurs having their pictures taken. De Rochemont said this was "honest acting," but it just looked like clumsiness to the audience. Business languished until an epilogue cut from confiscated German war film was added. Behind these shots of Nazi ruthlessness, the producer duped in a Simon Legree narration delivered in a sneering Weber and Fields accent. Thus, the first documentary screen drama was saved by hot news and hokum.

The war films would have drawn crowds without *The Ramparts.* People wanted to see the Battle of Poland and the Siege of Danzig that they read about in the newspapers. But it was the commentator (and he really hammed it up) who gave *The Ramparts* its only audience emotion. His arrogant voice exaggerated the subtleties of Dr. Goebbels. He made you hate the Germans. It was hoke, but it was good hoke. It reduced the Nazi philosophy into simple terms of menace.

More recently, Mr. De Rochemont gave the documentary vogue new impetus with his *House on 92nd Street.* This time he uses real actors. In the earlier sequences they are so painfully and self-consciously undramatic that they suggest an Englishman dressing for dinner in the middle of the jungle. Vagrant thought: Monty Woolley always reminds me of a jungle dressing for dinner in the middle of England. De Rochemont's characters, looking away from the cameraman, remind you of a flock of shocked librarians ignoring a boy who has asked for *February Hill.* Leo G. Carroll couldn't snub the camera with more cool and gentlemanly disdain if it had burped.

But once these austere didos have been ritualistically dealt with, *The House on 92nd Street* plunges into an orgy of unadulterated hoke. A spy tries to be inconspicuous by wearing high patent leather button shoes on the streets of New York. There is a great flapping of secret panels. Wigs are jerked off. A woman fools the eagle-eyed minions of the F.B.I. into thinking she is a man. Mr. De Rochemont hates melodrama as much as the editors of *Life* hate photographic cheesecake. But the stern demands of history force *Life* to devote many pages to panties and transparent nightgowns.

And dramatic necessity forces De Rochemont, after making many pedagogical faces, to embrace the structure of *Bertha, the Sewing Machine Girl.* Even so, some air of uncontaminated purity is maintained by depriving the actors of their grease paint and by shooting their bravura activities with a harsh lens.

Here again, De Rochemont got the benefit of a news break. The atom bomb was capitalized in ads which read, "A year ago the secret of *The House on 92nd Street* would have cost you your life!" One confused theatre owner changed this to read, "Would have cost you your wife." But it still worked. Directors who fall in love with De Rochemont's technique also should be sure to have his news contacts.

Fortunately, Ford and Wead recover from the infatuation before it does much harm. *They Were Expendable* picks up suspense as it moves toward a climax in which the whole American Philippine defense is seen disintegrating. Officers without uniforms and sailors without boats struggle along the jungle trails. Few Americans will be able to look at it without vowing that no American fighting man ever will be forced to face privations such as this again.

As a result of this picture's many excellencies, Metro has a chance to release the first of the great realistic war movies six months after the conflict is over. This would set a new record. The stage version of *What Price Glory?* did not open on Broadway until 1924, six years after the Armistice. Though a New York success, this unpoetic war drama aroused so many squawks from the doctrinaire patriots and Fourth of July orators that the studios were afraid to launch it on the national public. Fox Films, however, hired one of the authors, Laurence Stallings, to do a toned-down script for a war movie in August, 1927. Stallings had served in the Marine Corps, and it was impossible for him to write a Model-T rehashing of *The Four Horsemen.* His script, *The Big Parade,* was less lusty and hilarious than *What Price Glory?*, but it had lots of human juice in it.

His heroes didn't know where they were going or why. They carried out orders. Stallings showed the appealing power of soldier friendships. His hero cared more about the former bartender who marched at his right and the dumb steel riveter on his left than all the finespun ideological issues. One of the great scenes showed a wounded soldier in an ambulance, snarling at another casualty to shut up. This hit civilians as a shocking revelation. Until then they thought the wounded always suffered in stoic silence.

The Big Parade was a sensational success—made so by war veterans. Far from resenting its unheroic tone, the ex-doughboys welcomed its realism. They brought their friends and their kids and their wives. Here, after seven years of waiting, was a picture that explained them to the public. It interpreted their beefs, their cynicism and their disillusionment. The things they valued, but couldn't explain.

They Were Expendable will perform a similar service for today's veterans. In the original story, both protagonists (Lt. Bulkeley and Lt. Robert Kelly) told of the disgust they felt when high-flown patriotic broadcasts from the mainland described their exploits with rhetorical flourishes. All of the servicemen I have talked to echo this sentiment. They feel that movie and radio fiction have made it almost impossible for the folks at home to understand them. They have resentful feelings of embarrassment as they hear civilian notions about the war. They want to tell people that the average gob and infantryman didn't have the tongue of a Patrick Henry or the courage of a Galahad. They say they don't want to seem superhuman. They may endorse *They Were Expendable* because they can take their wives and friends to see it and say: "Look, this is what it was like."

At least, that's what the servicemen who made it hope.

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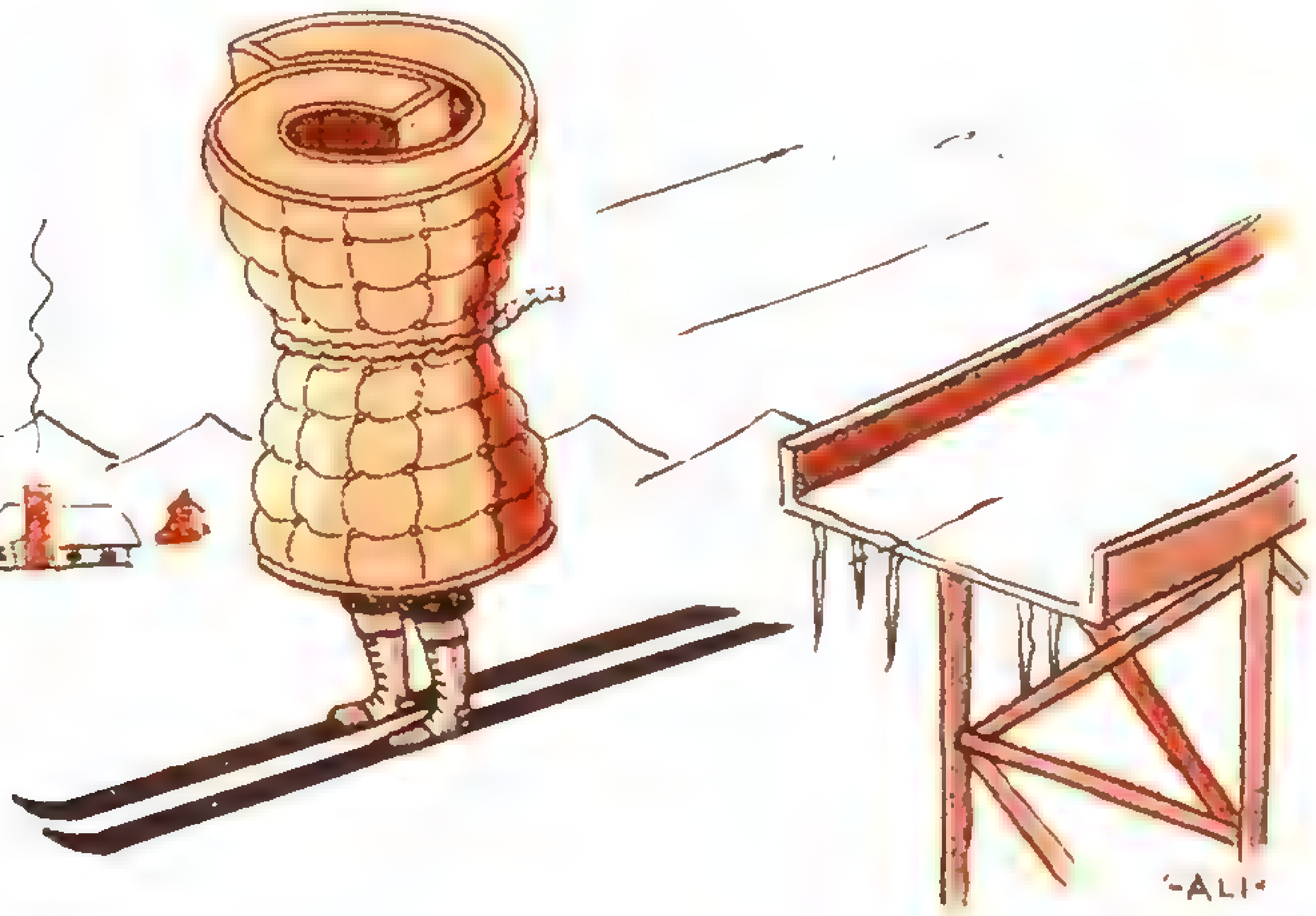

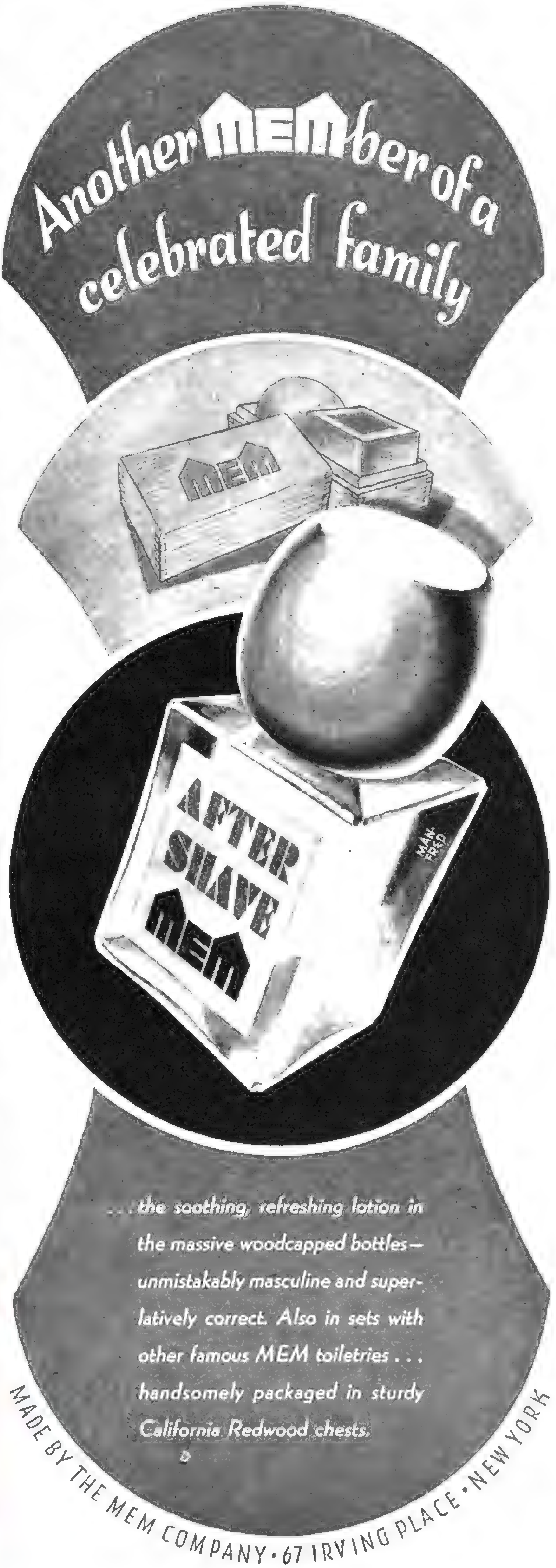

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The China Chin

Continued from page 48

in his corner, he'd make them understand what he was trying to say He had tried to get Mr. Giesler but he was too busy.

Hank was sentenced to San Quentin.

For weeks he was morose and would not talk to a soul. He didn't belong there. One day in the Yard a con approached him and began talking about the annual Field Day.

"It's nothin' you have to do," he told Hank, "it's just somethin' you do if you want to."

"That's right," another con interrupted, "it's the one day in the year you're a man, not a number. We have a track meet and a ball game, they give us ice cream and smokes, the Governor and the Mayor and a lot of big shots come up here. And we show 'em we're still men, not animals. We weave rugs and belts and paint pictures and make mosaics, and we give 'em to Warden Duffy and the whole Prison Board. What the hell, it ain't their fault we're here."

Hankinson thawed a little but shrugged his shoulders.

"Be a good guy and help us out," the cons said. "The feature event of the Field Day is the boxing championships. Everyone knows you're the best pug here. A lot of sports writers, old friends of yours, will be up and it'll help us out if you're in the ring. It'll give us some publicity and make it easier when we ask for sports equipment."

With a what-have-I-got-to-lose shrug, Hank signed up.

From that day, Hank was a changed man. He was doing the only thing he had ever learned to do. The mittens felt good on his knuckles. And the more he thought of Field Day the happier he became. Never before had he trained so religiously. He never could. Now he'd had five months on the wagon. No women.

He was healthy, strong, bronzed. And happy. He was going to win his heavyweight championship after all—in San Quentin Prison.

More than six thousand pairs of eyes were riveted on the grim giant with a bashed-in nose and ape-like arms. Hank had shed twenty pounds. For the first time in his life he was in perfect physical condition.

In the opposite corner sat Jack Willis, a head shorter than Hank, squat and unimpressive.

It was no match. Hank's long arms held off the helpless little Negro. His long legs were moving beautifully. Willis couldn't lay a glove on him.

The second round began. There was a flurry of leather, a lantern jaw wide open, a black snake hissing through the golden sunlight, and Hankinson falling. At the count of seven he made a desperate effort to get up but it was useless. His right arm fell behind him as he struggled to his right side but his head never twitched. Hank remained flat on his face at the count of ten, his glass chin buried in resin dust.

Smelling salts and strong arms brought Hank back to his feet. He blinked and staggered, his eyes glazed. Then a quizzical expression came over his long face. As he crawled through the ropes it had grown to a beatific smile.

A while later I visited him in his cell.

"I must've looked natural out there, eh, pal?" he grinned.

I had one question: Why was he beaming when he left the ring?

"You wouldn't understand," he said. "You wouldn't understand unless you'd gone through what I did. You'd have to know how I felt when I won fourteen in a row. And how I felt when every stumblebum in the country was belting me. The fans, you sports writers, everybody said I was doing business, goin' in the tank. And you were wrong, all of you."

The big fellow paused and stroked his chin.

"Y'see, it never made no difference whether I trained or not. It made no difference whether I got shicker and played center field every night. When you got a crockery jaw you got a crockery jaw and there ain't a damn thing you can do about it.

"For weeks I've been dreamin' and prayin' to win that fight today. Every day I sweat like hell training for it. And the men believed me. They made me a one to three favorite and bet that way. Not money but something more precious than money. Tobacco, our only means of exchange. They bet days and weeks of pleasure. They put up three bags to one, that's how much faith they had in me. And I let them down. I didn't want to, but I did. And you saw what happened.

"When I came to, I couldn't believe my ears. Not what I heard but what I didn't. There wasn't one boo, no one cried fake or phony. Thousands of sacks of tobacco had been lost but no one beefed. They were satisfied. They were stunned and didn't say anything until I left the ring. Then they gave me a cheer. You were there. Jesus, that made me feel good. The fans outside always believed the worst; they wouldn't believe I was losing honestly. But the men in here did. That's why I smiled, pal."

Back there, flat on his face, Hank won the greatest victory of his life. That was his redemption.

Ellsworth Hankinson was accounted an evil man and The Law ruled that society must be protected against him.

Convict No. 66572 served his time and came out to join the Army. On December 26, 1943, in the gas-filled apartment of a woman named Maxine White in Muncie, Indiana, Private Ellsworth Hankinson was found flat on his face, dead.

Hank never did have much luck around Christmas time. ##

The Rhythm Section

Continued from page 102

fight poverty; his father did well as a Navy blueprinter, and it was not until Duke went to New York that he knew what it was to be broke and hungry, though in Washington for a while there were some tough jobs to play: ("We'll give you the five dollars later," he would be told; but somehow, a few minutes before the dance was to end, somebody insulted somebody else, and nobody got paid. And when the fights were interesting . . . Duke would wade right in, forgetting his precious fingers . . . throwing punches with the best of them.)

A much more serious fight on Ellington's hands was the one against race prejudice, an issue on which the book cuts no corners. The Duke and his men from Washington found that even in New York, "in any one of a dozen ways you could be embarrassed, shocked, humiliated." But they didn't hate: "they were fatalistic, sad when they thought about it, more often blank to skin pigments, lost in the wider range of musical colors."

In later chapters, describing the band's visits to Europe, there is a clear picture of the new vista that opened up. "Europe is a very different world from this one," Duke explained. "You can go anywhere and talk to anybody and do anything you like. It's hard to believe. When you've eaten hot dogs all your life and you're suddenly offered caviar, it's hard to believe it's true." There are anecdotes, of the evening when the Prince of Wales drank gin with Duke, then took over Sonny Greer's place at the drums; of the unhappy attempt to find good hamburgers in Hamburg; of the memorable fortieth birthday party for Duke in Stockholm when a sixteen-piece jazz band marched into his suite to awaken him with the Swedish version of *Happy Birthday.*

Along with the humorous social notes are the musical and economic overtones, the story of how Duke rose to fame with the Cotton Club, became an international figure through his records, through *Mood Indigo* and *Solitude*; the story of how he was swept along by the tide of swingmania in the mid-1930's and temporarily obscured by it too.

The prohibition era is vividly recalled; Ulanov pulls no punches in describing the alcoholic details that were integral in the lives of the musicians, though he could have explained more clearly the philosophy that caused Duke, several years ago, to adopt a steadier and soberer way of life.

He does, however, depict clearly the great impact upon Ellington of his mother's and father's death, and the family loyalty that is such an important part of his personality. The suave, urbane Duke Ellington whom you see on the bandstand offers few clues to the Ellington you find in these pages—a man beset by ambitions and frustrations, searching for peace of mind yet grappling with the problems of dozens of other lives with whom his own has become ineluctably associated.

Particularly engrossing and amusingly written, is the chapter on "Swee' Pea" Strayhorn, the diminutive, spectacled young hedonist whose role in the Ellington scene since 1939 is revealed not only as that of associate composer-arranger, but also as an invaluable musical and mental stimulus. Strayhorn emerges as both crown prince and jester in the Ellington court.

The book concludes with a catalogue, as nearly complete as any yet attempted, of Ellington's entire career on records.

If you have ever seen, heard or met Duke Ellington, or devoted any appreciable time to his music, Ulanov's book belongs in your library. If you know or care little about jazz and its makers, the book combined with a judicious assortment of discs—including Victor's *Ellington Panorama* and the two Brunswick albums—will provide an admirable introduction. It would be an exaggeration to claim that in musical appreciation the pen is mightier than the sound; but the least you can say is that it helps. ###

SUN
TAN
OIL
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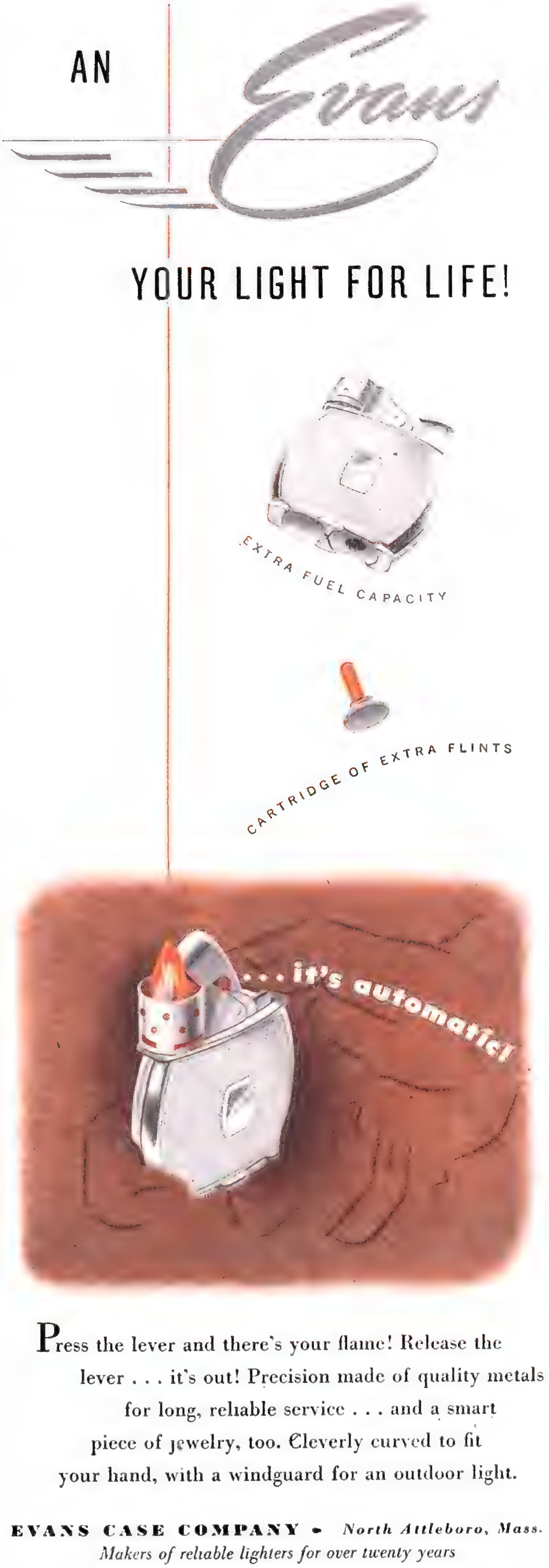
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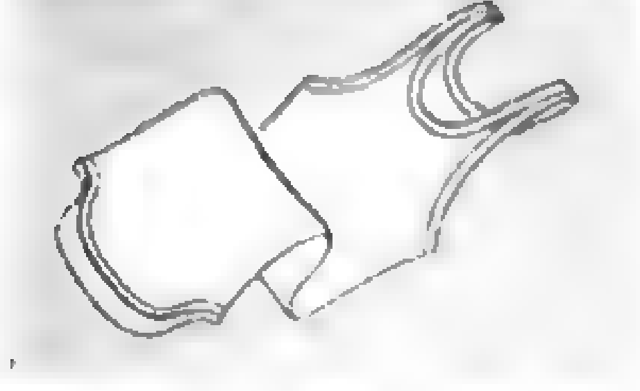

Matching shirt absorbs perspiration. Cut to follow leg line of Scandals.

CHANGE TO REIS

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Ordeal of a Pollywog

Continued from page 89

his eyes. He looked startlingly like Pontius Pilate in an old colorplate Lt. Walters remembered as a child. Beside the Judge were recorders and bailiffs and lawyers in unidentifiable costumes. Behind them the Head Executioner and his assistants in long G.I. underwear, dyed a livid red, prodded the rumps of the initiates with a pitchfork wired to an electric magneto. High on a pedestal on the hatch, King Neptune, bearded and crowned, and his Queen Consort with great melon breasts, watched the proceedings with mild, self-conscious amusement. At their knees sprawled the Royal Princess, one of the colored mess boys. His shining black cheeks were framed by two thick strands of white hemp falling to his hips, and he clutched the white mattress cover that draped him like a toga as he rocked with wild laughter.

The deck, solid with bodies, seemed strangely disembodied from the rest of the ship as it dipped and rose in the calm sea. Lt. Walters could discern flashes of color on the deck of the *AKA* which flanked their starboard, and as his eyes swept past the accompanying destroyers to the more distant vessels in the convoy, he realized with a strange shock that on every one of the hundreds of ships in the convoy the same ritual was taking place. He suddenly thought of Halloween, remembering his own shy dread and envy of the kids who dressed up to roam the streets and burn gates and stick pins in doorbells.

He turned, startled, as the bosun's mate, followed by two other Shellbacks, strode toward him, their eyes glittering like hounds on a scent. They wore jagged, knee-length trousers, bandanas on their heads, and blouses on which were scrawled "Royal Cop." The bosun stopped abruptly. "Hi, Chaplain," he panted, his Texas accent grim with warning. "Seen any them low-down Pollywogs hidin' out?"

"Not one, Your Excellency," Lt. Walters said jovially. He cleared his throat and added with a hasty, offhand smile, "Unless you mean me?"

The bosun seemed to notice Lt. Walter's costume for the first time. "Well, blow me down!" he said. He took his cigar stub from his button mouth and stared with curiosity and disbelief. "*You* ain't going through our little ceremony, are you?"

"Well, not exactly." Lt. Walters flushed. "I just thought I'd dress up and—" He stopped awkwardly.

The bosun chuckled. "Scared me for a minute, Chaplain. We're going to need you-all to bury the dead." His face sobered proudly. "Four men in sick bay," he said, then forgot Lt. Walters' existence and hurried away, swinging his wooden cutlass in a vicious arc.

A louder roar arose from the mob below as three Shellbacks turned the nozzle of the hose on a fresh group of Pollywogs. Huddled like sheep awaiting slaughter, they doubled up with queer jerky movements, shielding their faces and their groins from the violent force. On the starboard rail other Pollywogs were running the final gantlet, scrambling, stumbling on hands and knees between two rows of Shellbacks who slashed at their buttocks with wooden paddles, trouser belts, and thick lengths of canvas hose. All in good fun, Lt. Walters repeated to himself uncertainly, but the words died in fascinated horror as he watched a giant youngster with a black beard raise his stave high over his head and swing it downward like a headsman's ax. The boy's whole body seemed to quiver with joy and none of the others in the line, swinging with more restraint, interfered with his pleasure.

Lt. Walters felt the butterflies beating their wings frantically inside his stomach. Two troop officers who had just gone through the initiation came up the ladder, passed him, their hair clipped in grotesque streaks, their faces black with grease, their voices exultant. "Damn, boy," one of them said, "I won't be sitting for a week."

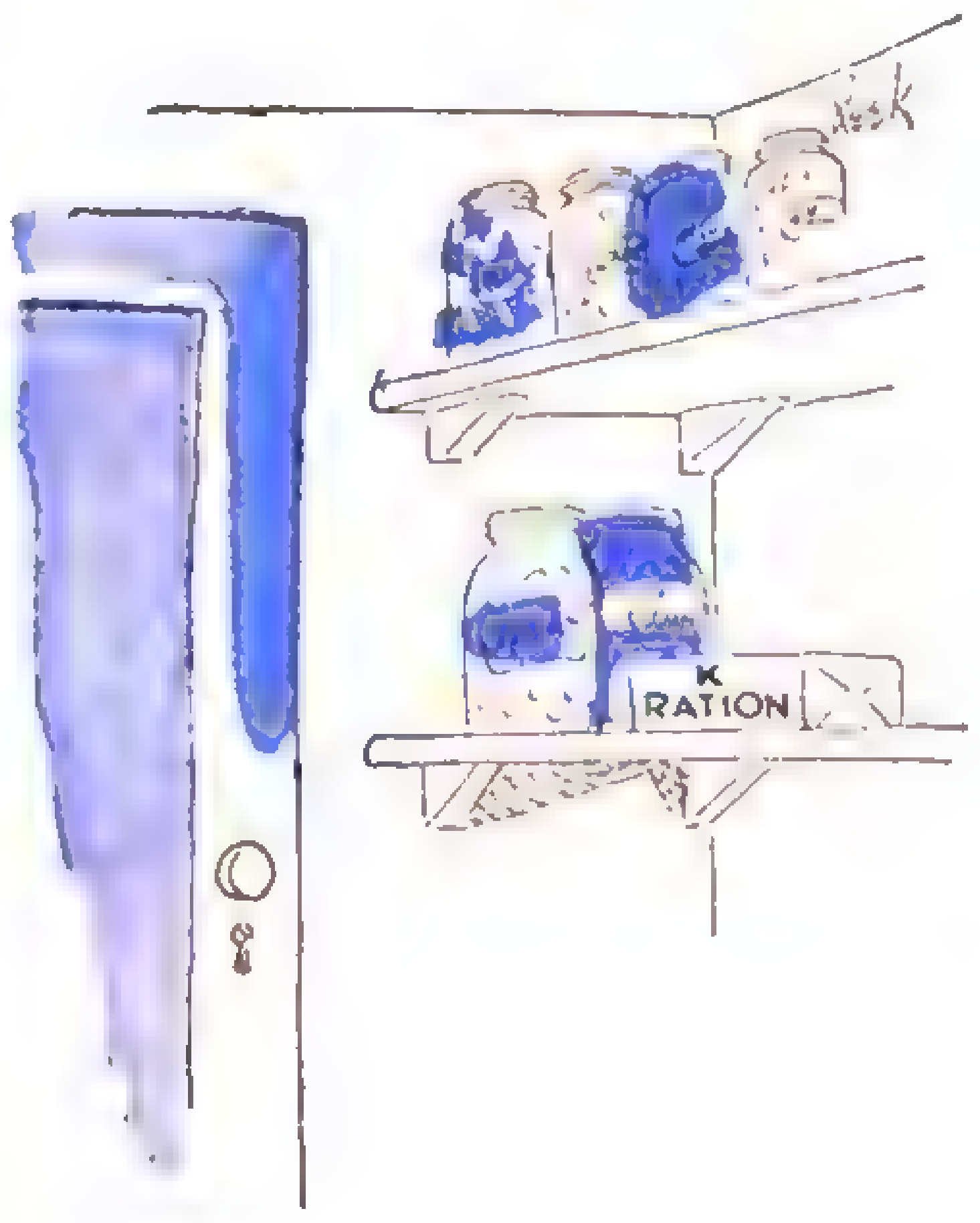
"Nothing to it," his friend said, "just as long as you keep your muscles unloosened. Look here." He bent his knees, stretched his hands in mock trembling and wobbled forward like an ancient cripple.

The healthy, meaningless sound of their laughter seemed to stab Lt. Walters like an accusing finger. Standing alone high above the struggle he felt unutterably lonely and aloof, unwanted and guilty. He had a quick premonition that if he stood there one second longer his life would be an irretrievable failure. Blindly, as if someone were tugging his hand, he hurried down the ladder to the fantail and edged through the pack of milling bodies.

He felt vaguely that he should present himself before the tribunal and he pushed grimly toward the rail. For some seconds he found himself wedged in a jam of sweating chests and backs, unable to move an inch. No one seemed very amused, and most of the boys wore an expression of bewildered discomfort. One kid held a bloody handkerchief to his cheek and whimpered softly. The long horse-face of Mr. Stokes, the gunnery officer, floated over the sea of other faces and uttered an amazed, "Chaplain! What in God's name—" The rest was lost as he was borne helplessly along, his breath squeezed from his body.

The pressure was suddenly unbearable. Men seemed to be falling in all directions like bowling pins. He was shoved violently to the wet deck and as he rose on one elbow, he saw sweeping toward him the leaping geyser of the firehose. Hypnotized, he turned his head too late. The force of the stream struck him full in the face, tossed his cap and his glasses high into the air and washed him down the slippery deck like a paper in a gale. Blinded and gasping, he felt himself lifted roughly and hurled to his knees before the "guillotine." The yoke slammed over his neck, and as a handful of black grease was rubbed into his face, he felt the bitter sting of a paddle on his wet buttocks, then another, and another. He knew now, in a curiously detached way, that he was anonymous, unrecognized, one of many—that somehow it was right.

What followed had the confusion of a crowded dream spaced with intervals of vivid clarity. He was snatched from the guillotine and spread-eagled on a wooden platform where the Royal Physicians ripped off his shirt, made rapid, indecent markings on his belly and pried open his jaws to squirt a sickening purplish liquid down his throat. Then a squat, hairy assistant yanked him from the table to his knees and thrust his face into the greased belly of the Royal Baby, an enormous man whose paunch quivered with helpless laughter. "Kiss the baby's belly," they were screaming, "kiss his belly!" And as Lt. Walters drew away, a spoonful of doughy stuff was held before him and a voice shrieked, "Take your medicine!" He knelt and as the alum and tobacco juice touched his tongue he thought wildly—this is the Holy Wafer—this is the body and blood of all suffering Pollywogs of which I am one. . . .



A stream of salt water struck him again. Gagging violently he rose and staggered past a bald colored man who stood with tears of pain running down his cheeks, blubbering quietly to himself like a little boy. Lt. Walters had an impulse to reach out and touch him, but he was seized and hurled to the deck in front of a long canvas chute flanked on both sides by a dozen Shellbacks armed with paddles. Two men finished emptying a barrel of garbage into the neck of the chute, then stepped aside. "Crawl in, Pollywog!" a voice commanded. He bent low, shut his eyes and squirmed through the narrow neck. The fire hose was brought up and two men directed the stream through the opening. As the canvas bulged with the chaplain's crawling form, the paddles whacked down hard. He came out and swayed dizzily to his feet. He was nauseous, and his blood pounded in sharp surges through his stinging flesh. A queer apathy came over him; he felt neither the anger of the humiliated nor the ecstasy of the martyred, only a weariness and a dim sense of being cheated.

Someone took his arm and led him toward the final act. The last stage to Calvary, he told himself, and tried to smile. Then he glanced at his guide, a lanky kid, and the boy stared hard. "Jeez," he said, "Chaplain! I didn't recognize you."

The boy was a C.P.O. in the navigation section and he blurred in Lt. Walters' memory like a face in an old incarnation, a young face, a good face with eyes like ten thousand other eyes he'd never been able to penetrate. Lt. Walters made a gesture of feeble greeting. The boy looked down at him anxiously. "Look, sir," he said, "better let me get you out of here!" He had to yell over the noise. "This last bunch is murder, I'm not kidding! I'll tell them to lay off!" "Wait," Lt. Waters said, "it's all right, really."

The C.P.O. looked at him strangely. "They'll tear you to ribbons."

"No," Lt. Walters said slowly. There was a hint of pleading in his voice. "Not if you just keep your muscles unloosed." They looked at each other without speaking for a few seconds. Then the boy leaned close and said with a sudden peculiar gentleness, "Sure, now, Padre?"

Lt. Walters glanced down the long row of belts and paddles circling like expectant snakes. The word "padre" echoed like a chime in his ear. Even without his glasses he could make out the bearded giant who flailed like a headsman.

He turned to the C.P.O. and painfully winked. "Sure," he said.

He plunged between the waiting rows, fell to his hands and knees and crawled with dignity and deliberation down the last stretch. The waiting Shellbacks lifted their arms and whacked at the enticing target. The bearded headsman raised his paddle with both hands and crashed it down with all his strength. The blow was fully as terrible as Lt. Walters expected it to be. But beyond the headsman, several of the Shellbacks in the line—whether out of kindness or out of weariness, Lt. Walters never knew—waved their weapon in a mild, harmless gesture like a salute to gallantry as he crawled past. And as he rose at last at the end of the path, two ex-Pollywogs who had gone through just before him clapped him on the back.

"Nice going, Shellback!" one of them yelled; and as Lt. Walters staggered to his cabin thinking of the letter he would write his friend Henry Vinson, the words were warmer than the welts on his rump. ⁂

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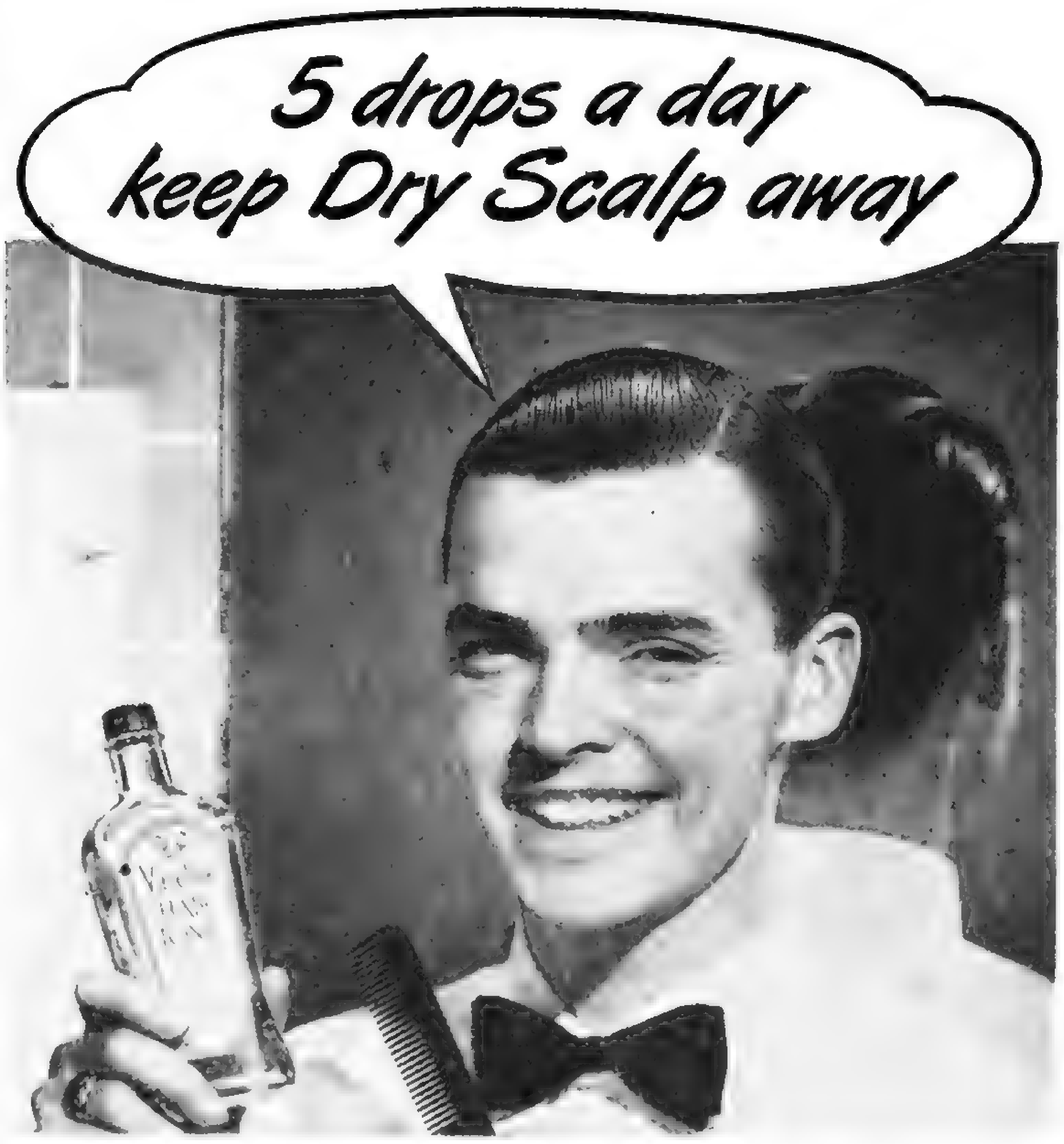
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Merely a Penny or Two More

Search for the Fire Bird

Continued from page 80

myriads of birds of every hue, and gorgeous butterflies that rivaled its orchids in brilliance, and scores of different hummingbirds and a dozen species of monkeys whose bent was to jeer and mock the explorer on his way. Mayhew relived the two occasions on which he had thought for a few minutes his quest was ended. Once it had been the flight of a band of red and green parrots over the jungle roof; the second time it was a cock quetzel pluming himself in a high tree, with the sun glinting on his carmine vest. . . . All to do over again.

"The cock-of-the-rock doesn't nest here, that's all," he had begun to tell himself repeatedly the past few days. "It simply doesn't live anywhere, outside the ornithology books."

It had rained intermittently since dawn—half-hour downpours followed by periods of partial sunlight and mist, in a steam-bath atmosphere that seemed to suck out through the pores the very elements that made one human. There had not been a day but what it had rained thus. In the humidity the trees became mere supports for moss and fungus which grew on and over the whole world, strangling life; piling layer upon layer on rocks and rotting stumps, hanging from the branches, swathing all the tree trunks. During the downpours Mayhew would take out his oilskin raincoat and wait beneath one of the great trees that seemed coeval with the dawn of creation. When the rain ceased he would move on again through the ceaseless drip of the broad leaves.

All morning he had been following one of the nameless little tributaries of the Fragua River. About midafternoon the trail he followed dipped down into a jungle of eight-foot grass where the footing was spongy, and water seeped up in the tracks he left. He would be out of the grass in a few minutes, he thought, and pressed on; but somewhat later, reaching a rise of ground, he saw that the grass jungle stretched away limitlessly to all sides, a great savanna of secret waterways that skirted the base of a mountain rising abruptly from the jungle floor.

It was as he stood there that he heard numerous dry clacking sounds not far away that he took to be the cries of bittern. And then he began to smell something bad in the still, hot air. It was a thick, sweet, horrible smell that caught at the nose like musk. A peculiar uneasiness began stealing over him. Subconsciously he had an idea what that smell was, though his conscious mind did not accept the fact till a terrifying, snarling bellow echoed over the savanna. The still air quivered with the immense cavernous vibration. Other snarlings answered it. Saurians, of course; big bull 'gators that doubtless plied up and down these waterways from the distant river.

Mayhew had decided to turn back along the soggy way he had come, when he detected movement here and there in the long grass along his back trail. This maze of pathways was evidently a Saurian city. The creatures had scented him and were converging along his trail, a bloodlust fomenting in their low reptilian skulls. And he armed with nothing but a shotgun, designed for birds.

Still he was not particularly perturbed. Mayhew knew alligators after a fashion, but he had never known them on the loose in their natural breeding grounds, in a region where men did not hunt them. What he saw, therefore, a minute later, did not look true. It could not be real—the monster that went slithering across one of the waterways below him—a creature twenty feet or more in length. Its bulk seemed to drag endlessly across the grass-bordered trail, from immense gaping mouth to the ridged and armored tail, all of it of a dull mud color, as if part of the earth had got up and moved.

Purpose evaporated from Mayhew's mind. Not for anything now would he have ventured back the way he had come.

He struck out for the high ground at the base of the distant mountain, some three thousand yards away. It would take him far out of his way in his return to his base at the Indian village down river, but anything was preferable to remaining longer in this domain of dragons.

He came to a soggy depression where water oozed up to his ankles. Off to his right was a miniature lake or pond with rush-grown banks. Abruptly a great patch of muddy earth before him came to life, rose and hurtled toward the lake. Two big alligators rushed to the water's edge and plunged in, sinking from sight in the stagnant depths, obeying an inborn instinct to flee to water when surprised. Mayhew had looked right at the brutes without seeing them, so well camouflaged were their mud-caked bodies.

A sweat began to stand out on Mayhew's face as he picked his way along an over-arched trail. Rustlings and various slithering sounds from the rear told him that 'gators were gathering along his trail. What breeze there was, he noted, was in his face. The creatures apparently tracked by scent. And once they had scented prey, they were not man-shy.

Mayhew's blood suddenly raced hot and cold again. Directly across his path something gleaming and greyish looped like a spout of water. A fifteen-foot grass boa went slithering from sight amid the rushes, quite possibly as intent on escape from what was coming as he himself.

As he hurried on along winding, oozy ways, Mayhew experienced fears such as must have haunted prehistoric man in his war against the monsters that beset him. For this sunken place of grass and waterways was out of all time, a region left over from remote ages, unchanged by man, where the great reptiles still were kings. Not far behind him he knew that the Saurians followed inexorably along his trail, sluggishly, ponderously, but doubtless with gathering momentum now. The horrible part was the tremendous gulf that lay between. It was not like being stalked by red-blooded beasts. There was no quelling such creatures with the eye; no quality of their natures a man could touch or play upon.

Mayhew's nerves were taut from strain and the fierce urge at the seat of his plexus to run headlong toward the high ground; yet a fear of what might lurk along the trail ahead made him repress the impulse. But he hurried, as fast as prudence allowed, trying to keep to the most open trails.

But by the time he sighted the base of the mountain ahead his heart sank again. For what he saw was an almost perpendicular rampart of rock and earth rising directly from the savanna floor and stretching away as far as he could see. The cliff had been cut out by the little stream he had followed all morning. He could not have approached the mountain at a more inaccessible spot. From the outset, Colombia itself had seemed arrayed against him like a shadowy third.

The mountain was his way of escape. No time now to follow along its base, searching an easier way up; the afternoon light was already waning. Mayhew chose a spot beneath a small tree which grew out of the face of the embankment forty feet above. He fastened his shotgun to his belt and, opening his knife, began cutting horizontal notches in the cliff side for hand and toe holds. He chipped his notches slanting in and downward so that he would not slip. Trouble began when he was six feet above the quag. Hanging to the cliff side by one foot and one hand, as he gouged his notches, put an increasing strain on his muscles. He had to cut a new notch for his other hand each time before releasing each aching arm or foot. Added to this, the rain began suddenly again. It beat upon his back and soon made each hand- and foothold slippery and precarious.

He looked down after a bit and what he saw made his blue eyes harden. Involuntarily, he clung closer to the cliff side. Five or six alligators were churning about at the base of the cliff, drawn irresistibly by the scent of live meat. Their heads lifted and turned from side to side in fierce expectancy as they gazed at the man above. One monster, with jaws and head broader than Mayhew's square-thewed thorax, reared against the cliff side with hollow echoing snarls. The teeth in his vast, crooked jaws were yellowed snags. His round-knobbed nostrils opened and closed as he tested the air, blowing twin blasts of foul air through them. The green eyes were slit like a goat's and glared up at Mayhew with a sort of devilish understanding. He reared until his gaping jaws were no more than three feet below the man. Then the mouth snapped shut, became a thin, wet, crooked seam, from which a prolonged hissing sound came forth.

Even in his precarious plight Mayhew found little pockets of time to marvel at the size of this monster and experience a collector's regret that such a specimen could not be taken out to prove to the world that such dragons really existed. The creatures were as calm and inexorable in their purpose as this land that had spawned them, as nature itself. There was no added challenge or glare of eye at the propinquity of their hoped-for prey, no added bluff, hate or ferocity in the fact that the tender meal clinging to the cliff side was a human being—the two-legged lord of creation. They simply slavered for warm and living meat, and this food they had followed was obviously more tantalizing and easier to kill than anything to be caught in their regular swampy ways.

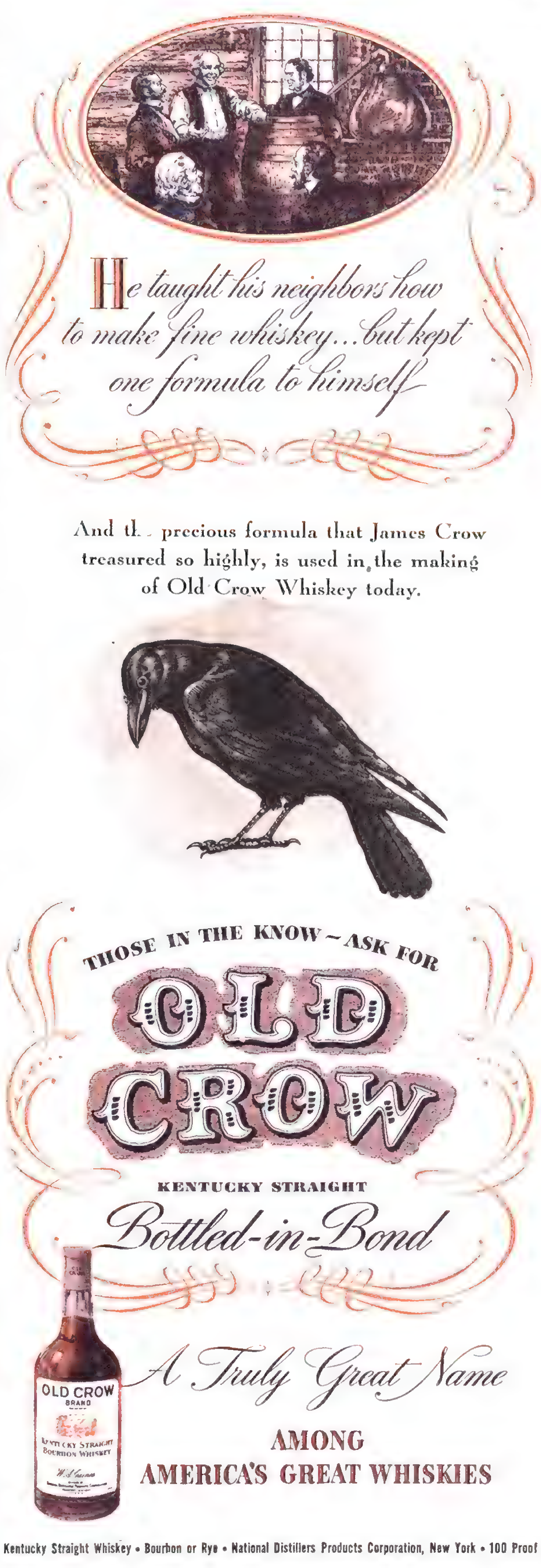
Mayhew cut his next notch deeper and at an even more pronounced downward angle, and beside it he cut another, for in a matter of minutes he would have to rest both hands and feet for a space because of the unnatural strain on his muscles. He gained the double handhold at last, switched his weight to his other foot with a kicking motion, and became almost bold with relief as the aches of his body eased. He had only to be cautious now to be safe, he thought, and felt like shouting aloud, and in that very instant catastrophe almost took him. The single wet handhold he had been clinging to, suddenly crumbled; earth and rock slithered down upon him, almost unbalancing him, and but for his new handhold he would have plunged downward to those waiting jaws below. A bedlam of snarling and snapping came from down there as the shower of earth roused the muggers to fresh anticipation.

The rain had begun to weaken the surface earth, or else Mayhew was reaching a portion of the cliff where the formation was more crumbly. Again sweat stood out on his body as he braced himself desperately against the cliff in an endeavor to take the weight off hands and feet, and he hacked with his knife at a new hold.

Darkness was not far off. He looked upward along a slope as steep as a church spire. The small, outcropping tree was still twenty-five feet above him. Some fifty feet farther up, vines and jungle growth showed; doubtless a plateau, trees and safety lay up there, but his goal now was the little tree.

The minutes that followed were

Continued on page 150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Search for the Fire Bird

Continued from page 149

tense with desperate labor and filled with a concentration like prayer. Once again a handhold crumpled beneath his weight; and, balanced precariously on one foot, fighting down vertigo, he had to gouge a fresh one. At last he was able to grip the base of the jutting tree. Small as it was, it held, and he drew himself up and across it.

The rain had ceased again; darkness had fallen. For the time being Mayhew was safe. But he did not fancy his position. The muggers would wait indefinitely; they would prowl and return. The only way out was still up.

Jungle sounds from above reached him—they had been going on for some time, he realized, but he had been too occupied to pay heed—weird squallings, hissings and swishings. Jungle cats, beyond a doubt—either panther or "tiger," as the natives called the jaguar. A treacherous customer, the jaguar, addicted to the bad habit of wrapping himself about the human neck, via some overhanging tree branch. Tiger above him, dragons below.

He was exhausted, drained of energy and nerve force. He was in for a night of it on the cliff side and it would be a long one. With his knife he fell to chipping out a hole above the little tree, large enough for his hips and thighs, so he could lean back and rest. Once this was done, he gouged out a further shelf for his pack and gun. He wondered wryly as he worked, if Colombia, not satisfied with hiding its treasure from him, would not let him even escape. He decided he would certainly escape next day. A balmy analgesia wrapped him about as his muscles began to relax. . . .

He awoke with a violent start, his body sagging sidewise into giddy space. Shaking, he gripped the tree, fighting off his drugged exhaustion. He could not afford to doze again without tying himself to the tree. But there was nothing to tie himself with.

Down below in the mist and blackness, sounds arose as from a fen. The muggers were still on watch. Mayhew ate the bit of food that remained in his pack and began to chip again at the cliff side above the tree. If he persisted, he might hew out a niche large enough for safe sleeping. After an hour he had achieved a sizable hole and dozed again.

With the dawn he heard again the hissing, squalling sounds of jaguar from the jungle above. He began his climb at once, cutting his ladder of notches in the cliff side in a line directly above the little tree. If he should slip again and fall, the tree might save him. But this day was to be wholly different from the preceding. The rain held off through the morning hours. The mists lifted above the jungle roof and for minutes the sun shone through as if nature were smiling. Now Mayhew's ladder rose steadily and without mishap. The way, as he climbed, became easier and less steep.

Toward noon he reached the top of the rampart. A jungled plateau stretched away before him, and his hand gripped a trailing liana that meant safety. He could have shouted for joy, but he repressed the impulse, refrained from even moving, for directly ahead of him he heard again the hissing spitting sound of jaguar. And Mayhew had seen rather too much of the Colombian jaguar.

He clung where he was, peering through the green. He saw a pair of rare black umbrella birds, the "crows" of the Colombian natives. They were scolding at something in the depths of a tree. Mayhew could see them filling their strange air sacs, bright scarlet pouches the size of tomatoes. When the sac was distended, a peculiar squalling cry was produced. It was when the air was expelled from the sac that a swishing sound, closely resembling the spitting of a big cat, filled the air. Mayhew burst out in spontaneous but silent laughter over the jaguars with which his imagination had peopled the wood. And then he saw what the "crows" were scolding.

A flame-red bird rose from the depths of the tree and planed silently away into the bush—a black-winged bird with a body of the indescribable color of incandescent metal just before it reaches white heat. Flame-red even to its head, a very flame alive. The Fire Bird, cock-of-the-rock—prize and despair of scientists, which Mayhew had trailed for fifty days, beginning to doubt its existence. But there it was.

As the "crows" lifted and followed the scarlet one, Mayhew climbed onto the lush plateau and followed the crows. He came after a time to a Cecropia wood where seven or eight of the birds fed like flame-flowers among the trees.

Exultation surged through the man as he lay in the thickets and watched. Into his lungs he inhaled great breaths in a spreading, swelling rush of thanks and gladness. This was his jungle strike, his precious fleece, and like that Jason of old, he had had to pass dragons to find it.

The rest, the catching of his specimens, would be a matter of old routine. He would return with native helpers and his equipment. For days, perhaps weeks, he would study the habits of the birds, then set his pocket nets in the likeliest places. In the end he would win; he was given to know that infallibly as he began his trek back to his base camp, around the flank of the mountain. He read it in the air, in the different bird calls and some subtle change that had come over the face of the jungle. From years in the open, Mayhew could read such things almost as an animal might. It was as if Colombia, having made her tests and tried him well, had deigned to smile at last. ⧺

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Still Was the Day

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again. "What you wearing, John, the Smith or the Colt?"

"The Colt," said John.

"That's the best one," said Ef. "It takes a bigger slug."

Several minutes passed in which they forded the swift waters of Sweetgrass Branch and followed the trail up Huckleberry Hollow by Rumfelt Chute where silver sheets of spray cascaded down the rocky side of Henpeck Cliff.

Ef Hinote broke the silence again. "Son, I want you to be careful today."

"I'll be as careful as a cat on a tin roof," John answered.

"I sent word to your brother Jesse and to your uncle Will Irv Hinote. He'll come to the Junction with both his boys, Ad and Fate. We aim to see that the fight is fair."

"Pa, I got into this by myself. Let me get out of it the same way."

"We will, Son, but we Hinotes aim to see that you don't fight but one Turner."

The wagon jolted over a rocky place, flushing a covey of quail from the broom sedge at the edge of the trail. The red fox that stalked them raised his head from a patch of briers and looked with disgust on this contraption that had robbed him of his dinner. Ef Hinote made a quick movement, running a hand into the pine straw that cushioned the bottom of the wagon bed.

"Pa! You're too old to get into this," said John when he saw the black barrel of the Winchester that was hidden in the pine straw.

"Shucks," said Ef Hinote, "I carry this thing a lot of times just to shoot at varmints."

"Ma would be lonesome without you, Pa," said John as they tried to catch a glimpse of the red fox that had faded into the broom sedge stirring in the March wind.

"That's so," agreed Ef Hinote, "and I aim to come back just as safe as that fox has gone back to his den."

"He missed his dinner," said John. "What you reckon he'll do for a meal?"

Ef Hinote laughed. "Likely his woman will raise old scratch with him and send him back. He'll be in somebody's hen roost before midnight. That's certain. Women are like that. Most of them want to see a man skip and hop to their music. Once I seen two turkey gobblers fighting over a turkey hen. They fit and fought till both was bloody around the head. They'd fight awhile and rest awhile and begin again. After awhile both of them was sitting on the ground, their wings spread out, panting and looking at one another. Then that turkey hen begin a-yelping like a woman who's afraid. A young gobbler flew down from out a tree and come a-strutting to her. Then that hen just circled around them fighters once like she wanted that young gobbler to see what had been a-going on. And then that turkey hen just pranced off with that new turkey gobbler."

John Hinote reached up and caught a twig on the limb of a sassafras tree that leaned over the trail. He broke it off and chewed the stem between his teeth. The March wind shook itself with sobs like a man crying over a grave, and the spruce pines bowed their heads upon the hills.

"But that Exie is a right purty girl," Ef Hinote added, as if answering some question that he had raised in his own mind.

"I aim to have her for my woman," said John.

Ef clucked to the mule.

Presently they passed through Thunderhead Gap and began the three-mile ride to the valley floor. The town, hemmed tightly between Blue Rocky River and Buzzard Cliff, could be seen in the distance.

Gradually as they descended the high ridges the roar of the March wind was left behind them. Only occasional puffs of it strayed down onto the sheltered slopes to leap in the stillness like lion cubs hunting for drink.

All evidence of the March wind vanished as they approached the town. The river, unruffled and quiet, slid on its strange course to

Continued on page 152

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Still Was the Day

Continued from page 151

the west and the chimney smoke from the houses rose straight toward the cobalt sky.

"Look!" Ef Hinote pointed to a wagon that stood by Morgan's Blacksmith Shop. "There's Jesse, Will Irv and Ad and Fate."

"Howdy," said the Hinote kinsmen, and waited stolidly until Ef and John had unhitched the mule.

"The Turners are up at the fur end of the town," said Ad Hinote. "Guess they seen you and will be coming this way in a minute."

"One of you boys got an extra short gun?" asked Ef Hinote. "I was afraid if Cindy found both pistols gone, she'd get uneasy. I'd look like a crow on a snow bank toting this Winchester down the street."

Fate Hinote reached beneath the bib of his overalls and brought out a blue, stub-nosed Colt. "It kicks like hell," he said.

Ef slipped it into his side coat pocket.

"John," said Will Irv Hinote, "you go down the left side of the street; we'll go down the right side. No need of having you between us and them if the Turners try to take up for Jed."

"Good luck, Son," said Ef.

"Shoot quick," said Jesse.

"And straight," said Ad.

Fate spun the cylinder of his remaining Colt and said, "The Turner that eats one of these slugs will have something to digest."

Then John Hinote found himself walking by the corner of Sledge's store where began the sidewalk that ran the length of the town. As he passed the open door he smelled the mixed odors of kerosene, cheese and calico. Before him, in front of Teach's Place he saw a peanut roaster, heard the dull clicking of its mechanism. Now he saw Jed Turner step from a doorway at the far end of the street. Jed faced him and began walking.

Other Turners, five, six of them, also came from that doorway. But the Turners were as gun wise as the Hinotes. They went to the middle of the street, leaving the sidewalk to John and Jed.

The distance between the two men shortened to one hundred yards—seventy-five—fifty. John kept his eyes fastened on Jed, knowing that already they were in killing range. Jed still came on. Then Jed's hand flashed like the beat of a bird's wings

Even as John Hinote's hand made its answering movement, he heard a woman's soft laughter and the slam of a door behind him. Some spark of thought pinpointed into the back of his brain, making him wonder if he had walked into a trap. Then as John Hinote's finger pressed the trigger of the Colt, time stopped so that the film of his memory could get the final picture of a man's last moment on the earth.

Jed Turner's hand had halted and stood still. It was spread wide and pointed to something behind John Hinote. Something in his eyes was trying to speak to John. But now Jed was twisting, falling, like a leaf in brown October.

One of the Turner kinsmen ran to the sidewalk and leaned over Jed. He saw the spreading crimson and shook his head.

Wash Turner called out to the Hinotes: "It looked like a fair fight. Ef's boy was too quick for mine."

"Looks that way," said Ef.

Then as the boy before him lay dying, something soft and scented brushed by John Hinote. The young man to whose arm Exie Weaver clung was blond and swaggering, but he was a little pale from seeing death on the sidewalk. Exie's shapely body rocked a little with each step she made and the heavy lids drooped over her soft eyes as if she dreamed of some secret, ecstasy.

John Hinote stood for a moment in the silence that seemed broken only by the click-click of Exie Weaver's receding footsteps. Then, seeing the thin wisp of powder smoke that yet hung in the air, he thought how still was the day. But suddenly he knew that up in the soaring ranges the winds would stir forever, making a sound like a man weeping over a grave. #

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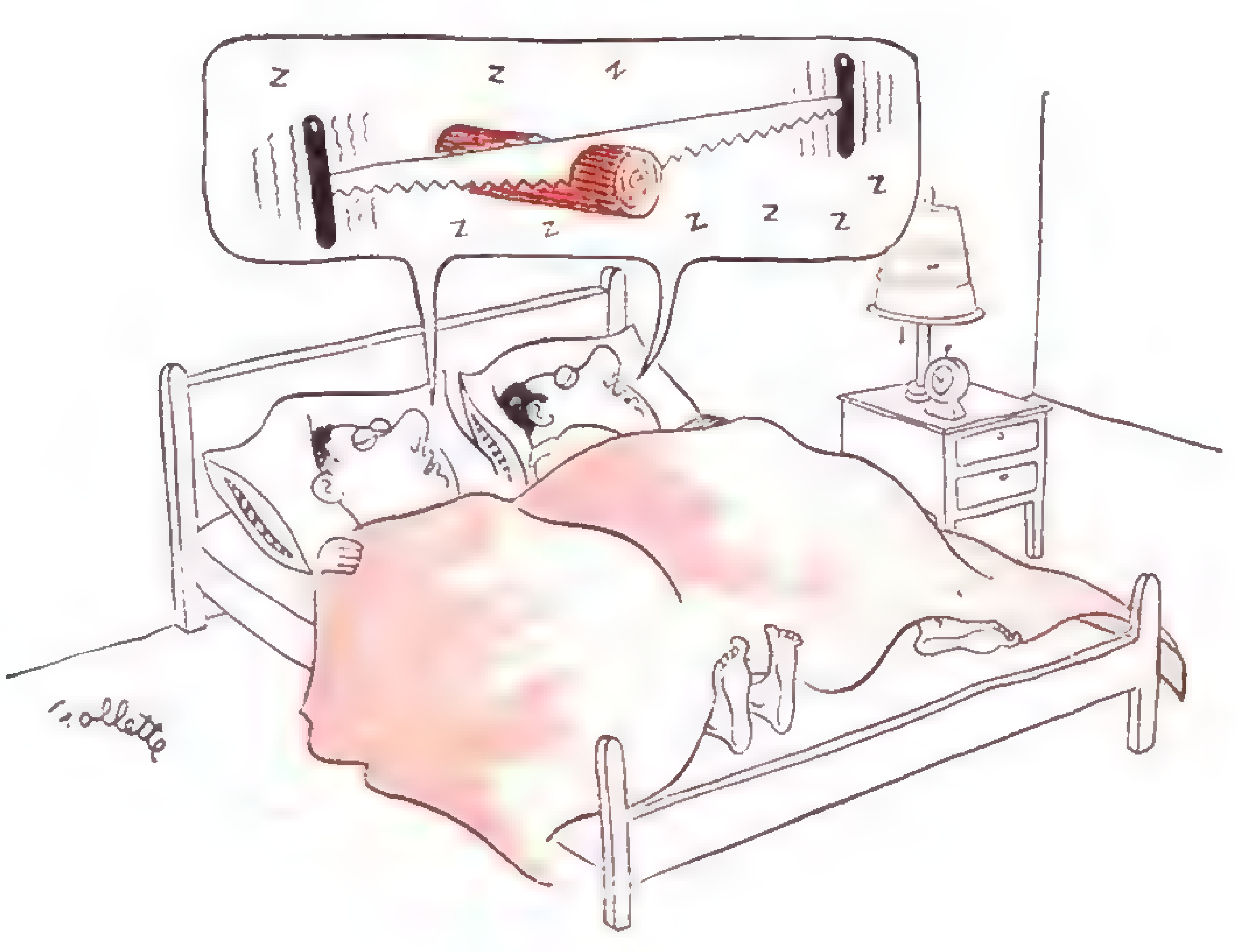

Poor Man's Impresario

Continued from page 33

choice week-end dates when he took up Billy Rose's option on the old playhouse.

That took place long after Cecil Mayberry had acquired the Hipp. Mayberry was an Oklahoma oil man who tried his luck with second-run movies at the Hippodrome. However, he decided that the only thing that would make the Hipp go then was what had distinguished it decades before: big shows, the bigger the better. And what was big if not elephants?

Accordingly he ordered his press agent, Ed Hurley, to contact someone who would put on an elephant show of a sort. "Would you like to have *Aida* staged?" Hurley asked sarcastically. "That has elephants."

An idea was percolating. Salmaggi had made a hit with six operas in Chicago at Soldier Field the year before and every showman regarded him as a miracle man. He sent out an S.O.S. for him. The impresario appeared before Mayberry.

"I am Maestro Salmaggi," he expansively informed him.

"You the elephant man?" asked Mayberry, scanning his long, shiny locks. "Can you put on seven shows a day?"

Salmaggi blinked, looked down on the hot streets and the deserted movie front.

"I can put on fourteen shows a day," he announced.

"Give me 5,000 dollars," said Mayberry, "and the place is yours."

Salmaggi fingered some lonely coins in his pocket and thrust forward his chin.

"You give *me* 5,000 dollars," he demanded.

Mayberry was exceedingly impressed. They struck a deal.

It was a Monday and they decided to run the first show six days later—on Saturday night. Immediately large posters announced the triumphant engagement of *Aida*, complete with elephants and camels.

The response was staggering. Crowds began to line up at the box office. And there wasn't a single ticket in the house! The box-office vendors quickly seized some dormant movie tickets without any dates on them and no identification other than the word "Hippodrome." The writer well recalls these stubs for he purchased one for *Aida* and when he walked into the Hipp one scorching night without being accosted, he used the very same ticket the following week for *Faust*. In one day they collected 3,000 dollars and had enough funds to print the 2,000—er, 20,000—silver cards that precipitated the biggest mob scene since *Ben Hur*.

But the impresario felt duty-bound to provide entertainment over and above the music for all these wonderful people. He hired Jack Johnson, the great Negro fighter, then past fifty, to lead the triumphal procession in *Aida*. He engaged Jules Bledsoe and Caterina Jaboro, celebrated Negro singers, for leading parts. The Hipp was soon relieved of financial woes.

Hurley and Deyo, his fellow press agent, had to keep busy, however. Deyo knew a great deal about music, having been critic on the Brooklyn *Standard Union*, but he was hardly familiar with the private life of pachyderms. He called up the zoo and inquired into their alimentary habits. The next morning and thereafter at ten o'clock, the massive elephants were fed sizable portions of castor oil. At night, during the procession on the stage, the faithful animals would invariably empty their lower intestines, often dangerously close to the orchestra.

"The audience loved this," Deyo swears. To them, as to Salmaggi, it was earthy, it was life, it was real opera, not the artificial, housebroken menagerie that cavorted up at the sacrosanct Met. And wasn't it real, too, when a sleepy-eyed porter, his white nightie sticking out from under his work-coat, was hastily dispatched with a shovel, right there in the middle of the stage to clear a path for the principal?

Those days of milling crowds are not altogether gone. When the

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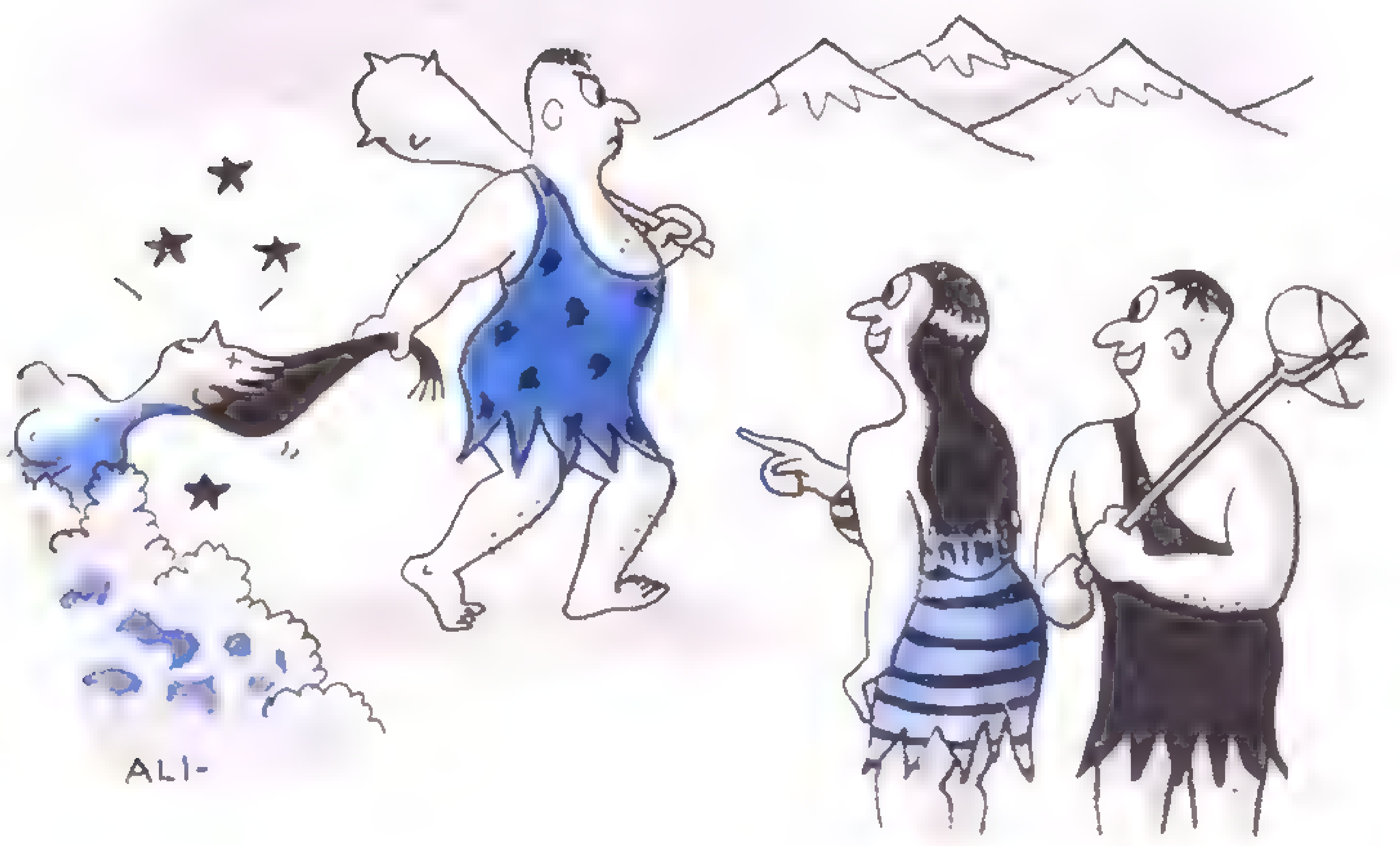
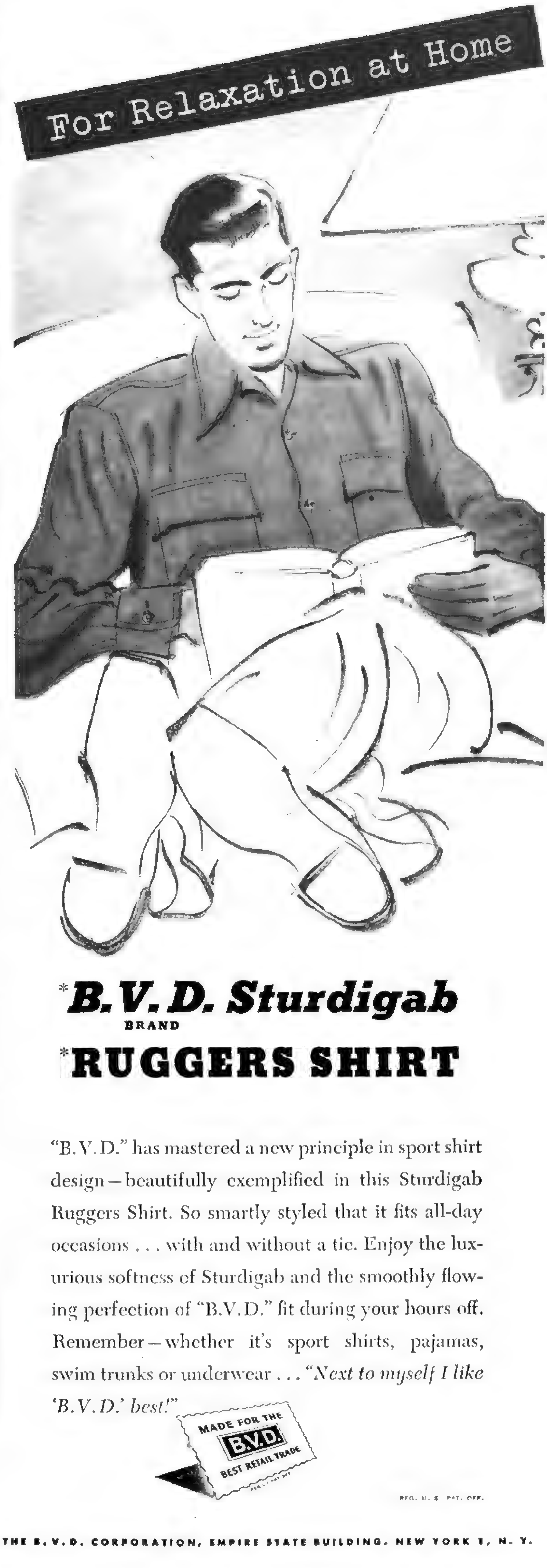


"Look—daughter's young man has finally proposed"



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Poor Man's Impresario

Continued from page 153

pontifical leaders of grand opera decided to ban *Madam Butterfly* after Pearl Harbor, Maestro Salmaggi didn't quite agree. Several months ago one of his sons in service wrote home to say he had seen the opera in London.

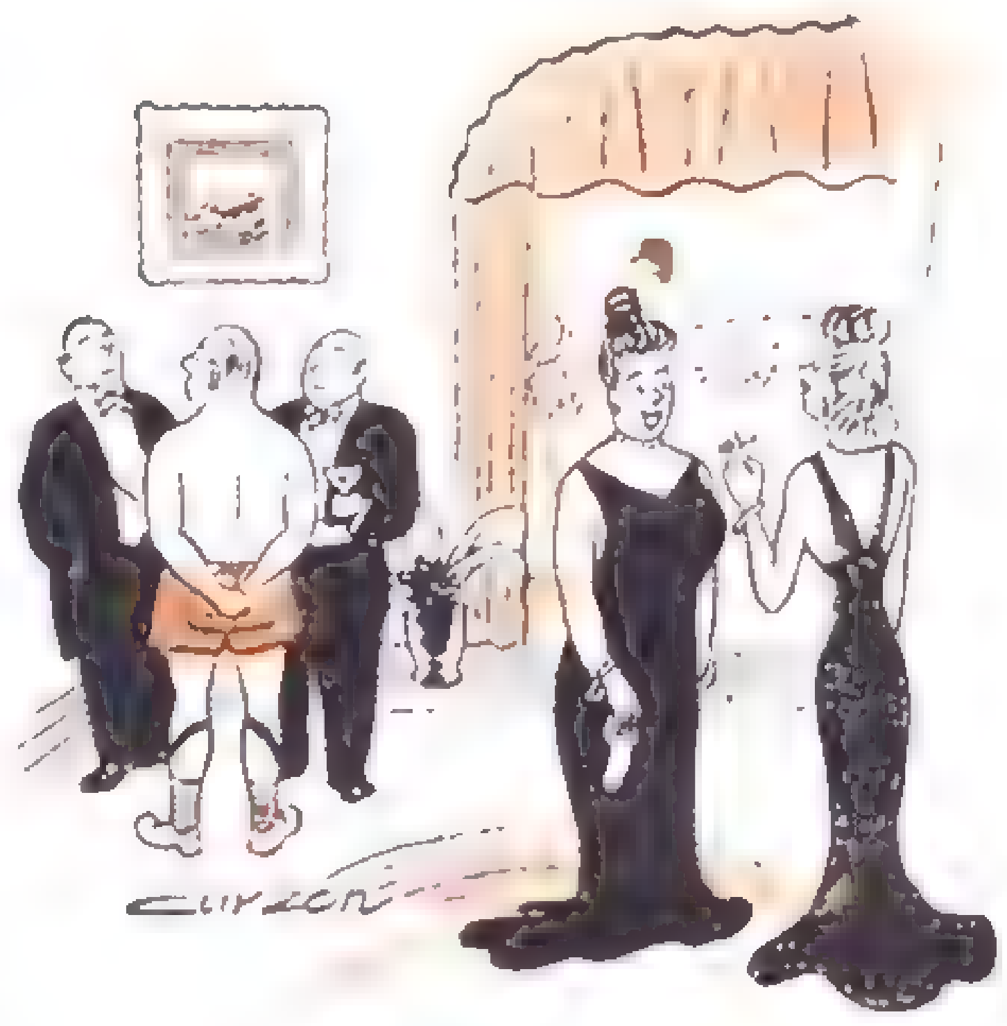
"If it can be performed in London," pronounced Salmaggi, "it can be done in New York."

Advance notice was duly sent to the police in the event some high-spirited citizens decided that Nippon-tainted work was not to go on. The night of the performance, police headquarters did get a call.

"Quick! Bring the police down!" It was Salmaggi.

Squad cars were rushed to the scene, sirens howling. Maestro Salmaggi greeted them cordially. "The crowds," he smiled. "Please control them. There is not enough room in this hall for all my good friends."

Where the Metropolitan refused to tilt a lance with Salmaggi over his debatable taste in billing the "Sacred Egyptian Bull" over some of his stars in *Aida*, it did resent the Maestro's use of the names of Johnson and Castagna on the walls of the Hippodrome, uncomfortably close to the Met. Salmaggi took delight in advertising Jack Johnson simply as "Johnson" in great letters with a microscopic note underneath "Jack—not Ed," and in the case of Castagna simply as "Castagna."



"My husband gave generously to the Victory Clothing Collection for overseas relief."

There was a story attached to the latter. Bruna Castagna, at present starring at the Met, was brought to the United States by Salmaggi in 1934 and featured at the Hippodrome. Despite the fact that she had sung for Toscanini at La Scala in Milan, it remained for Salmaggi to introduce her to American audiences. In 1936, Bruna duly departed for the Met with Salmaggi's blessings, but soon afterward another Castagna appeared on the scene. She was Maru, estranged sister of Bruna and the wife of the tenor Fullin. Maru's feud with her sister Bruna was intensified when the latter didn't bother to meet her at the boat and Salmaggi added coals to the fire by booking Maru simply as "Castagna." Bruna dispatched an angry note demanding to know why Maru wasn't being featured as Mme. Fullin. She was pleasantly informed that Maru sang under her professional name and so "Castagna" was emblazoned on the marquees of the Met and the Hipp at the same time.

When Salmaggi moved to Brooklyn, following the transformation of the Hipp into a parking lot, the Met didn't relish the idea. The distinguished company had customarily appeared at the Brooklyn Academy and didn't fancy Salmaggi's presence there too. But the Academy and Salmaggi resumed their partnership of former years. The Met no longer performs at the Academy.

For years Salmaggi has been a thorn in the side of his big rival on Broadway. When Lawrence Tibbett and Richard Bonelli took up the cudgels for the American Guild of Musical Artists in 1937, Salmaggi espoused the cause of the Grand Opera Artists Alliance, affiliate of the American Federation of Labor. At a meeting at Steinway Hall, Salmaggi declared, "Tibbett can't sing for me and that goes for Bonelli, too. Neither could sing in my theatre for more than fifteen dollars a night."

Jousting with big stars was nothing new for Salmaggi. The Maestro had made his debut in Rome in *La Bohème* just before the war and later had come to America as part of the company Oscar Hammerstein attempted to set up as a rival to the Met. When the Hammerstein troupe passed out of the picture, Salmaggi became the publisher of a weekly, *Music and Musicians*, and established himself as a power in the Italian Musical League, of which Caruso and Gatti-Casazza were members.

One day in 1918, Salmaggi found himself outside the pale. Declaring he had arbitrarily exercised powers not delegated to him, his enemies—"It was an Italian vendetta," Salmaggi says—ganged up and stripped him of membership.

The powers in question were the right to buy liquor, furniture and fixtures for a house uptown given to the league by a friend, a Dr. Paterno. It was a challenge Salmaggi accepted; he appeared before Supreme Court Justice Edward Lazansky and obtained an order compelling his restoration to membership on the grounds that he had not been given an opportunity to meet any of the charges launched against him. Both Caruso and Gatti were in his corner and Salmaggi was subsequently vindicated.

But Gatti's successor, Edward Johnson, became *persona non grata* to Salmaggi. The Maestro had sent Bruna Castagna, Lucy Monroe, Norina Greco and Richard Tucker, among others, to the Met, along with Angelo Canarutto and Antonio Dell'Orefice from his musical staff. But when William Hargrave made good last year, Salmaggi blew his top.

It so happened that Hargrave had come to Salmaggi in 1934 as a bass, but after six months the Maestro converted him into a baritone. He sang at the Hippodrome and acquired stature, grace, fame. Several years ago the Met added him to their distinguished company after an air audition.

That was fine. Salmaggi is genuinely thrilled to see his "finds" reach the top in the field. In this case, however, he felt he was almost exclusively responsible for Hargrave's rise, and so when the Met in its publicity ignored the young man's previous apprenticeship at the Hipp, Salmaggi erupted. He dispatched a classic letter to Edward Johnson as follows:

"It yields me exceptional pleasure to know that Mr. William Hargrave, of New York City, has been selected as one of your winners in this year's air auditions. Having been closely identified with his preparation for a grand opera career, I venture to predict that he will prove a distinguished name on your artist personnel.

"It so happens that the undersigned made possible Mr. Hargrave's first opportunity (while a 'basso') for public debut in New York. He appeared as The King in *Aida* at the Hippodrome. Deeming his vocal equipment to be that of 'baritone,' I personally gave him technical voice development from that viewpoint, and ultimately he emerged as a genuine baritone, in which capacity he appeared in my productions in several principal roles.

"Now, my esteemed Mr. Johnson, it naturally edifies me to see young American artists whom I have brought forward 'make the Met.' But I think that the public is entitled to know the accurate facts concerning the career of a Metropolitan singer. That is, if any facts are given out, there should be no avoidance, studied or negligent, of the salient information.

"It is peculiar to those numerous cases where any singer whose career commenced under my public efforts and who subsequently is engaged by your organization, that no mention whatsoever, via broadcast or in news columns, is made of a previous Salmaggi affiliation.

"Is this integrity? Or professional ethics? Is it keeping faith with the public? Is it an honorable policy?

"There are some millions of the opera-conscious American public who believe that I have contributed a degree of valuable services during the past three decades or so, as impresario. I never avoid mentioning the fact in my official announcements when a Metropolitan singer joins my cast. Would not mere candor of truth anticipate the same from your organization?

"I am, sir,
"Cordially and sincerely,
"Alfredo Salmaggi."

The Met briefly replied Mr. Johnson was on tour and assured him the matter would be brought to his attention upon his return. Nothing more was ever heard on the subject.

At any rate, Salmaggi has given the Met food for thought. His staging of more than 5,000 American opera presentations before millions, many of them new converts; his pioneer move in reserving sections at twenty-five cents a seat for high school students; his refusal to eliminate any part of certain operas notoriously chopped by other companies; his insistence on ballet to encourage this addition to the opera—though the dances and the entire operas often prolonged the presentation to well past midnight—his sponsorship of outdoor operas; his tours of South America, lamentably lacking in patronage—all these have been significant developments in the history of the musical drama. He may not meet with the approval of the carriage trade, but he is hardly interested in that.

His stubbornness in not accepting financial backing resulted in somewhat hectic tours of Mexico and South America in 1928, 1929 and 1930. He was haunted by a jinx when he took his companies to Mexico, Cuba and Venezuela, and as a result the troupe always had to work its way home instead of luxuriating on the sun deck of a liner. In Mexico City both of Salmaggi's sopranos fell ill and the company was stranded for fifteen days without funds. In Cuba they ran afoul of the Pan-American Conference and were denied the facilities of the National Theatre and couldn't earn enough for pasta fazoole. In Venezuela earth tremors caused the theatre's walls to collapse. A greater will than Salmaggi's was conspiring to wreck his tours. But he'll be back, never fear. #

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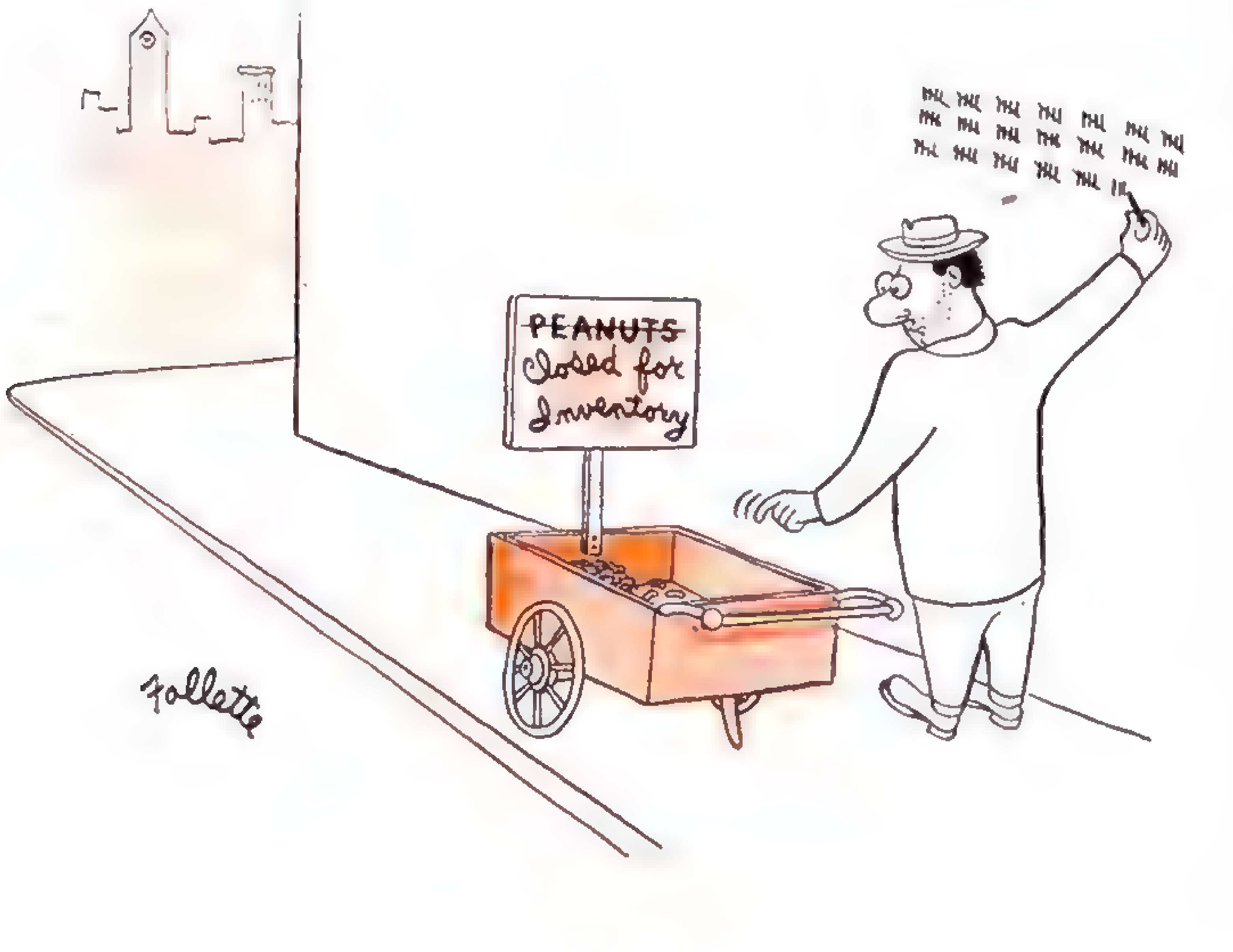

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I Insisted Hanging Was Too Gentle a Fate

Continued from page 98

fever. Then I burst out in my bitterness, saying, "It is this damned war, I tell you. Whoever heard of a situation such as this, where a man cannot find even a table to play on?"

Finally we found a room in a hotel, where a good game of poker was in high progress, and we joined in. I knew one of the men at the table, whose name was L. B. Norris, and I asked him how his wife and newborn child were faring, and he remarked that they were both dead of the typhoid fever, and he bid four blue chips.

But the war was not to permit us our pleasure, for in a very short while we heard the whistle of a boat, and out we went to meet it; and it was loaded with wounded soldiers and bound for New Orleans.

The captain of the boat—it was the *Nellie Petersen*—knew me by sight, and he took me aside, and cautioned me not to show a card on board. "If you try to take in a single man, I will remove every dollar from your person, and mark my word," said he firmly.

Soon enough we were in a terribly low mood, for we saw a long voyage before us without any diversion whatsoever. I started a friendly little game of poker with a couple of soldiers, pointing out, with logic, that there could be no harm if we played for pleasure and for that alone. Then I said, "Merely to make it more interesting, let us bet a penny or so," and we did it, and it was not too long before I had several hundred dollars and some diamond stickpins which had previously belonged to my new-found acquaintances.

One of the men went into a rage, saying that I was a cheat, and nothing more, and he swore out loud that he would have the captain in to search me and force the return of his money. To forestall this, I gave the roll of bills to a young stranger, on the sly, suggesting that he hold it for me; and later the fool returned it, the entire sum, much to my astonishment, for he might well have taken the whole, or at least a sizable sample, and little enough I could have done about it. I said to him, "I can see that you are an honest man," and I predicted a great future for him.

When we got to New Orleans, I won some six hundred dollars from a man who said that he was from the State of South Carolina. Then he flew into a kind of fury, and insisted on my giving him back his funds, but I let him see the size of my pistol, and that had a wonderful tonic effect on him, and fortified his morale, so that he had the courage and stamina to take his losses with great calm.

Fitzgerald, my former partner, found that an Army paymaster was loaded with funds, and we put our heads together, Fitzgerald and I, and we concocted a great scheme to take the paymaster's load from him.

The scheme worked like a flash, and then we were fabulously rich, but not for long, for a whole mob of soldiers descended on us, and took us to a jail, and the money from us. Then Fitzgerald was in a foul mood, and cursed the war, saying it hedged a man in in every way, and he himself wished the fighting were over and done with, so that a man could do more as he pleased. We were soon set free, since it could not be proved that we had cheated in the card game.

As for myself, I was pretty well satisfied with the state of things which prevailed, for the war made for more ready money, and a recklessness in spending it at card playing, and I was getting as fat and sleek as a porpoise. I met a darling sucker one Sunday, and I nursed him along like a baby, and fed him a few winnings to make him carefree, and then I cracked down on him. He looked at the back of the cards, and he said to me, "Sir, you are a cheater." Then he stood up and he said, "Step outside, sir," and I followed him out.

He then took up a fighting pose, and it was plain that he was a scienced man, for he stood with his fists up and his knuckles out, and with his knees properly bent. So I lashed out with my boot and caught him solidly in the belly, and I tripped him up and knocked him down and kicked him pretty lively about the face and neck, and I yanked his hair and pounded his head on the flooring and I gave his eyes a proper gouging, so that they bled a bit, and he squealed a bit, but not much, for I brought my knee into his mouth and kicked him in the groin a few times, and that quieted him down.

I stopped there, for I rarely like to kill my man.

A couple of spectators came and helped him up, and he said to me, as he went by, "Sir, you don't fight fair."

The word got around that I had actually been denounced for not fighting fairly. "He says, 'Sir, you don't fight fair, at all, sir,' he says to Bill here."

The bartender, Tom Edwards, who is a friend of mine, said to me, with a great show of concern,

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Prince Oxford

"Bill, what is this? I am astonished at you, Bill. I hear that you were actually ungentlemanly. Is it possible that you did something improper, Bill? I refuse to believe it!"

I said, "What did the man complain about? All I did was kick him in the belly, knee him in the groin, gouge out an eye or two, beat his brains loose on the flooring, tear his hair out, pull his ears off, bite his nose in two, boot his teeth out, and stomp on him a few times or so just to warm him up. Was that ungentlemanly?"

There was a big roar of laughter, and I called out, "A drink for the house!" and we drank her down. Tom Edwards repeated, in that shaky woman's falsetto he can so well invent, "Sir, you don't fight like a gentleman; you don't play fair at all, sir!" A man called out, "A drink for the house!" and we drank her down.

The next day I met three big men from Texas, who soon decided that they would make me return the money I had won, and they informed me of their wishes. I said, "Well, you are three against one, and I see nothing to do but to be reasonable." One of them said, "We are glad you see it that way, for it does save us the trouble of killing you," and I gave him a wonderful kick in the belly, and knocked another down, and walked on him for a while, and the other ran off.

Altogether I had little to complain about, for I was having me a good fight every other day, and shearing the sheep of their fleece. Not that there was not a jarring note, now and then.

For instance, there was the newspaper, the Crescent City *Courier*, which persisted in its insinuations concerning the sinking of the steamboat, the *Queen City*. I have had some disagreeable experiences with the *Courier*, and have been the object of its attention, and more than once the sheet suggested, pretty strongly, that it would serve general welfare if I were taken beyond the town's limits on a rail.

"It needs no great demonstration," wrote the editor of the *Courier*, "to show plainly, and in an indubitable way, that this certain blackleg swindler and card sharp, whose unscrupulousness is only too well known to us, and whom we need not at all name, but who was on the boat at the time of its destruction, stood to profit by the sinking, for he was losing many thousands in a game of poker at the very time; and it is understood by those who see things plainly, that he could easily have arranged, beforehand, to have the ship run up on a reef, and to have a disturbance caused, in the event he was losing much money, so that he could escape with the boodle, in the confusion and excitement attendant upon the sinking. Such diabolic schemes are not unknown, and they have been hatched before; and the person we have in mind, whose name we need not at all specify, has done worse things than sink a boatload of innocent men, women, and children to meet his own selfish aims and ends."

I saw that this hot public feeling, mistaken as it was concerning my relations to the sinking of the *Queen City*, might soon come to a head, and indeed it did, one night, in a bar, while I was standing peacefully drinking. It came in the form of Sammy Rollins, who was the biggest and roughest killer in the whole Swamp area; and he was in a terrible raging mood, and mighty unsteady on his feet, and cursing me and carrying on. I saw at once that he had been set upon me, and the men next me moved off, so as to be out of range. He said, "My name is Sammy Rollins and I can out-punch, wrestle down and ruin and kill any man here," and he finished his bottle with one big gulp, and he smashed it into bits, and he wanted to have at me at once, but they held him back.

He shouted that he would pull my face off, knock my brains out, and stomp on me from that very moment until the sun came up. He tore loose, and rushed me, and he tried to settle me with a terrific head-butt to the face; but I lunged out with my good right foot, and caught him in the belly, and that rather stopped him cold.

Then he let out a mean cry, and

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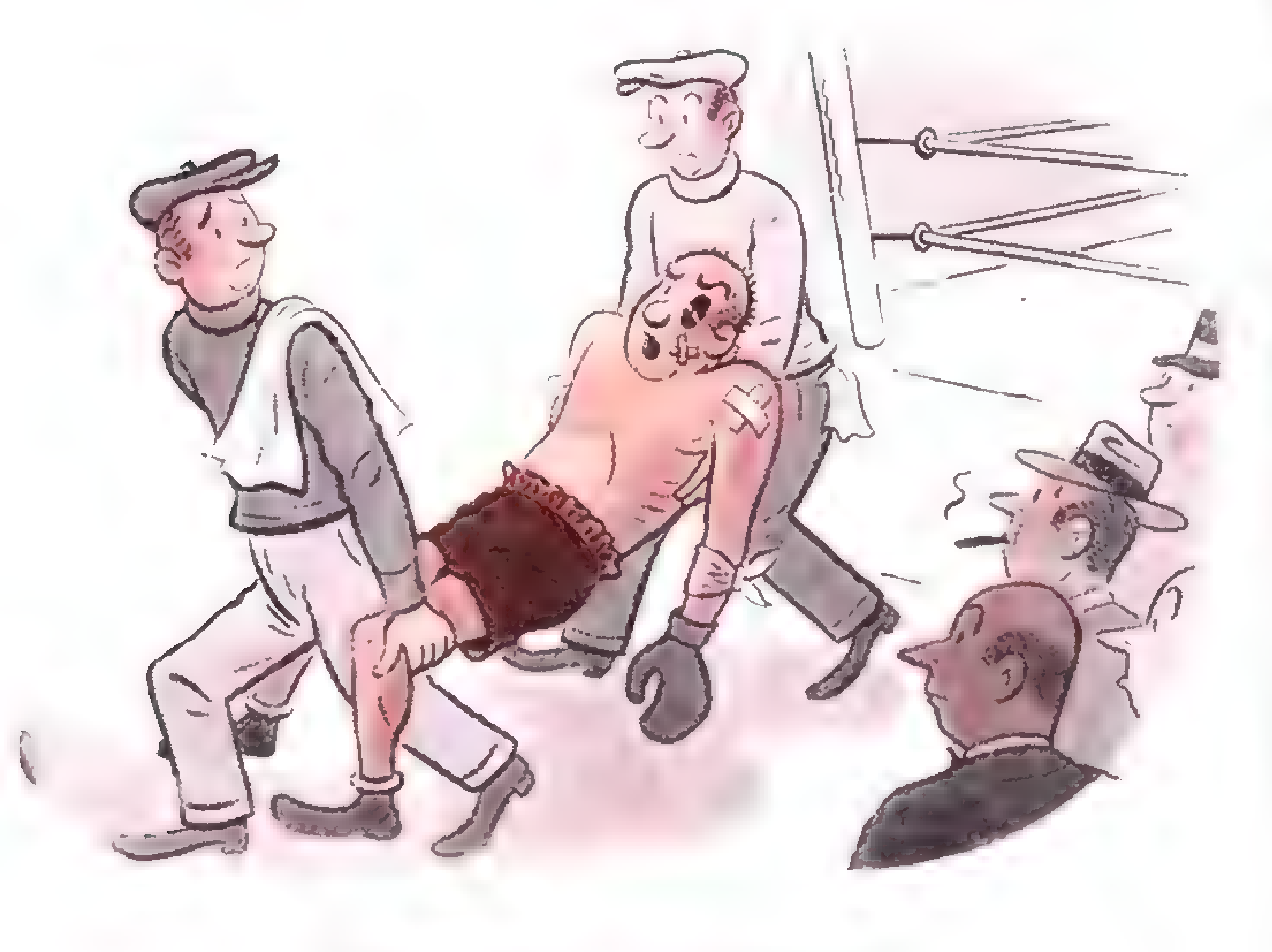

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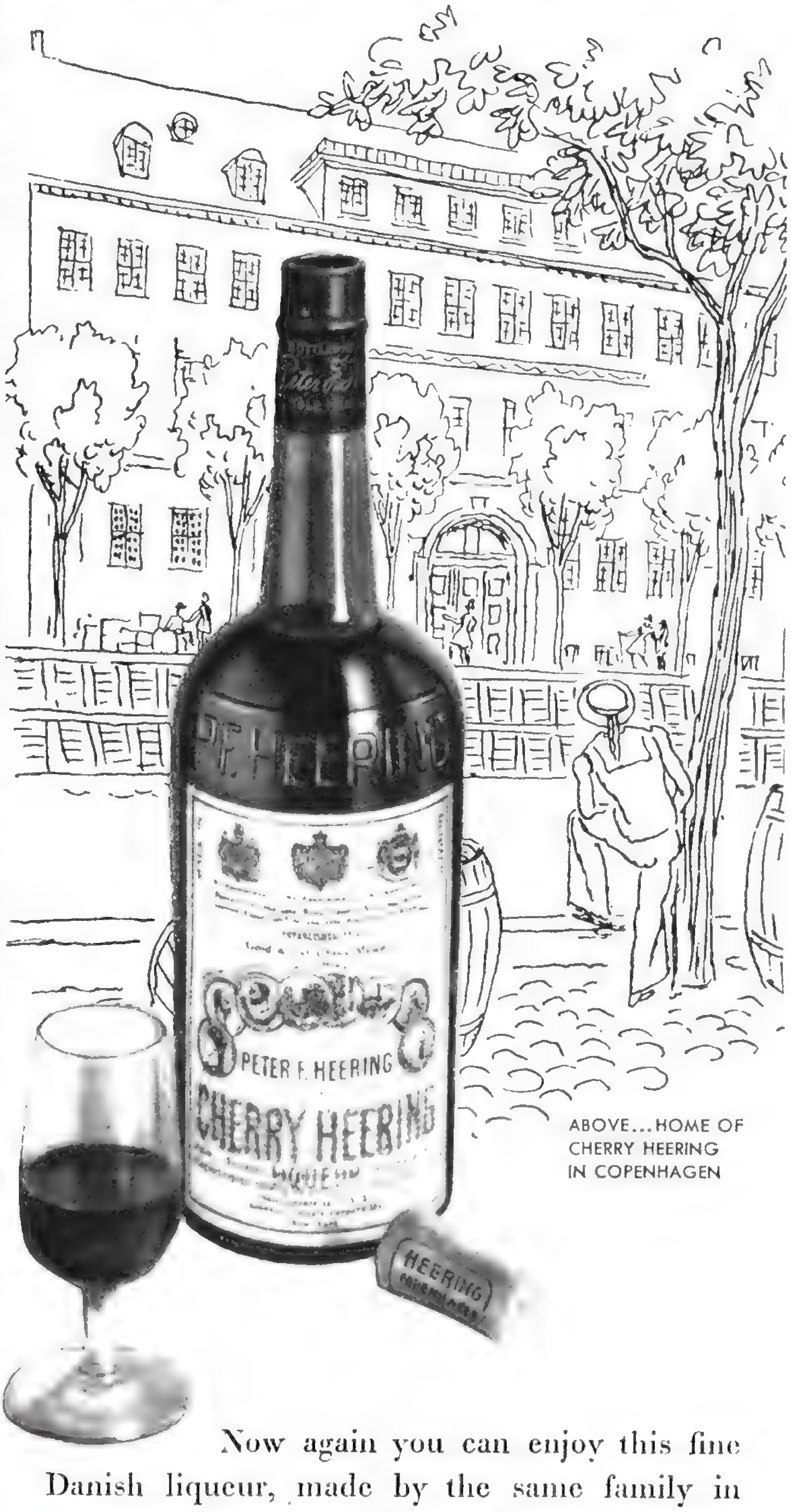

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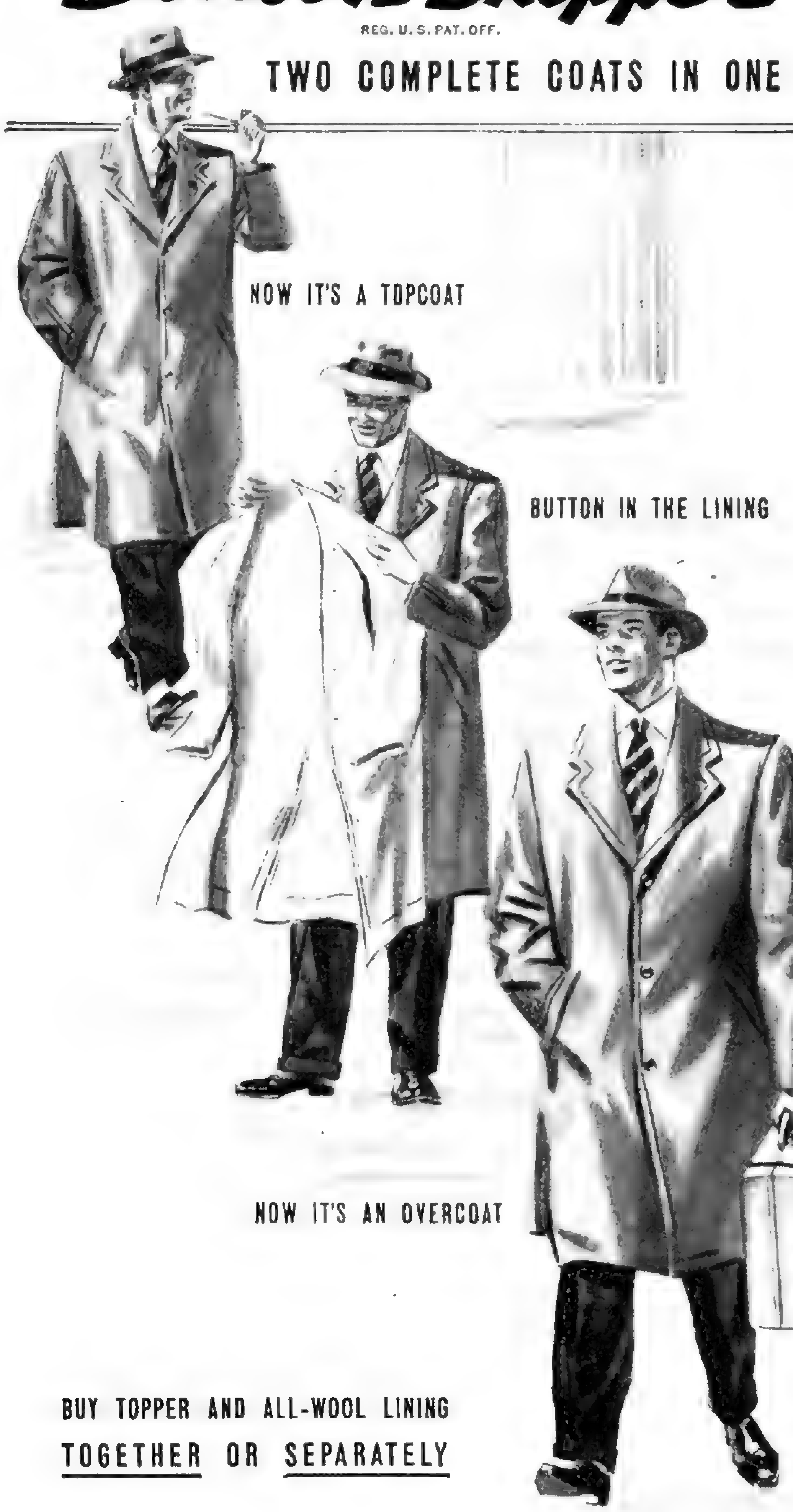

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I Insisted Hanging Was Too Gentle a Fate

Continued from page 157

he rushed me again, and I took hold of him by his long hair, and threw him down, and kicked him hard, and I dove into him, choked him and pounded his head on the flooring, and then I took his ear in between my teeth, and I would not let go, though he roared and floundered about and screamed. I got the taste of blood, and the men about got very noisy and insisted that I kill Rollins.

He got hold of my foot, and lifted me up and threw me down, and then he was all over me, a real wildman, butting his head at me and hurting me at every crack; and it was not long before I was in a fair frenzy myself, for there was nothing I could do to persuade him to leave off. The men about were dancing like Indians, and begging Rollins to tear my heart out, and if I had not fetched him a good kick in the groin, and torn at his eyes till they bled and blinded him, it would have gone very badly for me, indeed.

As it was, I was glad to leave the city in a hurry, taking passage aboard the *Spirit of Baltimore*, on which I stepped a moment or so before it sailed, leaving much valuable baggage behind. I saw Joseph Berkshire at the bar, and he told me that he was now a passenger, and not a pilot, for he had a deal of money. I told him how harshly I was being dealt with, and how I was being hounded and persecuted, and I an innocent man. Berkshire swore that the sinking of the *Queen City* was an accident and without motive, and then confided he was anxious to make a deal with me, whereby the two of us could fleece a couple of rich farmers from the State of Louisiana, who were aboard, and anxious to pass the time in a friendly little game of cards. In an astonishingly short time, we had the money of our new friends from Louisiana, or rather I had the money, and very content with keeping it. Berkshire met me up at the guards, where we had agreed to meet, and he asked me for his share of the boodle, but I refused, asking him, "Share? What share?"

Berkshire became violently incensed at not getting what he called his share, and he said that I was the lowest and most unfair man he had ever dealt with, but all this did him little good, for I held that the money had been won by me in an honest game of cards, and so was mine. Then Berkshire cursed, and he said, "Bill, I have half a mind to spill the whole affair of the sinking of the *Queen City*, and how would you like that?" I was puzzled, and did not know what he was talking about, and I said, "The *Queen City*? Let me see, now, was that not the boat that won the race with the *Pride of Tennessee*? I only faintly recall the name."

Later I saw Berkshire sitting in the saloon, and I pointed him out to a man born and raised in the State of Massachusetts, with whom I had recently become acquainted. "There sits one of the worst scoundrels on the river, sir," I said. "He is suspected, in fact he is known to have deliberately sunk a steamboat, called the *Queen City*, for payment of a few hundred dollars or so. He is a professional gambler, sir; a type of man I cannot stomach, at all." "Shocking," said the man, and I said, "It is worse than shocking, sir. It is horrifying."

I told him that I had never been on the Mississippi before, but was a mining man from the West. "I have read much of this scoundrel in the newspapers. It is the war, I think, sir, which causes such degeneracy in men." My new friend from Massachusetts said that a man who would sink a boat for gain should be hung, but I scoffed at the idea, adding, "Hanging is too gentle a fate, though of course this may merely be my own opinion. Then we commenced to play an innocent little game of poker, for sport, and then, merely to make the game a bit more interesting, we wagered a dollar or two. #

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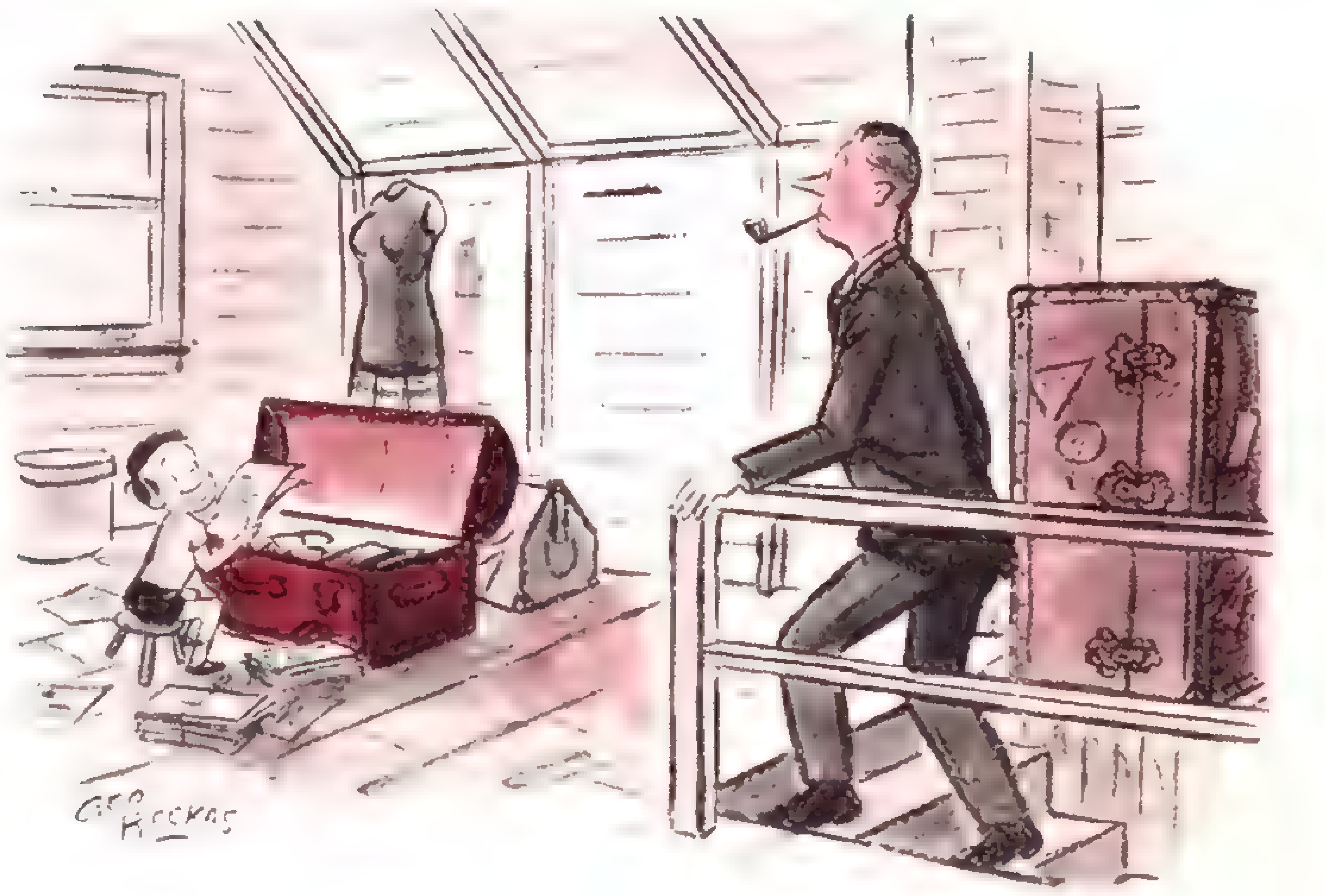


"Wow! are these corny, dad—I'm surprised mom fell for them"

Surprise at the Outpost

Continued from page 74

too," he proclaimed. "I'll bet he's back here in a half hour."

"Sooner than that," I protested. I explained that there was a place not five hundred yards away where wine could be bought. And I told the other chap that I did not have to steal, as my father earned more in a week than *his* in a month. That was pure guessing, of course.

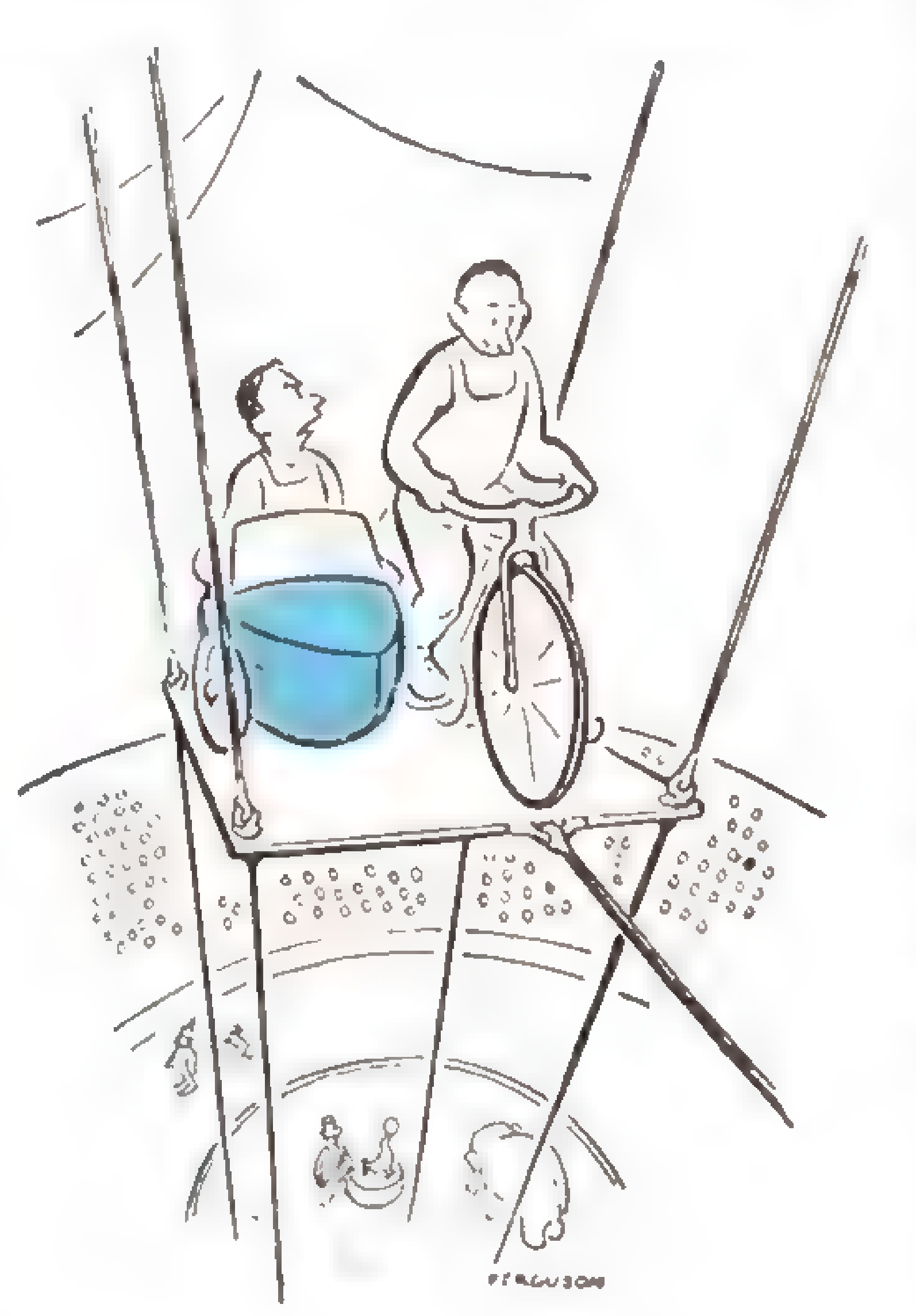
Bearing the four felt-covered canteens, I left the squad and headed for *Le Rendez-vous des Gais Lurons*, once a farm, now converted into a grog shop. Sundays, the local workmen came out here on picnics. I was thrilled by my mission; in a way it was much like belonging to the supply corps. Moreover, soldiers in large groups were new to me, intriguing. Norteau, a small town in the French Jura, was much too unimportant to have a permanent garrison, and everyone was delighted that luck and the staff of the ..th Army Corps had brought troops to our hills.

The peacetime army is composed of young and hardy men who think nothing of walking three or four miles into a town, even after covering twenty or thirty on the march. The café keepers were suddenly blessed with an avalanche of ten to fifteen thousand customers; other traders found their stock melting fast, as it had been computed for a normal population of six thousand at most. Moreover, a few hundred civilians, mostly females, wives and girls, had come in by train.

I would like to discourse on the purpose of those maneuvers during my ninth summer, point out the important strategic and tactical problems that were studied and solved, but no one told me anything at the time, and later I was to learn that the only records available were financial. For the farmers of the region, maneuvers were a rare occasion to have long broken fences mended at government expense and to gamble on claims for compensation for anything and everything mutilated, cut down or lost during the preceding decade.

I knew in a general way that the town of Norteau was being attacked by *Les Manchons Blancs* troops wearing white covers over their caps and representing an invading army, and defended by the troopers who wore plain kepis. I knew also that the outpost I had just left, eight men loafing by the murmuring stream, was likely to be raided by the defending army. I had not taken sides, but I was irked by such carelessness, so contrary to the sedulous rules in my army book.

I reached *Le Rendez-vous* in very good time. There was an old farm building, now a sort of a café provided with a zinc-topped bar; two barns had been turned into dormitories, one into a dance hall. Old trees shaded the whole, and behind the main building was a spacious arbor, fitted out with rustic benches and tables. I expected to find the place quiet and deserted, as it was a week day, but aside from the fat lady who owned the place and her permanent serving girl, there were four other ladies present, wearing high-heeled shoes and city finery. I contemplated them curiously, aware that they formed part of the floating population brought in by the Army. A couple were smoking cigarettes, a rather unusual sight in those days, and they talked and laughed loudly.



"Well, I hope t'hell you know what you're doing!"

"Eight quarts of ordinary," I demanded: "At four sous."

The owner took me into the cellar, so she could fill the canteens right before my eyes from a big barrel. She took my two-franc piece and gave me eight sous in change. Outside, there was much amused fussing by the women as they insisted on adjusting the canteens, the slings of which were too long for my height. I started back, and before long I was perspiring profusely, for those four canteens, when filled, represented eighteen to twenty pounds. But I made the camp in good shape, turned over my load, sneered at the doubter, and refused two sous offered me for my trouble.

There was a quart of wine per man, but the heat was strong. Within ten minutes, a shortage could be foreseen; money was collected and I was sent out with four canteens. I was tempted to drop them on the path and head for home. But I had a sense of duty, even if those fellows did not, and I had agreed to go—and lucky for me I did not quit. For it turned out that I was a repeat customer, representing a purchasing block of some size, hence entitled to a drink on the house. I picked a lemonade, which I drank while the boss went into the cellar to fill the containers. Full trust had been established.

The young ladies questioned me as to the whereabouts of my soldier friends, and I told them. Two of the dressiest ones then

Continued on page 160

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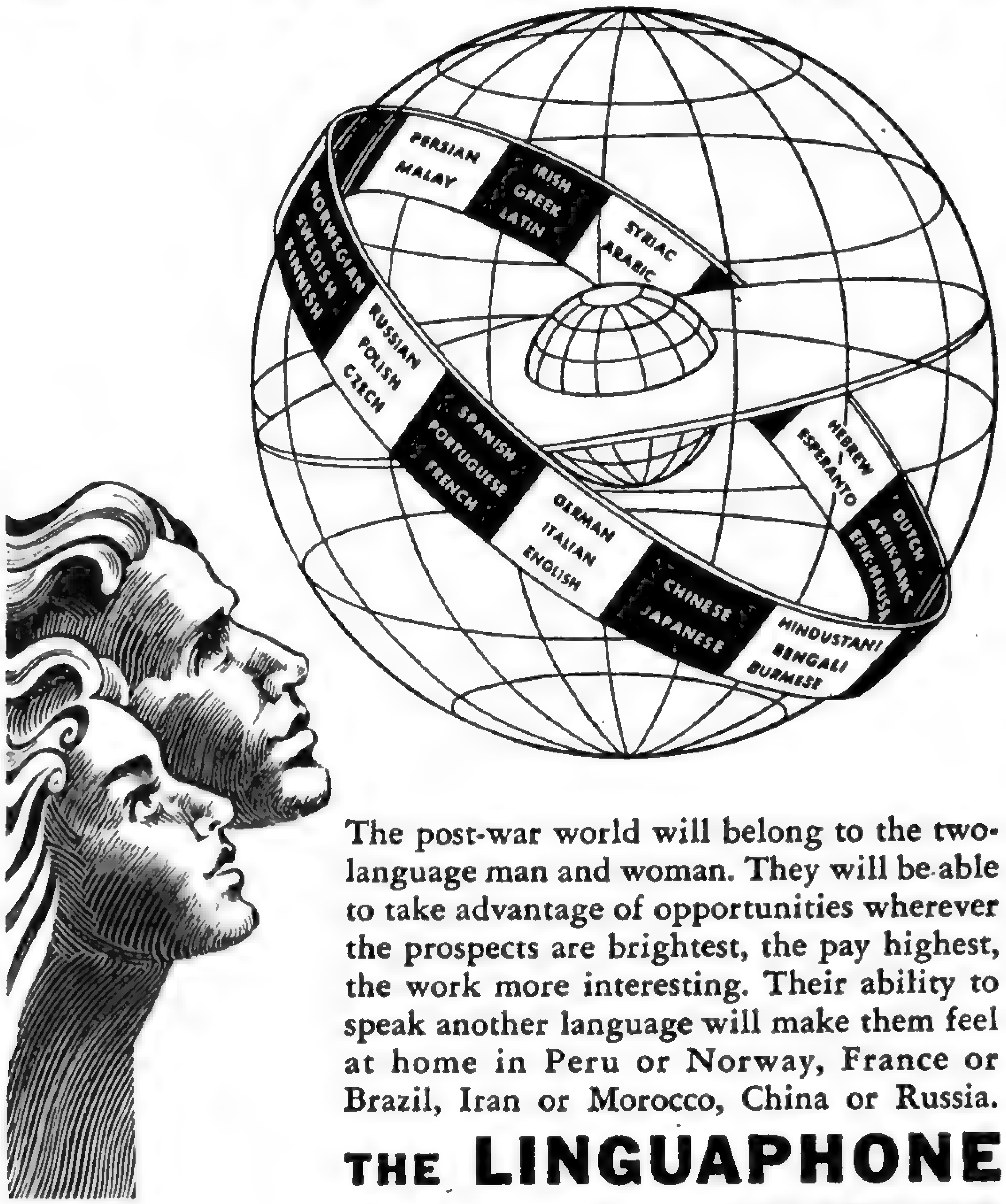

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Surprise at the Outpost

Continued from page 159

decided I was too small for such a burden, and came along to help me. It is trite to state that the world is small, but this was demonstrated once more: some of the soldiers knew the girls; they had met socially in the garrison city of Bezanval, in a place referred to constantly as "The Big Nine."

There was some friendly chatter, then the corporal said no officer would show up anyway—the sham battle was drifting in the opposite direction, judging by the fusillade and cannon—so he and two friends might as well walk with the girls to the farm, and bring back more wine. The five of them left and vanished on the forest path.

The remaining five appeared to become restless, and I was certain that they were worrying about what might happen to their comrades if an officer appeared. But I must have been mistaken, for two others rose, and announced that they were going to see about the wine. The three who were to stay argued a lot about staying, but it seemed that somebody had to be on the spot to transmit the warning whistle if and when it came.

It was over an hour before the corporal reappeared, with two of the men. Even to my inexperienced eyes, it was evident that they had been drinking. They exchanged banter with those who had remained behind, winked their eyes, pursed and smacked their lips. So the three rose and walked away, grumbling that they were as entitled to some diversion as the rest.

He had a green bottle in his hand. It was three-fourths empty, and he tried to fill it up from the stream. He lost his hold, the bottle sank. Then a whole patch of water turned pearly white, pretty streaks formed on the surface and slid downstream in an elongated pattern. I recognized the odor: absinthe.

"Strong liquors and spirits," I reminded them all, "are strictly forbidden troopers on the march." I was quoting straight from an army book, but it did not please anybody. The corporal threw a lump of dirt at me and some of it went down my neck. Then every one of them went around, picking up canteens and shaking them. They drank what was left of the wine.

Then the corporal and his pal went away again. After that, as the afternoon dragged on, it was hard to keep track of them; they would go and come back, leave again. I was far from bored; because no one paid attention to me, I had the freedom of the camp. I examined items of army equipment at leisure, finding out, for instance, that the skirts of the greatcoat of the French Infantry holds two huge pockets, that some of the cartridge-pouches contain heavy slugs to simulate ammunition. I ate some army biscuit, and opened a small can I found in a bag, which contained condensed milk. I drank what I could and then made pretty designs in the water by dripping the heavy fluid into it.

Suddenly, I realized that I was alone. This time, they were all gone. I was alone with the discarded equipment, the two stacks of rifles. This was opportunity. I detached a rifle from the nearest stack, worked the breech mechanism. The chamber was empty. So I rose, shouldered the gun, which wavered because it was too heavy for me, too long, too, and pulled the trigger. The metallic click was short of satisfying. I had filched two blank cartridges during my investigations, and I inserted one into the rifle. I shouldered again, took a deep breath. I was half afraid of the result.

I was still hesitating when someone took the weapon out of my hands. I dodged before looking up, but no blow followed.

"You're too small, my friend—the recoil would knock you down."

"Oh, no," I replied: "I can fire a shotgun."

"This kicks harder." The man was a very young sub-lieutenant. I then saw that there were about twenty soldiers around me. They stared at me, then at the stuff, at the rifles. The officer replaced the gun on the stack, and addressed me: "How do you happen to be watching this?"

"I'm not watching it, Lieutenant. I happened to be here, but they didn't say anything to me about watching anything."

"Ah, they didn't say anything?" He smiled. "Well, they'll have a lot to explain. Any idea where they've gone to?"

"Sure," I shrugged in disgust: "over to the wine place, where the dames are. The corporal has no authority."

The truth of that statement was plain, but they saw something funny in my making it, and they all laughed. Neither the lieutenant nor his men wore white covers. So, they were the enemies of the squad that wore white covers, hence they had captured their weapons. This was bad for them, the fellows at the farm!

More infantrymen, wearing blue and red kepis, filed across the little bridge, to mass in a clearing. Then three fellows came along, on horses. One was a major, with an armlet on one sleeve, the second was an ordinary captain, the third just an orderly. They stopped and the second lieutenant explained what had happened. I noticed that all three officers looked very sour, had flushed faces. The others were grinning. The captain spoke to the major with the armlet: "I suppose you'll allow their outpost has been surprised, Major?"

"Oh, surely, surely, Captain."

"Then I may proceed, Major?"

"Of course, Captain."

They left two men, one of them

a sergeant, in charge of the stuff, and walked into the woods. The major with the armlet stayed there, seated on his horse. He took out a small cigar and lighted it. In fifteen, maybe twenty minutes, a lot of men appeared, wearing white covers. I knew that they were prisoners, although they kept their guns. There was a lieutenant with them, on foot, and a captain, on a horse, a fine horse, chestnut color with creamy mane and tail. The captain saluted the major and rode up toward him.

"My compliments, Captain," the major said, with a little smile like a sneer: "Superb discipline, superb!"

The captain tried to talk, but all he could do was wiggle his jaws; you couldn't understand much of what he was saying. The major shrugged, smiled again, more friendly this time: "Oh, I say—those things will happen, you know."

"It's this damn socialism that—"

"Oh," the major lifted his hand, smiling wider: "I don't believe politics has much to do with this. This young fellow—" he beckoned me nearer: "will tell you the story. Dames, he says." He waited for me to continue from there.

"Two that are there all the time," I explained: "and four new ones, from the city, Captain."

The captain swore, and shrugged, and waved his hand. Then the major told him: "I think you had best collect that little gang, Captain, before someone else stumbles into them. The whole Blue Line will be advancing in another thirty minutes. As for me, I'll take a little ride farther on. You may count on my discretion, of course. Little family affair."

"Thank you, Major," the captain said, almost weeping as he turned his eyes away.

The major trotted away. The captain took a couple of squads and headed for the farm. I followed, nobody told me not to. We reached *Le Rendez-vous*. One of the squad was asleep with his head on his folded arms, sprawled over a table. Another was trying to hide behind the well curb, but peeped out comically. The rest were collected in one of the barns, in the wine cellar; the corporal we found in the attic, under straw.

I beheld, for the first time, an astonishing phenomenon: a tipsy soldier does not start to fight at the very moment of arrest. There is a short period during which he behaves himself with reeling decorum, expresses himself as ready for logical argument and compromise. Then a word or a gesture offends his dignity, and he starts struggling.

The eight soldiers all submitted to seizure meekly, formed a line, not a very straight line, but a line. Even the one who had been asleep was mild at first, rubbing his eyes. Then an argument started because one of the sergeants rapped one of the culprits on the leg with his gun butt, to snap him to attention. Properly, what fired him was the giggling from the group of girls huddled near the main building.

In an instant, there were a half-dozen mix-ups, sober soldiers rushed to the rescue of the noncoms.

The captain bellowed and walked up and down. That consumed a good five minutes.

"Corporal Cugnet!" the officer howled.

"Present, Captain."

Cugnet came forward. His suspenders had snapped in the struggle; he held his red trousers with one hand, saluted with the other, until he realized that he wore no headgear.

"Your chevrons pop off as of today," the captain roared. "And if it weren't for your comrades—your men—whom you misled, I'd have you court-martialed and sent to Biribi for five years, do you hear?"

The officer completely forgot that the poor chaps were in no condition to be attentive and went on: "You have humiliated me, you made a monkey of me! I thought you were men, not kids! And if we hadn't happened to hit on a major who's humane and understands things, if he had insisted on making a report, you'd damn

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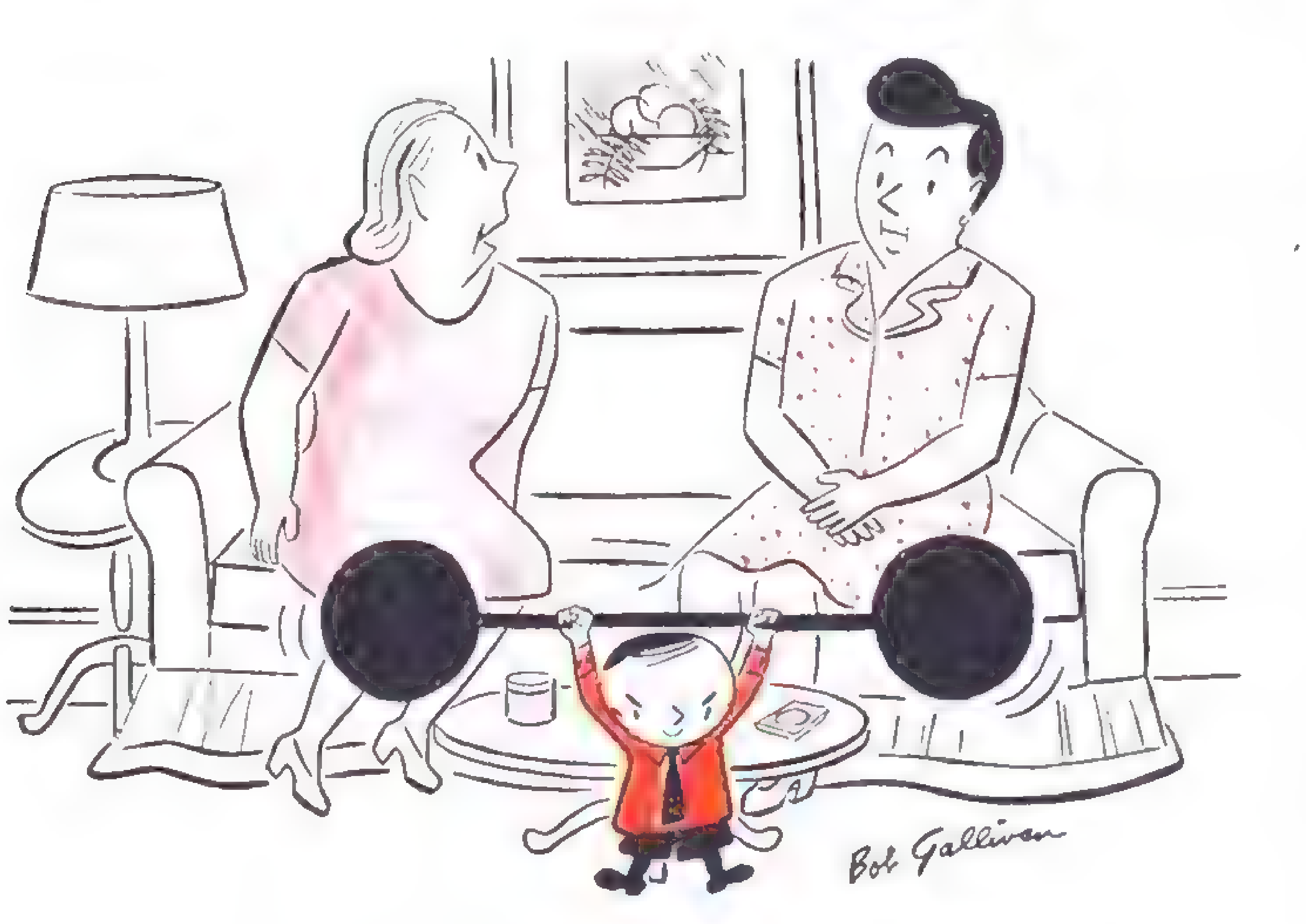

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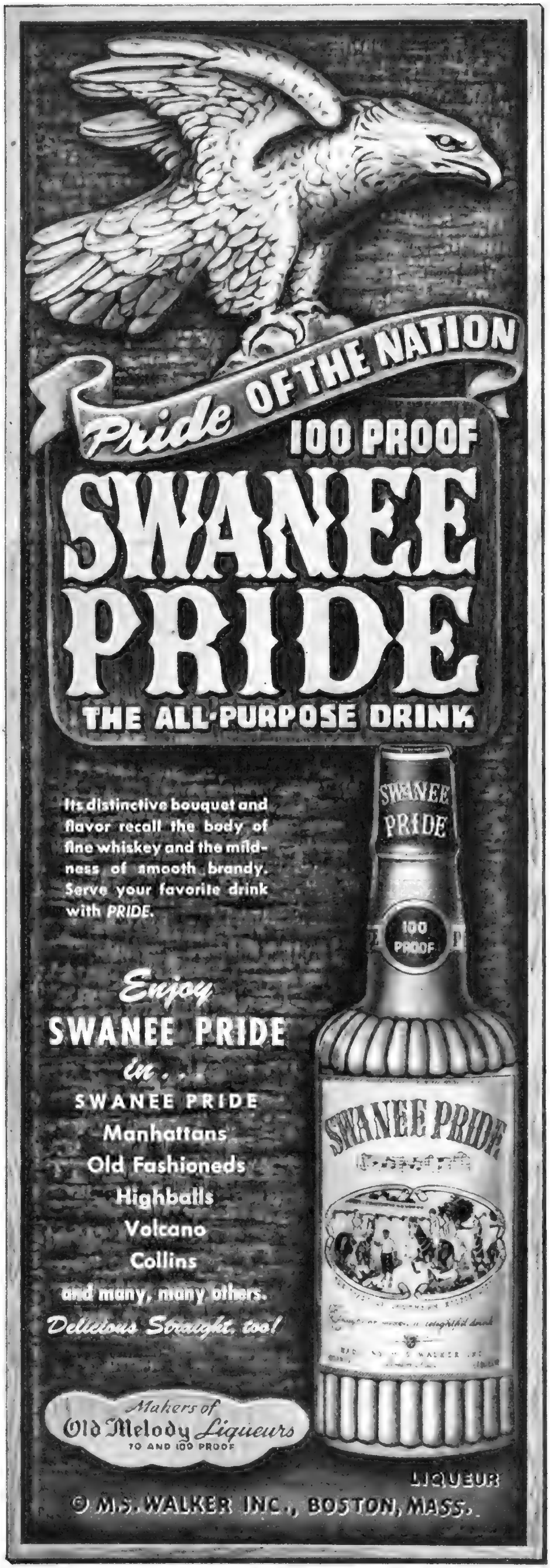

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Surprise at the Outpost

Continued from page 161

well all have gone before a court and shared some forty years among yourselves. Of all the degraded, base, idiotic—"

Corporal Cugnet, holding on to his pants, swayed with swift indignation.

"I demand a trial," he yelled: "I demand a trial!"

"You what?"

"You have a right to punish me, but not to insult me, Captain! I am a French soldier, remember that!"

"Are you arguing with me, Cugnet?"

"No, Captain. I'm just saying 'nuts to you!'" Cugnet shuffled forward: "I'm not afraid of you, or of the whole army! I have been struck—me—a French soldier—I have been manhandled!"

"We don't have to stand for that!" one of his men howled.

"We're free men, we don't want to be scolded like kids!"

"I want a trial," yelped another.

A sergeant walked up to the captain, said something in a low voice. The captain exploded: "I know damn well they're drunk! You don't have to tell me!" Nevertheless, he addressed the group: "All right, dismissed. We'll talk in the morning!"

Cugnet was trying to locate his suspenders.

"I want an apology. You called me degraded and an idiot—"

The captain looked at him, speechless. Even I, a child, knew that these men had accumulated a series of military crimes: desertion of post, abandonment of weapons, drunkenness while on duty, resistance to arrest, impertinence to a superior. In fact, their crimes were so numerous, so important, that the captain was trying to cover them, hoped to forget them. Several of the offenses, properly presented to a court, would be enough to send a man to swelter for a decade or so under the torrid Algerian sun.

"Oh, shut him up," the officer ordered.

Orders are orders. The sergeant went to Cugnet, grasped him by the shoulders and tried to whirl him around, to shove him toward the barn. The past corporal fought back, losing his hold on his trousers, which folded around his ankles. Two of his men had sobered enough to edge away, but the others closed in loyally. It was a crazy, barnyard display. There was much more amusement than anger.

At this time, blank shots crackled in the woods, not far away. While this company was accounted for, officially out of action because technically captured, the irruption on the scene of officers and men of another regiment would complicate matters.

"Sergeant, get them out of sight immediately!" the captain snapped.

The noncom looked over one shoulder, helplessly, then grasped Cugnet around the waist, lifted him up and started to carry him away bodily. The drunken lad shouted and swore, but it was still comedy, burlesque.

Then his groping hand caught on the hilt of the sergeant's bayonet, closed. He jerked the blade free; twenty-two inches of needle-sharp steel glistened briefly. He jabbed with it as with a dagger. The noncom dropped him, staggered several steps, fell to his knees. He shook his head like a wet dog. There was that bayonet, pushed through his right shoulder at a peculiar slant. He reached up and tried to push the point back, blood started to drip. He let go, sank to his hands and knees, started to creep about foolishly. You could see those heavy gouts dropping in the slanting sun, shining like beads, crunching into dark blotches in the dust.

At the sight of blood, everyone seemed to go mad. The women ran for the cellar, screaming. A private reversed his rifle and swung the butt hard, clubbing Cugnet, who sprawled face down on the ground. Other soldiers fell upon the drunks, battering them into submission in a few seconds. They turned into limp, bloody bundles right before my eyes.

The captain, who had been purple, grew waxen white.

"Get them all out of sight," he shouted: "Out of sight, quick!" He had dismounted, and watched his men as they scurried about, dragging the fallen into the taproom of the café. I stood two feet to his left, a little behind, and I could hear him swear and grumble: "Should have started by smacking him myself, a good one —damn regulations—how the devil do they expect you to turn out soldiers with this crazy system. Eh, you—" he beckoned to a private, "get on my horse and find a surgeon."

"Where, Captain?"

"Just a moment, I have it here —" the officer took out some papers, but he was nervous, there was a wind. He fought the whipping sheets and cursed.

"There's an ambulance down that way—" I pointed: "At the Calvary of Saint-Fergeux, at the crossroads, Captain."

The man rode off; the captain looked down at me.

"Thank you, my little friend," he said.

"Don't mention it."

The first patrol of the Blues came into sight. The lieutenant in charge looked around, saluting the captain. He could see that there had been some excitement, and the women still yelled once in a while. Excited women screaming in a cellar can sound pretty startling. He lifted his eyebrows, and 'our' captain led him aside. I overheard a few phrases from the conversation: "A little embarrassment with a brace of drunkards who strayed this way —oh, yes, you're quite right, Lieutenant, those things happen."

That lieutenant was not fooled, but he was courteous and took himself and his men away very fast. Then the captain beckoned to me and we walked together down the forest lane, beside the stream. I said nothing as the officer lighted a cigarette and puffed some smoke through his nostrils. I was not dumb; I had seen trouble before, and I knew what he would ask me. But his first question startled me.

"Do you understand what death is, my boy?"

"Sure, Captain."

"Well, Corporal Cugnet will die if what happened here today comes out. That's the military code, you understand: Attack with weapons against a superior in the line of duty: Death."

"I know," I stated. "That's printed in the front of the army pay books."

"And it doesn't even mention weapons," he corrected me almost automatically: "Any attack. Cugnet is twenty-two. That may seem old to you, but it's really too young to die. And he was drunk, didn't know what he was doing. In a way, my boy, it was my fault. Even the sergeant he wounded will not want him to die, I am sure. I'll talk to him and he'll let me arrange things so that Cugnet can be let off with four to six months in prison. You know, say it was accidental—"

"I know, Captain. The fix."

"Precisely. He was full of absinthe. Drink's bad."

"The women saw it all," I reminded him.

"I know. But they won't talk. You know what they are, eh? Well, they don't like to testify at trials, because they have to give their names and trade, and they have families. Also, although you don't understand yet, they're bad women, but they're—they're good about something like this, because they understand drinking, and men—soldiers—"

I nodded sympathetically: "Sure, Captain, and this is old stuff to them, eh? They were talking about the fights at The Big Nine."

"Old stuff, yes, it's old stuff to them." The captain took off his kepi, to wipe the leather band with a handkerchief. I was startled to find that he was quite bald, probably as old as my father, and with that gold-braided hat off, he looked like a nice, worried grocer. "Now, understand, my boy, if you agree not to tell anyone, that means your mother, your father—"

I laughed heartily.

"They'd just think I was making it up—they think I make up stories just to look smart—"

"Just the same, don't tell them. It's important, my boy. You'd be responsible—to blame—for Cugnet being shot. You see, in a trial, what he did would seem terrible. They'd take him out and degrade him. Then he'd be blindfolded and shot. He's from Paris you know, and he has made trouble before. His mother wrote me. Said he hadn't had a good father, and no good breaks in life. —That's why I made him a corporal, thinking chevrons would encourage him. You understand that, my boy?"

"Like they do with the dummies in school, make them monitors for something or other?"

The captain stopped and smiled down at me.

"Something like that, yes. Only, it didn't work. I shouldn't have given him responsibility. It was to—well, to please his mother. Now, I don't want to—well, you understand, my boy?"

"Oh, sure, Captain."

We had reached a crossroads. One branch led to the camp of the outpost, the other down the hill to the National Highway. The officer touched my shoulder: "You better go home, now."

"Don't I have to swear, Captain?" I asked, surprised.

"No, we'll just shake hands on it—" and he gave me his hand. And smiled: "And, mind you, not a word to anyone—say, for twenty-five years!" He laughed outright and rubbed his knuckles over my head gently: "Mind, you keep it in there, eh?"

"Sure thing," I concluded.

And I kept my word, *mon capitaine*, with ten years for good measure. ⌗

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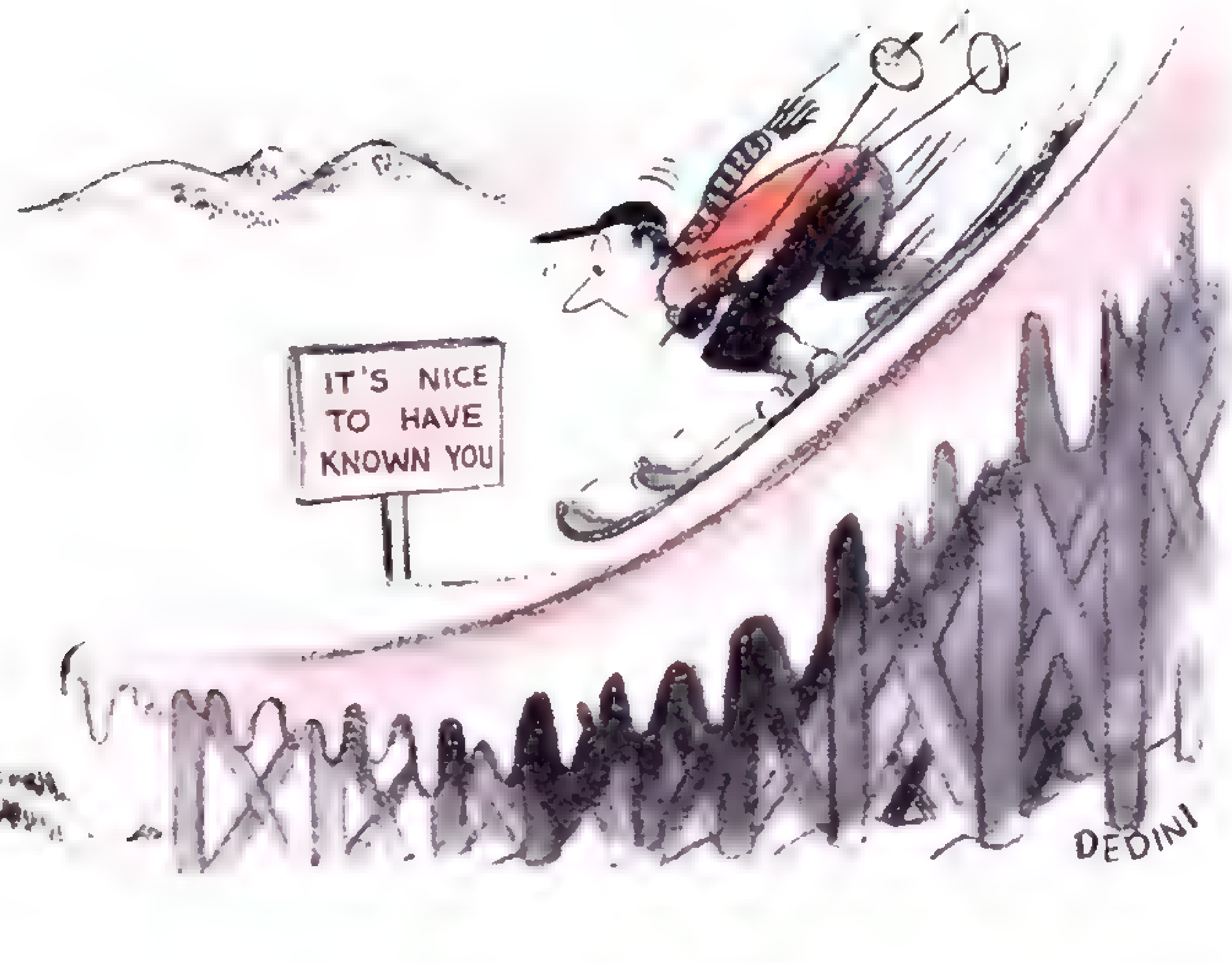
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Pretty Pictures for Tooey

Continued from page 47

my squadron of the moment, the 364th, was stood down for two days. Finally we bombed a railway yard in Holstein, and I was through with this very small tour of duty; I left the field and went to France. Beaugy was to follow me after two days.

He banged on my door at the Scribe Hotel in Paris, on Monday forenoon. His take-off from England had been delayed because of fog; and I hoped we wouldn't be late for the appointment already made with General Anderson. Beaugureau clutched the portfolio containing his paintings, and we whizzed along the straight highway past the Étoile.

Beaugy was scared; he didn't think his shave looked very well. I was getting a little scared myself. The war seemed to be going all right, but suppose that some things in General Anderson's portion of the war had gone very wrong indeed?

"Gee," said Beaugy. "What if he doesn't like my stuff? Are you sure that you know the general *well?*"

"Oh, very well," and I kept calling attention to the blue-clad nuns in the road and the old scars of dried-up war along the way, and the blossoming peach and apple trees. It was funny, the way our nervousness communicated itself between us. It piled up, adding like cube root. By the time we got to the École Normale we were in an advanced state of jitters.

No, said a pretty Wac, the general was not in, not yet; and we sat around in the outer office, and then finally decided to go and eat lunch just about ten minutes after the mess closed. Food would have been a welcome diversion; we were both starved and frightened, the way you are at the end of a ten-hour operation.

We went prowling all over that end of St. Germain, hunting for something to eat, and finally barged into a little canteen conducted by the Red Cross for G.I.s, and we wheedled some coffee and two doughnuts from a buxom blonde who pitied us. Americans were prohibited from buying food in French restaurants, but we could buy anything alcoholic that was available. We found a little *estaminet* and then we were afraid to drink calvados because we did not want to be tight when we faced the general. We sipped some dreadful lukewarm beer and admired the doorsill and the landlady's cat. We did things like this, and then hastened back to the École Normale. Still no General Anderson. He had been delayed by matters more portentous and exacting than the problem which we shared.

That afternoon lasted exactly fifty-six hours—or so it seemed to me—and by six o'clock Beaugy swore that we had been there a week and his leave was up. We did everything we could think of to pass time and divert ourselves. We walked down the road and watched a lot of French boys and girls stealing lilacs that hung over the grey wall of a British headquarters on the highway.

Back at our own headquarters, about six-thirty, Colonel Snyder called me into the hall. "The general is back," he said. "He is out at his house. I have just been speaking with him on the phone. Come in my office. . . ."

I took up the phone and squawked a feeble hello to the general. I started to tell him that I had an artist with me whose pictures I wished he would look at; but in another second he was talking to me instead, and it is not Standard Operational Procedure to interrupt a major general.

There was something he wanted to talk to me about—some writing he wished me to do—and would I please grab some transportation and come over to his house immediately, alone. I returned to Beaugy and mumbled that I had to go to see the general alone.

Beaugy turned a few shades paler, if that was possible, and his palsied lips said something about "sure, go ahead," and then I went out to find a jeep. It was Colonel Snyder's own jeep, a very rattly one. I drove over to Marley-le-Roi, and found Fred Anderson freshly combed and shaved, out on his terrace, enjoying a momentary spot of refreshment.

"Sorry to be so peremptory," he said, "but I have to go to dinner over at Tooey's." Tooey, in case you are not informed, is the affectionate designation which his associates confer on General Carl A. Spaatz, who has four stars as white as milk, and was at that moment bossing the entire American Air Force deployed against Germany.

"Now," said Anderson, "here is what I want to talk to you about. . . ." and he went on for half an hour, and nothing of what he said may be recounted by me at this time.

But when he was finished, and while the general's car was driven up before the door, and other guests headed Tooey-wards were assembling, I managed to shoot out something about an artist I had fetched from the 3-0-5th, a fellow who painted B-17s and—

An officer came in with some papers for the general to sign. "An artist?" Fred asked over his shoulder. "Is he good?"

"Yes."

"Maybe Tooey would like to see the pictures," said Fred Anderson.

"Maybe he would," I said, "but, sir, don't you think, Fred, my God, listen, I don't know General Spaatz, or don't you think you had better see them first and—"

"I'm in a hurry," said Fred, soaring out of the door while I stumbled after him. "Tell Snyder to give me a ring at Park House

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about ten o'clock; he can drive you and this artist over there."

"But what," I squealed, "if the paintings actually aren't any good? What if—?"

The general said, in a tone calculated to reassure me, "Oh, I'll take your word for it, that they *are* good," and he taxied out beyond the flower beds in his grey roadster and, as nearly as I could tell, he took off and vanished.

I banged my way back through St. Germain, and dined with Colonel Snyder, a visiting RAF wing commander, General Anderson's pilot, and an abject Beaugy whose complexion was turning slowly from saffron to chartreuse. When finally I drew him aside and whispered the glad tidings about the visit to General Spaatz' house, he became patently grass green.

Zero hour was ten o'clock. We sat in Colonel Snyder's office communicating our fright to Colonel Snyder by degrees. The colonel didn't know much of what this was all about, but before we got through with our forebodings I think he decided that he would soon be peeling potatoes along with Beaugy and me. The fatal call was made, and Snyder regarded us as he might have regarded one of his own crews about to visit Essen without any fighter protection there or back.

Everything happened with the horrid rapidity of a newsreel which we observed but were powerless to alter. The staff car hummed through brown French streets; we dipped into the valleys and hurtled up the hill toward Marley-le-Roi. We turned in at an old stone gate and the MP stepped forward, recognized the colonel, stepped back, saluted . . . We were being deposited in front of the main door now, the colonel called good-bye, and the gravel lumped beneath our feet. Park House, a beautiful vine-draped wide-windowed chateau, was drenched with lights and laughter.

(There was a sprightliness in the air in those days, be it at Park House or out at some miserable beat-up ex-Jerry barracks on a Belgian flying field. The war was almost over. People laughed readily, nervously. They made colossal jokes about seeing each other next time on Iwo Jima or in New Guinea. The coffee and the liquor flowed generously on social evenings, whenever one could find coffee and liquor, and whenever one had a social evening.)

For a moment we halted, like medieval waifs hoping for a handout, and gazed through the windows. We saw everything from RAF air commodores to vipers in civilian clothes—men wafted importantly from Washington five hours before. We saw French uniforms, we even saw a few pretty girls and a handsome old countess and more stars than Jess Willard ever saw at Toledo. Beaugy clutched his homemade portfolio in a grasp of iron and sweat, with perhaps blood and tears thrown in.

As for me, I kept contemplating the rupture of my beautiful friendship with the Army Air Forces . . . I could hear unborn grandchildren prattling, "What did you do in the Second World War?" and hear my own mothy accents in reply: "Well, that reminds me about the night I was flung out of General Spaatz' house. I was a mere stripling of forty-one—"

Somehow we got the door open.

The first person we saw was Fred Anderson. He was bending over, digging a cigar case out of a coat folded on a chair. I had time only to wonder vaguely about whether those were his own cigars and whether he had any extras, before I was muttering, "Sir, may I present . . ." and then Beaugy had saluted, the general had returned his salute, and they were shaking hands.

Fred was saying pleasant things, but they meant nothing to our ears. He was leading us on and on across a hall, away from the brass and chatter and coffee and brandy of the after-dinner throng. He pushed open double doors and then we were in the billiard room.

It was the biggest billiard room I ever saw. There was a green billiard table, the continental kind that makes an American table look like a cribbage board. We walked about fifteen minutes and then we were past the billiard table and could pick up the target,

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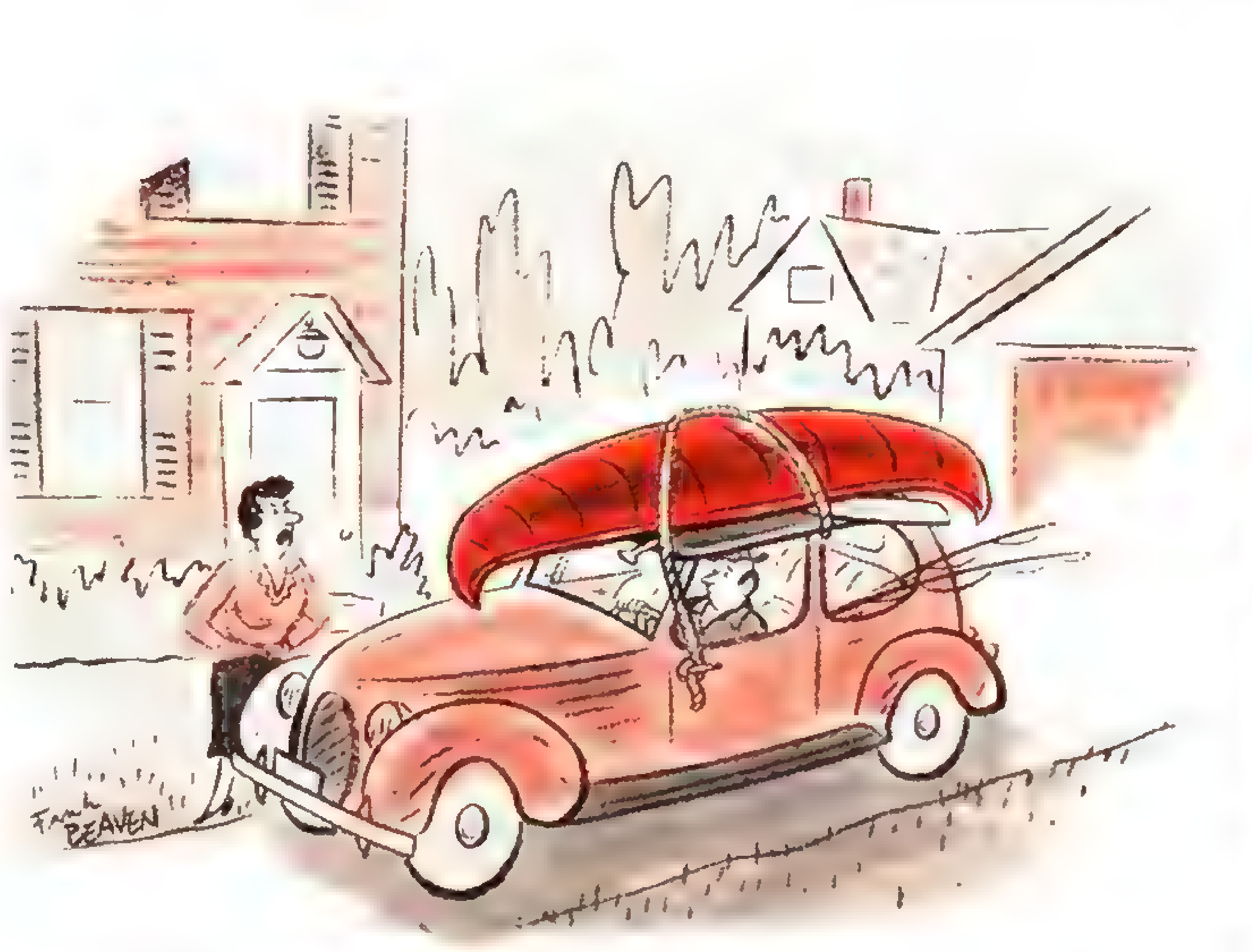

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Pretty Pictures for Tooey

Continued from page 165

dead ahead perhaps 3,000 yards. The target was General Spaatz. He sat at the farther side of a circular poker table in an alcove of the room, all alone, one menacing figure in a brown jacket.

Yesterday I read an article about General Spaatz in a Sunday newspaper. It had things to say about a leonine head and deeply-etched lines, and so on. For my money, General Spaatz didn't look like that at all. Instead, he looked like a shorter, slimmer General Pershing, and he had the neat grey hair, the glasses, the close-clipped silvery mustache, and the bearing of all heaven and hell in his body.

General Anderson introduced me to General Spaatz. I in turn introduced Captain Beaugureau to General Spaatz. We stood and gulped; and the sweat pouring off Beaugy's jaundiced forehead seemed to flow down and make a pool around our feet.

"Sir," I heard myself stammering, "Captain Beaugureau has painted some pictures of B-17s in combat. I felt that perhaps you would like to see them."

General Spaatz replied that he would like to see them. Certainly there was nothing else he could have said under the circumstances. Beaugy lifted the oil-stained portfolio with shaking hands.

"Here," said General Spaatz, "let's put them over here on the billiard table."

He took the receptacle from Beaugy's jellied paw.

"Sir," whispered Beaugy, "that canvas thing is awful dirty and—"

"On the billiard table," repeated General Spaatz firmly. "Turn on the light, Fred."

Fred turned on the light. One by one the water colors were drawn out of the folder and placed in order on the pure green cloth. It seemed to me suddenly that there was a pathetically small number of paintings. Furthermore, it seemed that the paintings were pathetically bad. Was it possible that I had ever decided to recommend such atrocious smudges to anyone? The clouds were all wrong, the Forts looked like broken-down chicken crates, the flak looked like bunches of purple grapes. There was no blue like that anywhere in the air above, no flame so orange, no bombs so evenly spaced in their fall. In short, they all looked lousy to me and, as private confidence revealed later, they looked even more lousy to Beaugy.

General Anderson stood staring at them with his hands on his hips. General Spaatz bent coolly forward, adjusted his glasses, and lowered his face until it was six inches above one of the paintings.

"Sir," came Beaugy's unhappy whimper, "maybe you can get a better idea of them—uh—from a distance—sir."

The stars on General Spaatz' jacket gave me a sudden, acute conjunctivitis, so I turned away.

"Got him in the gas tank," said Spaatz, glaring at a particularly accurate burst of flak.

"Yes, sir," whispered Beaugy.

"What target was this one, Captain?" The brown finger tapped another painting.

"Not any target in particular, sir. I guess maybe it could have been Hannover. There's that lake over there. . . ."

Anderson nodded. "It does look like Hannover."

General Spaatz seemed to take a deep breath, then he seemed to sigh, then he seemed to say nothing. Beaugy was weaving on his feet, and I would have tried to sustain him by holding his arm, but I couldn't even lift my own arm. General Spaatz turned toward the captain, bending his head slightly, compressing his brows, and peering past, rather than through, his glasses.

"What are you doing here now, Captain?"

"Sir, I am just over from Britain on leave. . . ." Beaugy's voice trailed off into space again.

"Still flying missions?"

"No, sir. I've finished up."

Spaatz turned back to the paintings again. He began to discuss them in an even voice. He criticized them, not artistically, but technically. He said that he would like to see flak and fighters mixed together more the way it actually happens in the air; and Beaugy stuttered out that he had thought of that but it might be confusing to the uninitiated.

"Go ahead," said General Spaatz. "Paint some that way anyway. Show them what it's really like."

"Yes, sir."

There was another long pause. We could hear a C-47 muttering along, high above Park House. Maybe it was lost in the fog, maybe it was hunting for Villacoublay, maybe it was hunting—

General Spaatz straightened up and took off his glasses. "Well, Fred, I guess we might use this fellow at USSTAF, mightn't we?"

"I think we could."

"Take care of it."

"Very well, I'll have Colonel Bowman arrange it."

About this time General Ted Curtis opened the doors of the billiard room; and then a lot of other people came in with him, and they all stopped to examine the pictures. . . . Five minutes later I drifted off in search of Beaugureau. I was afraid he had died in a corner somewhere.

I found him in the living room. General Anderson had introduced him to Colonel Bowman, and Colonel Bowman was already talking on the phone. Someone had put a drink into Beaugy's hand, but he wasn't touching it. He was standing with docility beside the colonel, and his eyes were perfectly glazed.

Fred Anderson passed, and pinched me. "Tooey liked the pictures," he whispered. #

Continued from page 47

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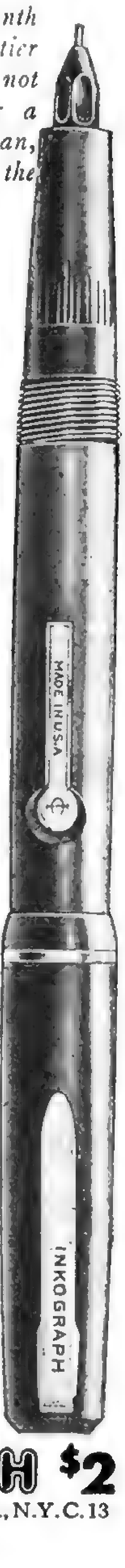

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Dancing American

Continued from page 64

threw in a few ballet steps.

On tour in England in 1843 minstrel-man Dan Emmett picked up the Lancashire clog. He already knew jigs, reels and breakdown steps. True to his background, his act featured the fiddle (Irish-American), the banjo (American), and the bones (Negro-American). The bones, incidentally—whence "Mr. Bones"—were used in minstrelsy's cradle days, when plantation slaves entertained "folks in de big house" with shows, the rhythmic bones being used as hand-manipulated percussive instruments in impromptu dances. But of course influences work both ways. The Negro buck and wing developed as Negro workers picked up steps danced by Irish-American railroaders and miners.

By the 1870's the melting pot was boiling over. Eileen Curran, the fine Irish lilter who has won contests in Boston and New York, tells an amusing story of the Cohans. But perhaps we should first explain *lilting*. "An Irishman," Miss Curran says, "is someone who'll dance with one foot in the grave and the other foot slipping." And a lilter is someone who can provide *wordless* music for dancers when an orchestra is lacking. The term comes from an ancient Gaelic shepherd's flute, a "lilting flute," and the so-called lilts of the early 19th century were quite likely jigs or reels danced to the lilt—Irish scat-singing!

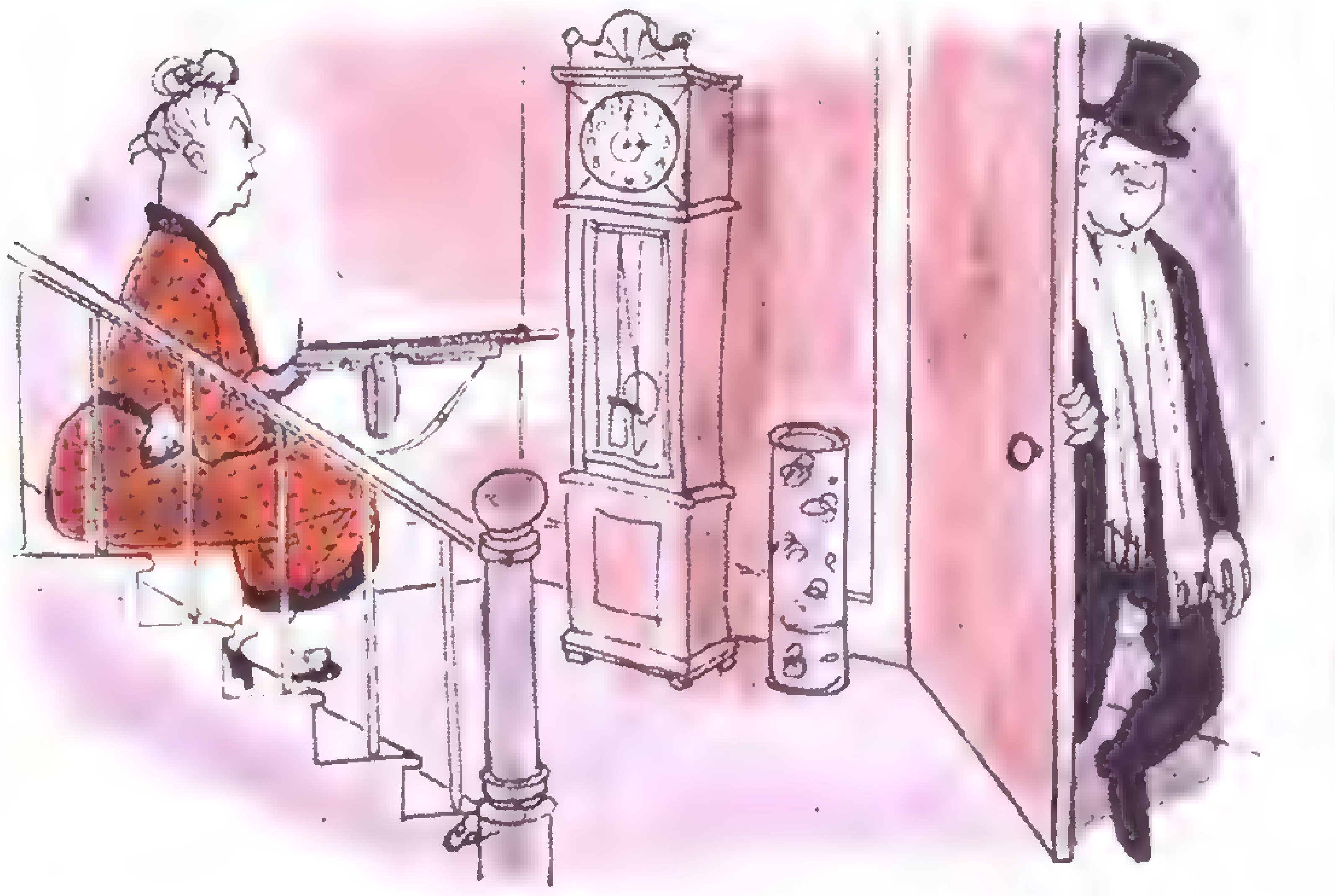
Jerry and Helen Cohan, parents of George M., played both Tony Pastor's and the hinterlands, being received with especial warmth in those places where Irish-Americans were helping to shape the backbone of democracy. They hit the Pennsylvania coal fields when the "Molly Maguires" were unionizing the miners. On one such engagement they sang the old Irish ballad, *The Magpie's Nest.* The miner audience not only applauded the number—they *lilted* it right back to them as *Collyer's Reel.* In the mines it served as a work song. On Saturday nights the same tune, as a lilt, was used for dancing.

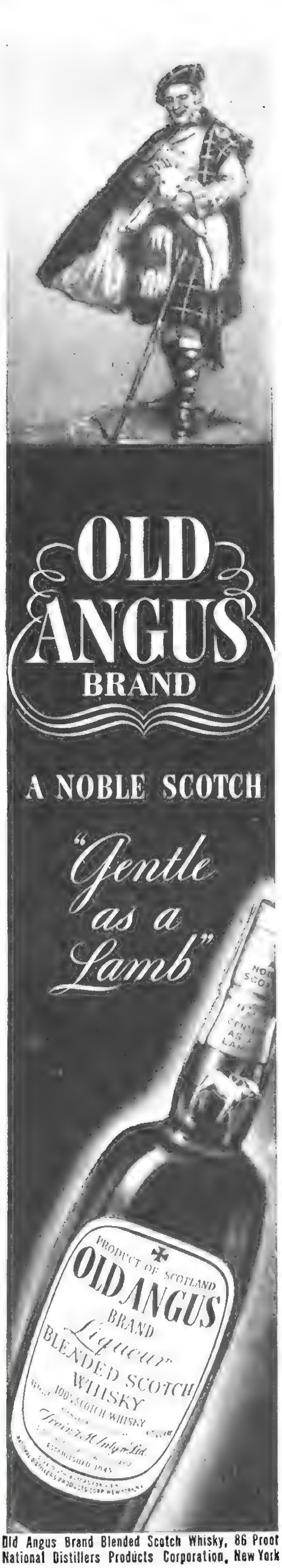
In tap dancing, as often for jigs, metal tips were used on shoes, but—allowing for the specialized needs of specific steps—choice of footgear has always been up to the performer. Bill Robinson uses specially-made, wooden-soled shoes, somewhat similar to those used for buck and wing. And he keeps several pair around, as do most dancers, so that he can change them, not so much because they wear out, but like a pipe smoker and his briars. Fred Astaire uses tips on heel and toe and a washer on each heel—and puts them on himself.

Back in the days when Bill Robinson was a stripling, American dancers were taking liberties, molding steps from various sources—particularly Negro steps and steps from the British Isles—into distinctly American specialties. Old-timers recall Bert Williams' soft-shoe shuffle, George Primrose's soft-shoe routine in quick time, Pat Rooney's unique *breaks.* But for all the mingling of influences, distinctive features of steps were retained both as to style and as to tempo, e.g. the 6/8 clog, the 2/4 or 4/4 tap.

Bill Robinson first did his stair dance at the age of seven, on the stoop of a Richmond, Virginia, apartment house. This places it at 1884 and probably gives him undisputed claim to the first stair dance. (Fred Stone sent him a 1500-dollar check for using it one time.) Eddie Mack is said to have featured a buck-on-stairs in 1903 but then, Paul Draper's table-top buck and wing in *Thumbs Up* (1935) was very much antedated by Henry E. Dixey, who made himself up like a Victorian statue and did his tap routine on the pedestal. Bill has always made a quotable story of his stair dance. "I dreamed I was getting to be a knight," he relates in his droll anecdotal fashion, "and I danced up the stairs to the throne, got my badge and danced right down again." That business of the badges is not kidding; the Satrap of tap probably has more

Continued on page 168

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Dancing American

Continued from page 167

police badges than anyone else but J. Edgar Hoover.

A master of taps, Bill Robinson has won reams of praise for his superb rhythm, subtle *breaks* and simplicity of movement. His feet close to the floor, his brown derby at an angle, he creates patterns of rhythm, yes, and melodic sounds, that express perfectly the effortless movements of his body. All of this began back there in Richmond, when he danced for pennies in a beer garden at the age of eight. He held other jobs from time to time, but he has always been a dancer—since the days when with Eddie Leonard's minstrel show, *The South Before the War*, he earned 5 dollars a week, to his movie dance sequences at 6,500 dollars a week.

He is widely admired, by big shots and little shots, but the emphasis is on the plain people, to whom he has belonged since the beginning. It was while he was dancing on a Harlem street corner that Des Williams nicknamed him Bojangles. He reached New York in 1906, when the Negro section was largely downtown. While playing the Olympic Theatre in Chicago two years later, Bill met Marty Forkins, who has been his manager since that time.

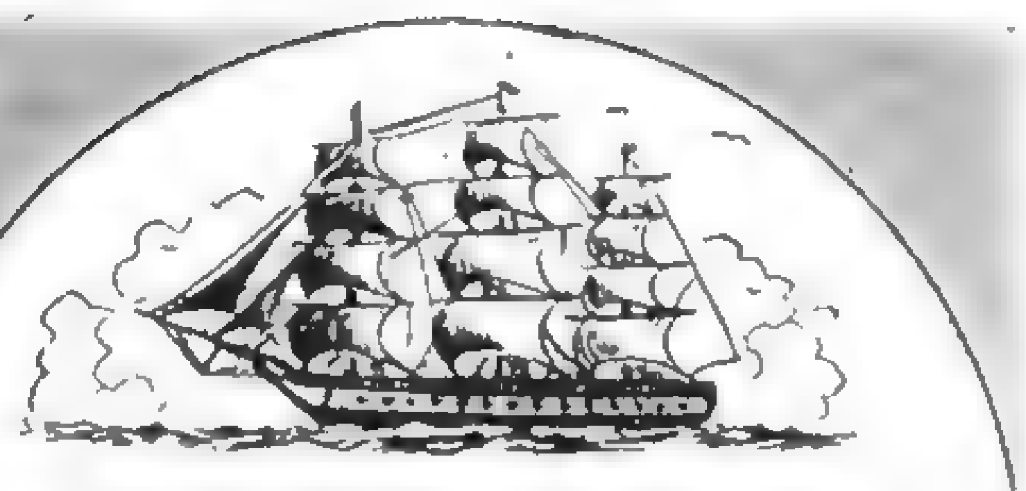
That's a long time, but the granddaddy of taps is a stickler for things that seem right. He's been married for about a quarter of a century—"to the same woman," he puts it proudly. Healthy and youthful at sixty-seven, he has no specific formula to offer. He once claimed to soak his feet in gin at night (not his stomach) so that next day they'd be in the right mood. He wears long underwear while dancing—it absorbs perspiration—and he consumes enormous quantities of ice cream and ice water. How he came to invent the word *copesetic* (meaning better than okay) is his own secret, but baseball is that way and so is a good game of pool.

During a lifetime of show business, he has missed very few performances. Once after an accidental shooting he was playing a Buffalo theatre. He remained on stage as long as he could and then whispered to another dancer to take over, with the words, "Get me off." But Bill doesn't intend to "get off" for a long time yet. "I'll dance when I'm 102," he once said. "I'm sort of the Rip Van Winkle of dancing. When I feel good all of a sudden," he said, "the natural thing for me to do is dance . . ." And he does, if only on the four-foot square practice pad he has in his Harlem apartment. "Other people like to do other things. Me, I just dance."

Bill Robinson has taught many famous pupils and has run a school for tap dancers. He taught Eleanor Powell, easily one of the most talented girls on taps of this century; and he taught Shirley Temple back in her *Little Miss Marker* days when she had hunches on horses but not on presidents, and, as you may recall, Bill appeared in some pictures with her. Among the many dancers he mentioned as admiring was Jim Barton, who gave it up to chew turnips in *Tobacco Road*. "But I've got to pick Fred Astaire first among the boys," he said, "though he's not strictly a tap dancer." Fred returns the compliment. "I like many dancers," he told us, "Buck of Buck and Bubbles—Bill Robinson of course—Paul Draper and others." And he agrees with Bill as to his own place in the dance field, about his rather free style that suggests many different elements, including ballet, but that may only be described as the Astaire style. "Tap dancing has always been a secondary part of my work," he said. "I picked up a few buck-dancing points from the late Ned Wayburn forty-two years ago. (Fred is now forty-six.) I never studied or took lessons from anyone else. I developed all the ideas used for tap routines in pictures myself." He added that he hadn't used taps at all from the age of six to twenty-four.

With his sister Adele Astaire (now Lady Cavendish), Fred went into vaudeville in Omaha at the age of seven. Their excellence as a team is a matter of record, their appeal a matter of nostalgia to all who remember them in vaudeville or musical comedies. They left vaudeville when Fred was seventeen—he was born in 1900—and joined the cast of *Over the Top*. They danced in shows right through the twenties, in the days of Marilyn Miller, Ann Pennington, Frisco, George Murphy (on taps), and others. They appeared in two Gershwin shows, *Funny Face* and *Lady be Good*.

The Band Wagon established Fred both as a sophisticated solo dancer and as a comedian, but he nevertheless went to Hollywood with misgivings. It is said that even to this day he's refused to see two of his own movies! In film routines he prefers the camera to keep the body in sight, not going in for trick angles, and his



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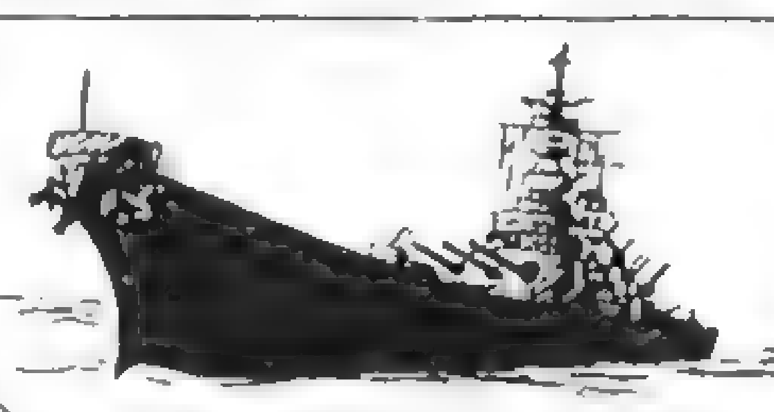

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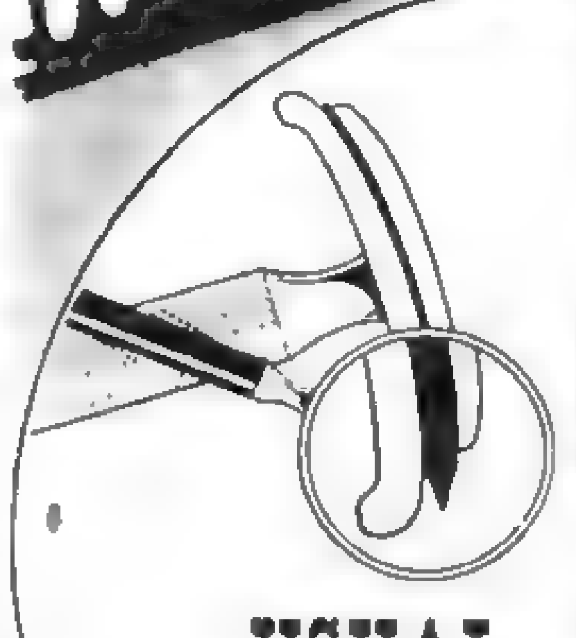

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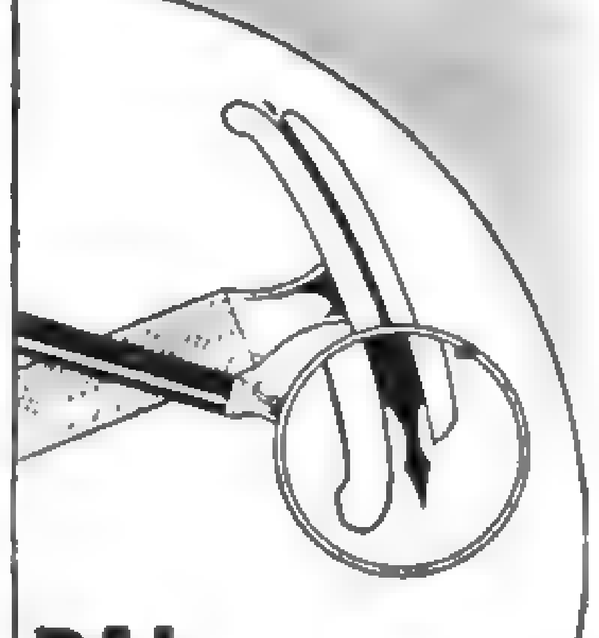

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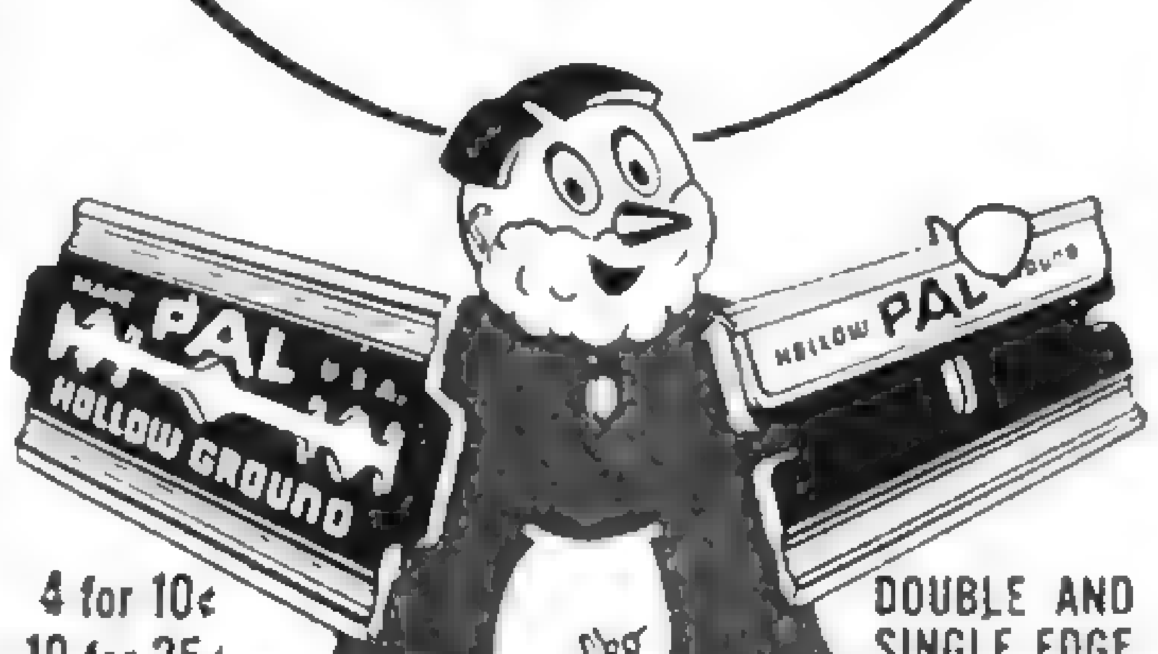

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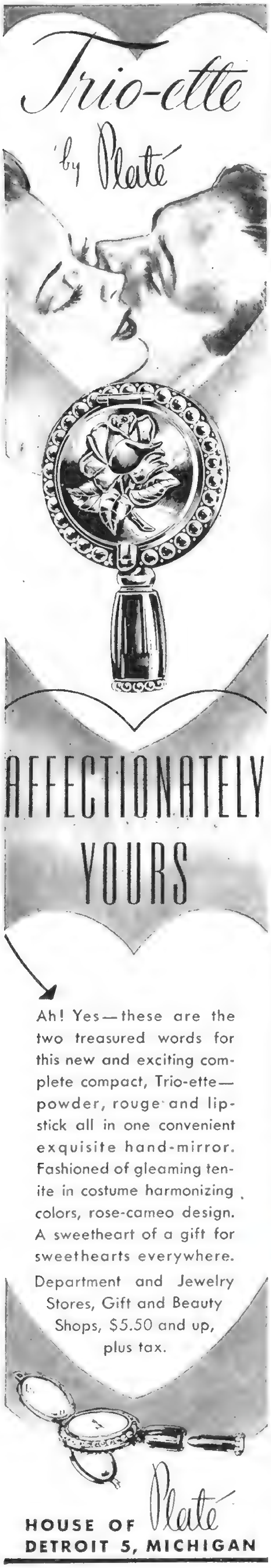
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routines are planned to flow naturally in and out of the sequence of the film, not just to pop up like rabbits out of a hat.

Watching him dance, it looks like a lot of fun and erudite whimsy, but of course is anything but that. "I do enjoy dancing," he told one interviewer, "tremendously. But I approach a new routine as a lawyer does a case. It's a job to be done." Preparing for a new departure in choreography he frets. "Until an idea for the new number presents itself I'm likely to be moody and cross and generally objectionable." This reminds us of what Adele Astaire once wrote in *Variety*: "You know those four little worry wrinkles that droop away from a dachshund's eyes and make it look so sad and so terribly appealing? Sometimes Fred's got that look to me. Maybe that's why I love dachshunds—they remind me so of Fred. When I go back to Ireland I'm going to have big dachshunds that will have little dachshunds romping sadly all around. I can look at them and see Fred."

For the *Shorty George* jitterbug number Fred did with Rita Hayworth in *You Were Never Lovelier*, there were four weeks of five-hour-a-day rehearsals. Fred constantly checked so as not to repeat himself. He once remarked that one has to know a routine so well that it's possible to go through it not merely without practice mirrors but with a book in hand, absorbing one of the arts while practicing another. When one thinks how seldom his routines find him in the same spot for more than a split second, this becomes a prodigious feat.

The advantages of movies over the stage, so far as performance goes, remind one of the old English saying: What you lose on the roundabout you gain on the swings. Fred, Paul Draper and other dancers whose routines depend upon precision as well as rhythmic ease, admit readily to fluffs. During his years with his sister, Fred gloomily and perhaps with some exaggeration, admitted to at least one bad show a week. In movies a misstep can be reshot, which rather balances things. But there is always the gap from rehearsal to performance. "Dancing in slacks and an open shirt," said Astaire, "is lemon meringue pie, but with a stiff collar and tuxedo—it's lemons! Dreadful. Sometimes you almost have to learn the dance over again."

The famous partnership with Ginger Rogers began when the latter was herself an accomplished dancer, but not in a specialized style such as Fred Astaire had created for himself. It was in 1925 that she won the Charleston contest that gave her her first hitchhike on the road to fame. She and her mother sat up all night sewing rhinestones on a dress of white crepe romaine. That and the dancing and her pretty red hair clinched it. She won the contest and four weeks in vaudeville—*Ginger Rogers and Her Redheads*—that was extended to twenty-one weeks. After that she was billed under various headings, one of them being *The John Held, Jr. Girl*. But by 1930 she was starred on Broadway in *Girl Crazy* and doing very well at 1,000 dollars weekly. Her first vaudeville job, incidentally, had been as substitute with a well-known dance act, The Foys, and they brushed her up on Charleston steps. She re-created the Charleston period of her life very amusingly in the film *Lady in the Dark*.

During her work on pictures Ginger often dropped from 115 to 102 pounds (she's five feet, five inches tall). Routines were first gone over by Fred. Hermes Pan, RKO dance director, then gave Ginger her initial coaching. That she adapted herself so well to Fred's style is an indication of her initiative, of the drive that led her to insist upon dramatic roles and to prove her stature as an actress as well as dancer, so that finally, with her role in *Kitty Foyle*—fifteen years after winning the Charleston prize—she accepted the coveted Oscar from Alfred Lunt and murmured between tears of excitement, "This is the happiest moment of my life!"

In some ways Paul Draper offers a parallel to Astaire, though the two are by no means alike. Both use many elements in addi-

Continued on page 170

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Dancing American

Continued from page 169

tion to taps; both have, as it were, improvised styles of their own. "I had a flash routine," Draper confessed. "I once stopped the show at the Music Hall." Was that whimsy from the son of Paul Draper, the lieder singer after whom he was named, Muriel Draper, writer, and nephew of the famous mime, Ruth Draper? Perhaps not. Draper mixed taps with ballet and Scarlatti with swing. And with no offense to anyone, for it was an old American custom, like the origin of taps itself.

Paul was never called willful but he was certainly independent. He was working at manual labor in the art colony of Woodstock, New York, when his aunt drove by in a swanky car and wanted to know what it was all about. He was going to be an engineer, her nephew replied. An understanding sort, Ruth Draper sent him off to engineering school, possibly with-tongue-in-cheek. In 1930 we find him teaching at Arthur Murray's. He took tap lessons but failed to keep time according to rote (the best tap dancing, like a jazz chorus, is in tempo but uses rhythm improvisationally).

He next took to the pedestal, a routine that became more and more precarious so that audiences feared for their lives as much as for his. This perhaps impelled him to develop a style that would be his own, whether or not anyone wanted it. *Priorities of 1942* did. The show established the fact that Bach and taps were not incompatible, and that elements of ballet were not for sissies. Both Astaire and Draper have breath-taking steps that only a speed camera can do justice to. One of Draper's is a wing kick with one foot on the floor, the other in the air. Again, to draw a parallel with Astaire, he has a fine sense of satire, puts his points across in movements that are more abstract than those of most dancers.

Draper dances in high-waisted trousers, tight-fitting double-breasted jacket with plain button-up collar. He designed the costume himself for ease in dancing. After a wearying performance he relaxes to concert music or jazz, reads, and drinks orange juice. Once in a while he gets together with friends—such as the impromptu "jam session" at the Waldorf when pianist Teddy Wilson and Dave Le Winter (Paul's accompanist) were knocking out choruses on piano. Drawn into the spirit of it, Paul took the marble slab from the coffee table and went to town—on taps. This ease of improvisation—part of American dancing as of jazz—enables Draper, on USO tours with harmonica virtuoso Larry Adler, to dance to any tune suggested by members of the audience, whether it's a Bach selection, *Paper Moon,* or *Rodger Young.*

It's no wonder dancing other than ballroom dancing, appeals to the popular imagination. It's been with us since settler days, one of the most active ingredients in the concoction called America. If there are half a hundred top-ranking dancers not mentioned in this article (and there are certainly many more than *are* mentioned) it is because dancing is a national pastime as well as a major profession. Few of us get beyond the *Swanee River* routine but those who do will say "Amen" to Fred Astaire's assertion that working out steps is complicated —"something like writing music. You have to think of some step that flows into the next one, and the whole dance must have an integrated pattern. If the dance is right, there shouldn't be a single superfluous movement. It should build up to a climax and stop!"

As developed by the Nicholas Brothers and other talented dance teams (there are at least a score of excellent ones) the *break* is one of the high points of tap—the *break* that takes its name from *breakdown.* Soloists and teams often come in on a *break* and the exciting cutting choruses, in which dancers compete, seem often to be an extension of the *break.* Of course this can be overdone. Dancing is not acrobatics, even though there is such a thing as acrobatic dancing. The final judgment, at least in taps, must be based on a combination of sound, rhythm and movement. In the competitions or cutting contests of the last century, dancers of clog, tap and "sand jig" vied for prizes. And the judges, in order to make unbiased decisions, listened from below stage to the clogs, taps and soft-scraping sand, to a thing that was shaping up and that we have called—dancing American. ###

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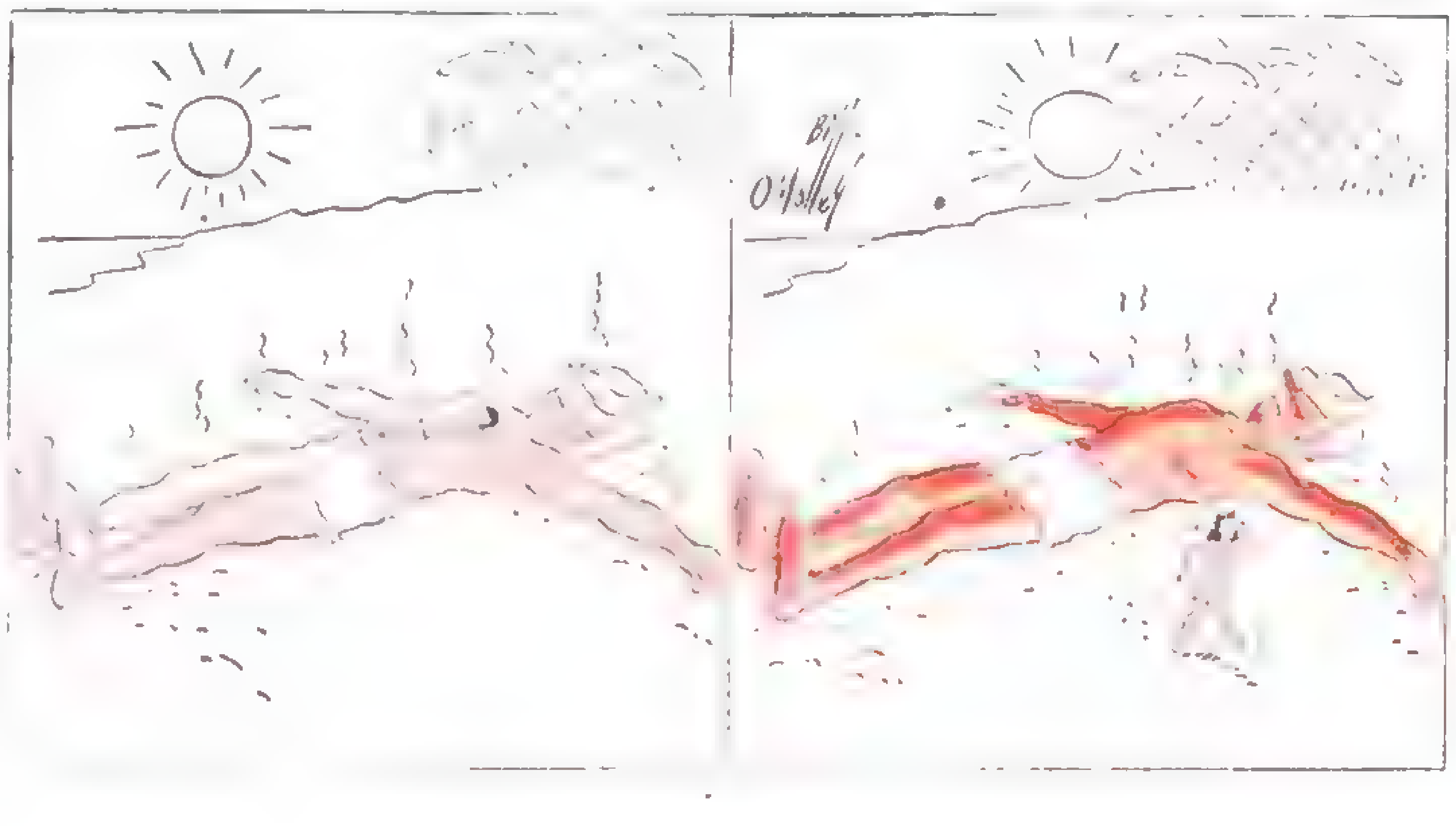

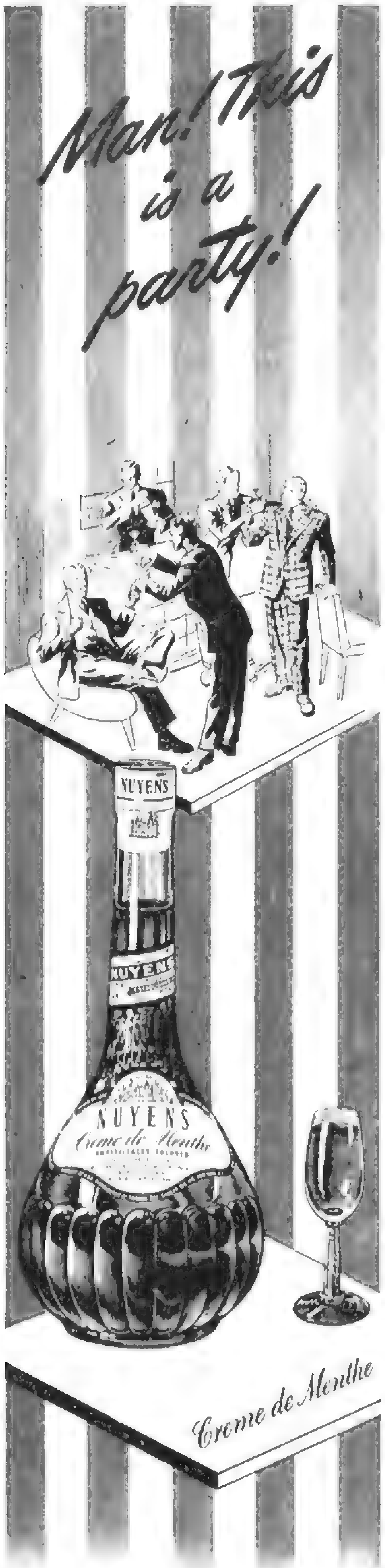

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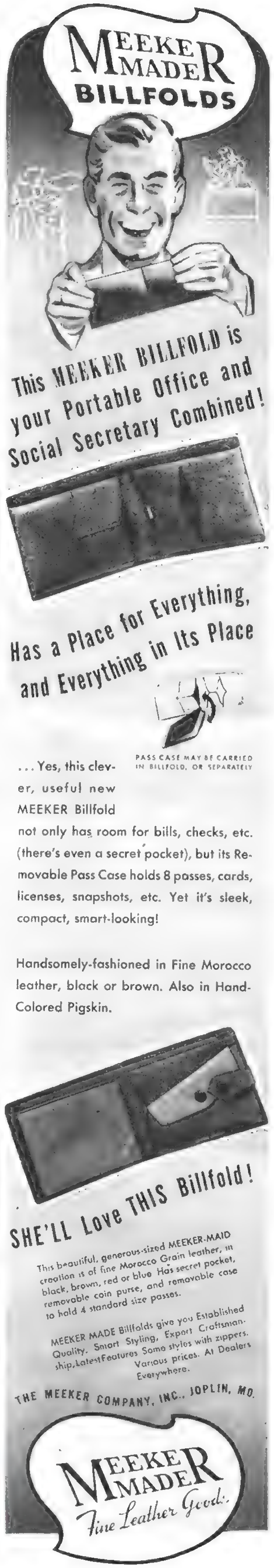

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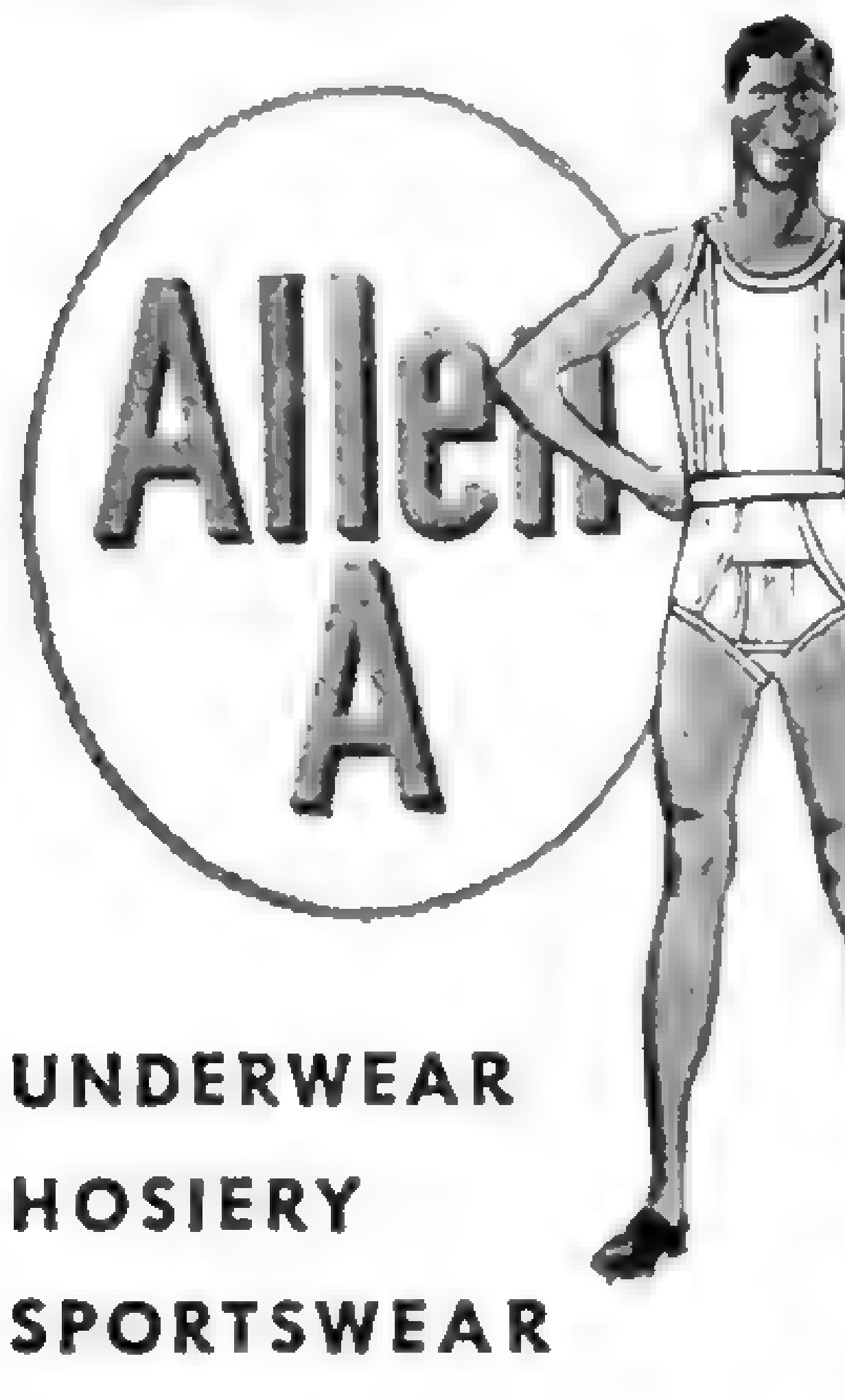

UNDERWEAR
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The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 10

one yank down

Whilst reading your Sound and Fury section I followed with extremely great interest the various remarks of correspondents concerning the apparent unattractiveness of the British girl.

Because it would seem she is being rendered limb from limb without being able to "bitch" or "gripe" back in defense, (please correct me if my "English" accent is not quite correct!), I am sure the true American sense of justice would not debar me from putting up a defense for her, and from driving home a few points about the American girls as seen here.

Unless it be against those Yanks here who mob our girls (but who never seem to land up with any but those few samples at whom no self-respecting Englishman would look), our girls do not really need much defending, especially when they have only to compete against American girls!

In my own humble opinion, the examples of American female pulchritude whom we in London have had to bear with during the war, have not seriously rivaled our girls at all.

To the contrary, and being myself an ex-serviceman I think mine is a typical view, our good looking and healthy girls, with their (I quote Sgt. Jerome G. Shapiro), "formidable biceps and red muscular legs," and other signs of good health acquired by an outdoor life whilst helping to win the war, are to be much preferred to the soft and flabby, overpainted and overdressed examples of American womanhood we have seen. Even in their uniforms they looked dressed like mummies painted to give an appearance of life!

However, if our girls do not look like film stars, it is because they are on the whole sufficiently good looking enough not to have to paint pictures on themselves to the extent yours do. Moreover, our girls can wear clothes as they should be worn because they have that easy carriage which comes from a natural healthy way of living, and which your girls lack.

In the course of six years of war, our girls have endured more than any Yank girl has had to, and despite the shortages of everything and the telling strain they have undergone, they are still sufficiently attractive for many a Yank to offer them marriage—as recent clamourings have shown!

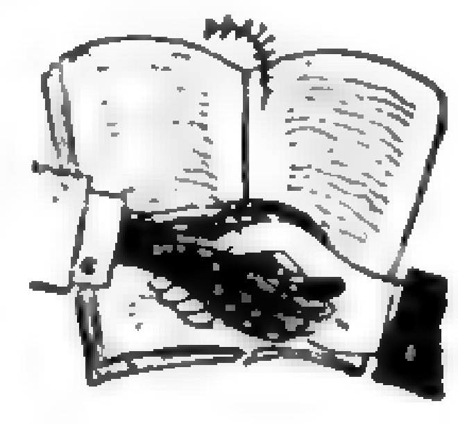
I might add here, that should another crazy, lipstick-smothered Yank try to kiss my girl as did one on V-J day, in Piccadilly Circus, he'll get the same sort of poke, and will go down in the same sort of way.

A. J. Wood

London, England

of humor's saving grace

I agree with Esquire's explanation of the article by George Jean Nathan in the October issue and disagree with the "reasoning" of John Bright.



Mr. Bright's reaction is characteristic of the "Chips on Shoulder" Negrophile (regardless of race) who finds in every mention of the Negro, some basis for a quaking fear of defamation.

Let John Bright (who has proven himself otherwise), relax and don shining armor only for cause.

The consequences of a lack of humor are not less mischievous than the intolerance blindly charged to Mr. Nathan.

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Artist of Integrity

Continued from page 86

thing that ever happened to him was meeting Harry Wickey, etcher and sculptor, who was then, in the early and middle 1920's, conducting a drawing class. Wickey introduced Reisman to the masters, gave him the courage to believe "in my own personal way of seeing the world and of putting it down." Wickey emboldened Reisman to work alone in his own studio and for several years helped him along so that the student could concentrate on the business at hand. Meanwhile, he enjoyed a brief taste of accomplishment and limited fame through his etchings, a medium to which Wickey also introduced him. For whatever it may be worth in the final record, there are Reisman etchings in the print collections of the Metropolitan Museum, the National Library of France, the New York Public Library and the Trenton Museum. In 1935 he threw out his etcher's equipment.

He has been a painter since 1929. From the beginning, he found that he was chiefly interested in compositions which included many figures in motion, and sometimes in violent action. One reason he could not get the technique he wanted out of an art class was that art classes had to work from static objects—still-life groups and human poses. Long before he knew his way around technique, he did not nibble, he always bit off more than he could chew. Today, with his seventh one-man show behind him, he may still be biting off too much. His very first paintings were eloquently expressive of the goal toward which he is still striving—to paint ordinary human beings in the normal round of their lives.

His first paintings were of barber shop, drugstore, soda fountain, fish market, poultry market. Indeed, some of these early paintings are, from the conventional point of view, more beautiful than the artist's more recent work; the people in them move less frenetically and they are more obviously framed in their architectural environment. He has always found that he increased his difficulties by taking on themes somewhat too complicated and ambitious for his skill, but then he has always had the greater adventure of growing up to and conquering his themes instead of mastering a relatively easy subject and then painting variations on it—a temptation to the most honest artists. The very titles of his paintings tremble and shimmer with the nervous energy of the city's pulsing life—*Pershing Square, Horse Yard, Clinic, Eviction, 14th Street, Hooverville, Laundry Chute, Base-*

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ment Kitchen, *Street Salesmen*, *Belly Dancers*, *Veterans*, *Window Cleaners*, *Toy Man*, but within all this movement and shouting, Reisman has an eye and a brush for the lonely ones who stand bemused amidst the city's blare.

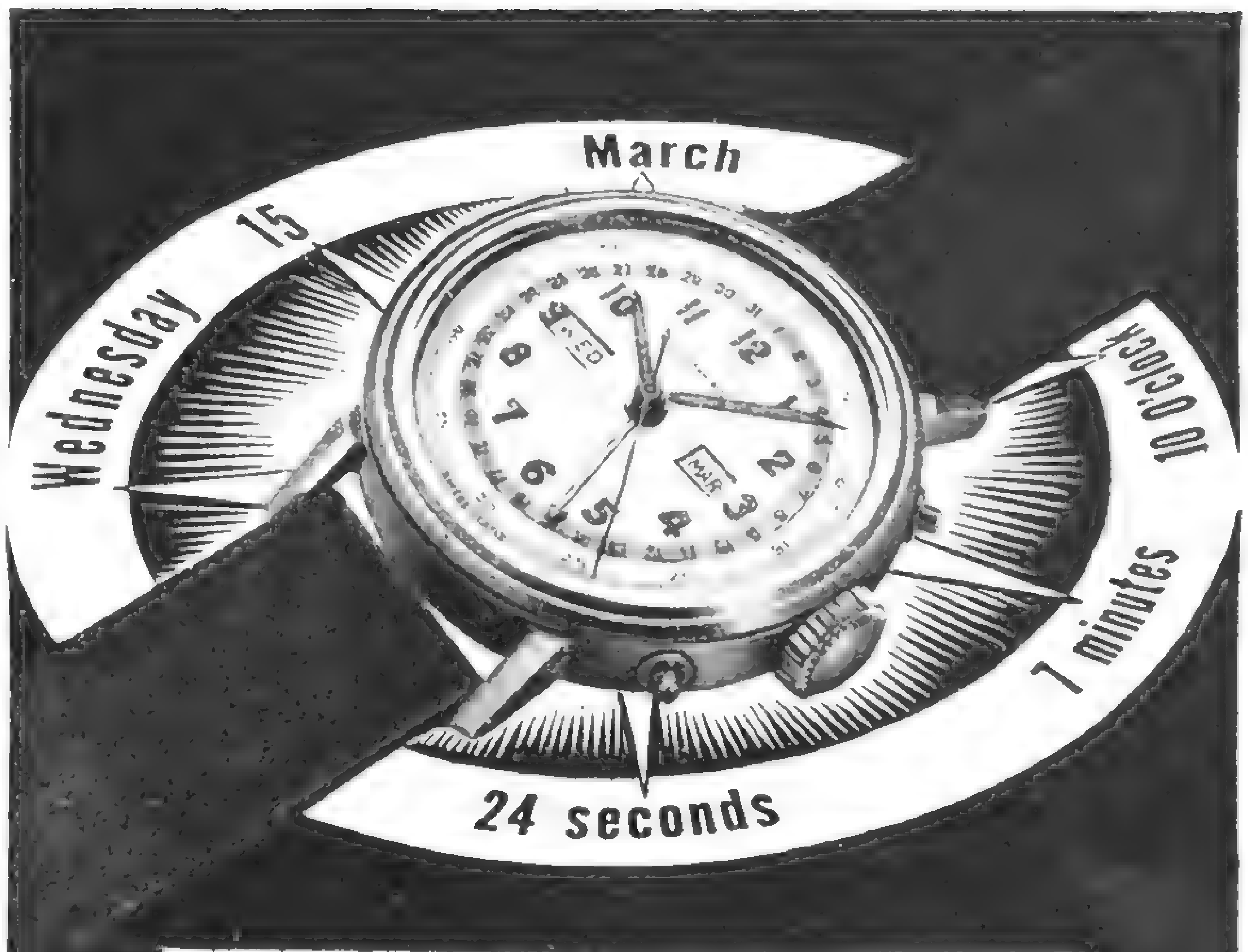
Recently Reisman has been painting in series, each one an attempt to exhaust its particular theme. A few years ago he discovered, off Times Square, a flea circus, whose more or less decrepit human performers would send the average artist screaming with relief to "normal" people. But Reisman reveled in this sub-cellar world and painted a dozen canvases of the acts and the performers. Today he is working on a series in which the sources of light play an important role—sunlight and artificial light. He has tried to capture variations between cool and warm lights, sharp and dim ones, immediate and distant sources. *Times Square Brownout* and *Bar and Grills*, which are reproduced, are especial examples of this most recent research. *Cleaning Fish in Cannery* belongs to the group of pictures which he painted in Gloucester, Massachusetts, whose tourist aspects he completely eschewed, devoting himself completely to the variations in lighting effects and the combinations thereof under which the cannery people worked. He has attempted to give light an interpretive role, to use it as a means of clarifying human forms.

Reisman butters his bread with illustration and teaching, his commissions including the illustrated editions of Tolstoy's *Anna Karenina* and Dostoyevsky's *Crime and Punishment*. As a teacher he enjoys growing success largely because he participates with his students in the experience of learning and doing, instead of handing down dogma from his aesthetic Mount Sinai. The experience of working with his students under the night lights of his studio led him into his researches of the various kinds of lighting in their effects on moving and static forms.

He takes life seriously and art with intensity, and reserves his sense of humor only for those things which seem so much more important than they are. He is a social painter in the sense that he is concerned with his own time and with the people and the places he knows best, and not with the absolute, abstract, eternal qualities of time, place and people. If his art lives long enough, it will be for those who come after him to strip from his paintings their localizing effects and leave us with the eternal Reisman—if there is one.

He is above medium height and on the slim side, although muscular. He has a long face and sharp features, his sunken cheeks emphasizing his strong, prominent nose. His eyes are sharp and accent his absorbed manner of

Continued on page 174



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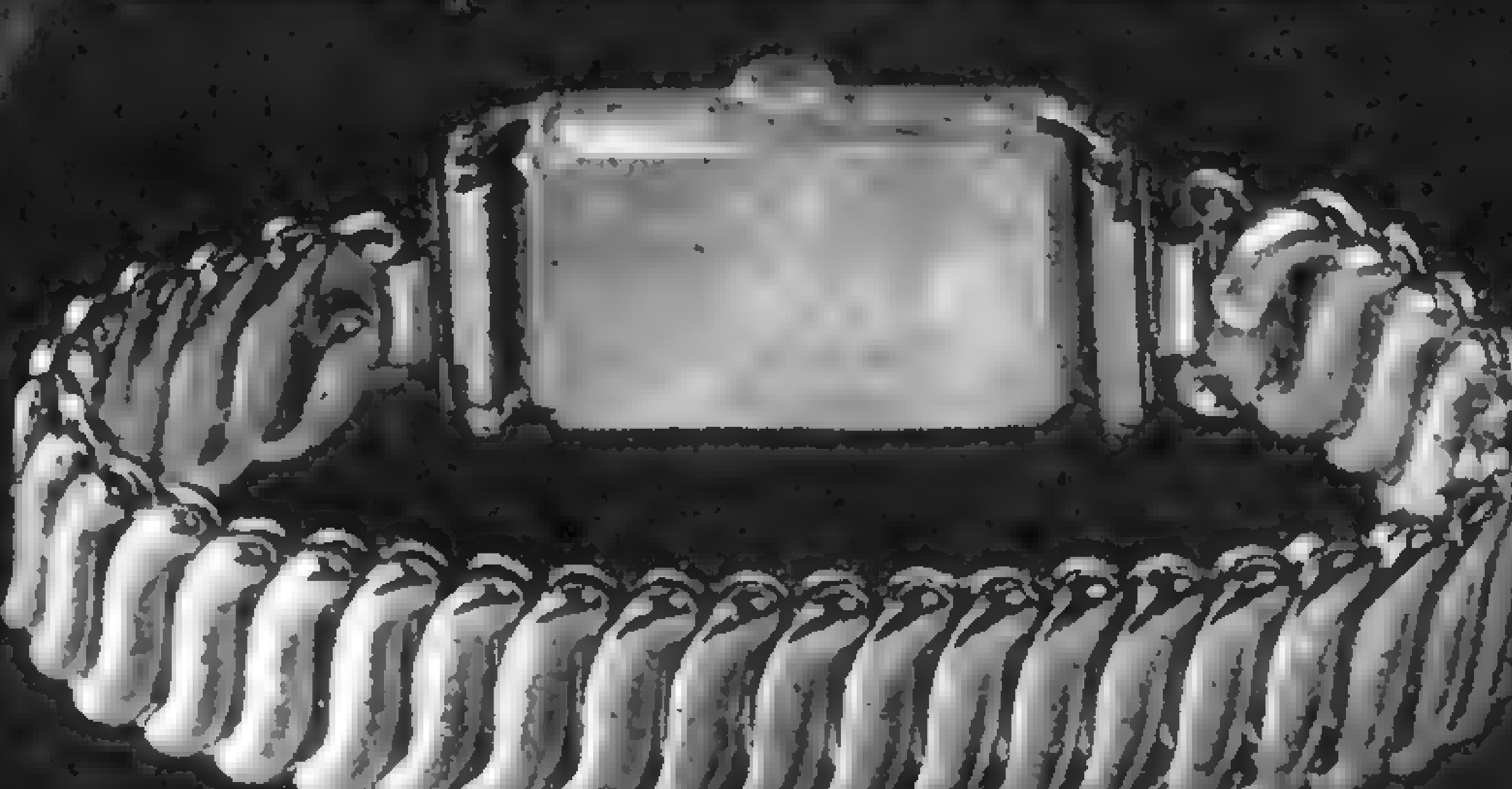

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Artist of Integrity

Continued from page 173

listening. He speaks in staccato style. Extremely energetic, he burns up his fuel at a great rate. One can see in his pictures with what intensity he paints even secondary details. Unlike many other artists, he does not talk about his environment as if he were the center of it, around whom all else should revolve.

About seven years ago, in an article in *Coronet*, I wrote of Reisman in terms which justify repetition: "He belongs with the masters by virtue of the intensity with which he seeks to use the tools of art to make a statement about life. He never took up a brush idly, casually, or with his mind elsewhere preoccupied. His technical means, his skill, may not always have been equal to the passion with which he has wished to make his statement, but one cannot look at a series of Reisman paintings without feeling that the man who did them was transcending the trivial and the pretty in the art of painting. . . . His art is a personal statement of a social conscience built on the living experience of the artist and limited by his knowledge of the means. Reisman is an artist of integrity, a young man with fire in his belly."

From various remarks made by Reisman, the following philosophy of art may be deduced: "The individual artist's point of view is more important, in the long run, than the work he may produce within any given period. There is always the hope that in the maturing of the approach the artist will create better examples. From my point of view it is more important to carry on the humanist point of view—as exemplified by Rembrandt, Breughel, Daumier, Toulouse-Lautrec—in whose art the form was molded by the subject. . . . I want to paint humanity, except that into this expression must go all that I can possibly learn about the architectural and plastic qualities of great art. The danger is that when the aesthetic and formal aspects of art are separated from the human impulse they become sterile. The abstract qualities and the fine sense of design in the work of Vermeer, Carpaccio and Piero della Francesca were welded to the storytelling purpose of the composition, and these qualities grew out of the necessities of conveying a human idea. A painting is richer if it deals in terms which have a great deal of meaning to the artist in every sense—plastic and emotional—and the emotional with me serves as the reason for the plastic expression. Life is too big to be an excuse for the production of a merely effective picture." #

Continued from page 86

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Apostolic Mike

Continued from page 83

never shot them; got his meat back in the mountains a piece; these were his neighbors.

"But last fall," he related, indicating a near-by ledge in the rocks, "one morning a big buck stood just there. 'Old-timer,' I says to him, 'you look pufty, but I don't like you on my property. Shoo!' But next day there he was again. That happened four days running. 'Well, good morning, old-timer,' I says to him then, 'I reckon this is the last time we meet.' I had to shoot that one. He and I couldn't work together."

We returned at last to the little white house with the honeysuckle over the door, a climbing rose, and a blaze of Shirley poppies alongside. We remarked on the lack of domestic pets. No dog? Drives things off. No cat, then? Catches things. The house had two rooms, both a jumble of untidiness. There were three chairs, which fitted our number. The hewn floor was carpeted with deerskins. The walls were covered with pin-ups from magazines and advertisements, which was not remarkable. The remarkable thing was that none was vulgar in subject, and all were in good taste artistically. On the center of a winter heating stove, now cold of course, sat a miniature nosegay in a pill bottle.

Mike removed a cloth from one of those old phonographs with a horn. He selected a record from a drawer, squirted on it a few drops of kerosene from a bottle, wiped it lovingly with a most ancient rag. I do not know what we expected, but certainly not Godard's *Berceuse*.

"You pick good music," we commented.

"I just keep tryin' till I find one I like. Sometimes I get eight or ten culls." He waved a hand toward a pile in a corner. "I give 'em away to the neighbors. Somehow I don't care for most of this jazz people are always giving me; it's just makin' fun of music. I'm glad you come in; you got to have company when you listen to music."

A lot of books were stacked in a corner, but we could not make out their titles. "Stories?" Mike replied to our inquiry. "Not many. Too much alike; different man, different girl, different place—that's all. There's a library in Vancouver; they'll send you books. I ain't an educated man, but strikes me most of these ready-made religions talk too much about dying and how to do it. What I'd like to know is how to live. Dying comes natural enough. Besides, why bother? Some of these books say I died from a fish and become a reptile, and I died

Continued on page 176

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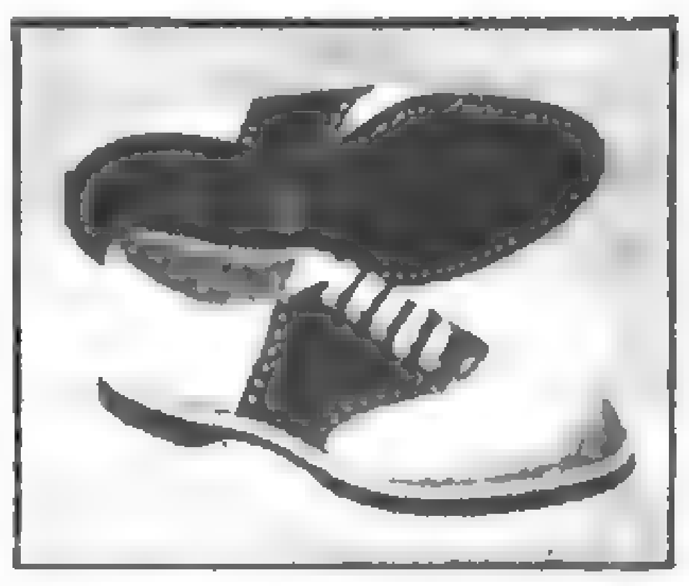

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Apostolic Mike

Continued from page 175

from a reptile and become an insect and so on up. As I figger it, I never lost nothing by dying."

That was our first acquaintance with Mike. We had to leave the following day; but every summer thereafter, coming and going, we turned aside from our direct route North, into the awesome majesty of Desolation Sound to the contrasting coziness of Melanie Cove. Under the honeysuckle, or perched on a stone terrace near the orchard, we talked away all the days, returning to the yacht with spoils of rhubarb, blackberries, cherries or apples, vegetables, fresh goat's milk. In return we brought with us books and records of the sort to interest Mike, perhaps some tobacco or a new pipe—never the more elaborate gifts that would ordinarily suggest themselves for a man alone summer and winter.

We had discovered that Mike's simplicity was genuine, part of his spiritual structure, and he actually did not want any more things than he had. But the long walks were always literally what the old banal phrase calls an intellectual treat. For it was obviously a fact that Mike thought about things in his slow but sure fashion—things he saw, things he read—and he was eager to test his conclusions with us.

I am afraid that for a brief period we may have felt the least bit smug over what our visits were "doing for Mike's loneliness away off the usual waterways, where nobody would ever dream of coming." Then we began to run across people who knew Mike. Shortly we appreciated that his was another case of Emerson's mousetrap man. I became acquainted with a man of great wealth who each summer made an especial voyage on his yacht to Desolation Sound for the sole purpose of visiting Mike. He was much impressed with Mike's natural abilities, and inclined to regret that they were "wasted."

"I tried to talk him into taking a job with me, used every argument I could think of. Then I offered to stake him in a partnership to get out this timber with machinery. Finally I got mad and told him he'd never get rich the way he was doing. He said what would he do getting rich? 'Gol darn it, you stubborn old fool,' I yelled at him, 'for one thing you could get out and see something of the world, you could go somewhere!' What do you suppose he answered?" My friend stopped to chuckle. " 'Well,' said Mike quickly, 'ain't I somewhere now?' "

A feature of the coast life is the mission boat. These craft range in size from tiny gas boats to big Diesel ninety footers. They are the churches. They carry the clergy of the region. Most of them furnish needed and desired religion and practical help. A few are merely zealous and narrow. Two

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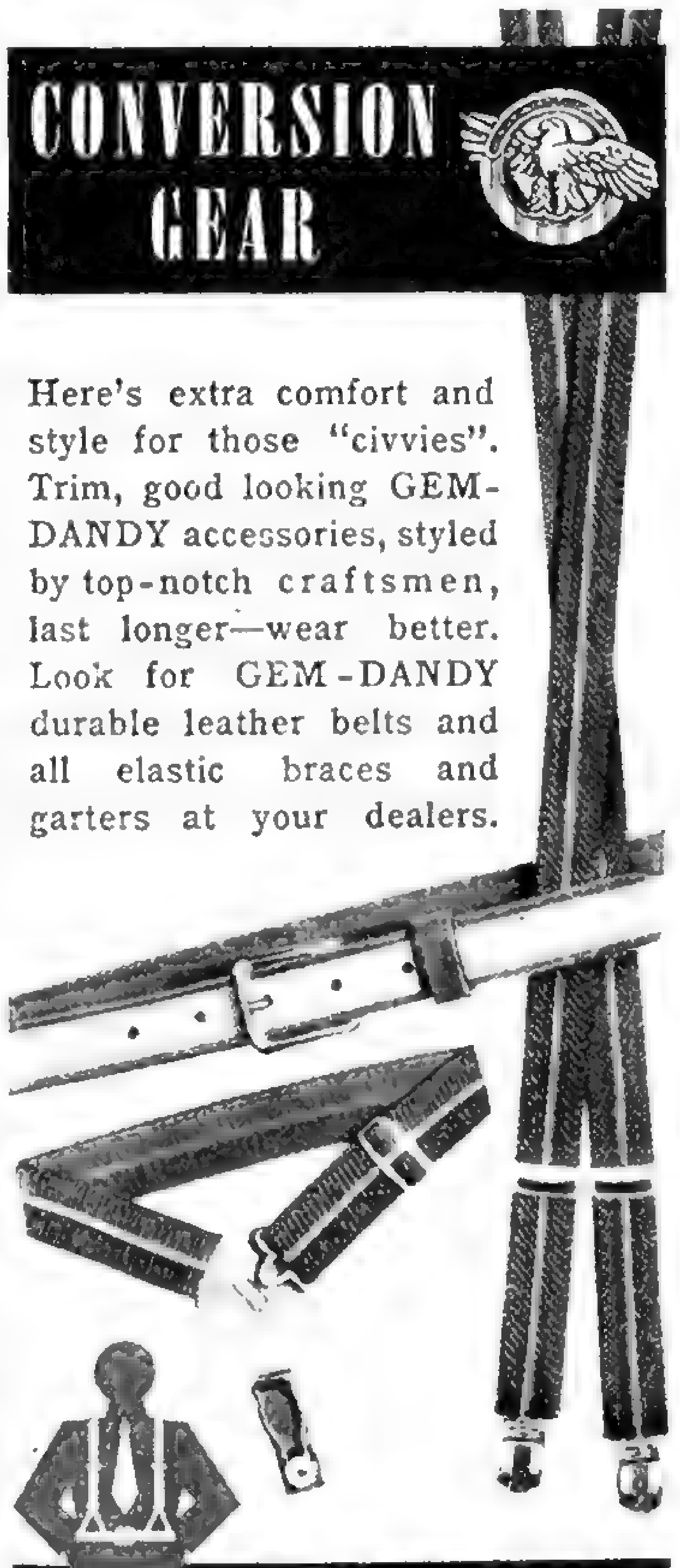

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of the latter came in to Mike's for the first time. "Have you made your peace with God?" they demanded the moment they hit the beach. Mike examined them from the altitude of his apostolic calm. "I ain't quarreled with him," he replied finally. The three of them sat all day under the honeysuckle vine. Mike listened. The two zealots conducted a one-man revival meeting. Finally in triumph they summoned him to "join."

"Hold on," said Mike. "First I want to understand this. First thing when you wake up you pray?" They assented. "And before you eat breakfast you pray?" Of course. "And before you start out for work you pray?" Mike reviewed the ordinary activities of the day to discover that before and after each, a prayer was offered. He shook his head regretfully.

"Nope," said he, "I don't believe I dare put in with a gang like you. Mebbe if I was younger —I've lived a pretty rough life, but I never needed as much prayin' as that. You fellers are too tough for me!"

Another rich visitor with a big yacht was equipped with a spoiled brat, nine or ten years old. This small boy wanted some of Mike's cherries. Mike told him to help himself. At the moment Mike was creosoting the shingles on his roof. The brat was not used to helping himself; he summoned one of the sailors to climb the tree for him. Mike would not have it. "I'm giving the cherries to you, not to him. If you want them, climb up and pick 'em." The child threw his standard tantrum. Mike placidly continued to daub creosote. Sonny switched to whining. "You get them for me, Mike. *Please*, Mike." "All right," Mike agreed at last, "I'll pick them for you." In the pause, the cherub brightened at the success of his tactics. "But," continued Mike, "of course this roof's got to get done, and if I pick cherries I can't finish the roof. So I tell you what I'll do: you climb up here and creosote this roof for me, and I'll pick the cherries."

In the course of years, we heard many such recitals of Mike's natural wisdom and kindliness. There was something Old Testament, something of Lincoln about him. He kept goats. The first visit, on our tour of inspection, he walked up to the billy who had approached us, his nose out, seized its beard in his great hands, and quite without emotion struck the animal several times in the face. The goat shook his head and pulled back; struggling not to be free but to retaliate, his yellow eyes blazing with fury. "No, missus, he's got to have it," he answered Betty's dismay. "I know him. He's just hostile by nature. If you don't make him cry once in so often, he'd get too big for his pants. He'd kill you in a minute. When a thing has to be done, a man is foolish not to do it. It's Nature. You got to work with Nature," he said. ⧺

Continued from page 83

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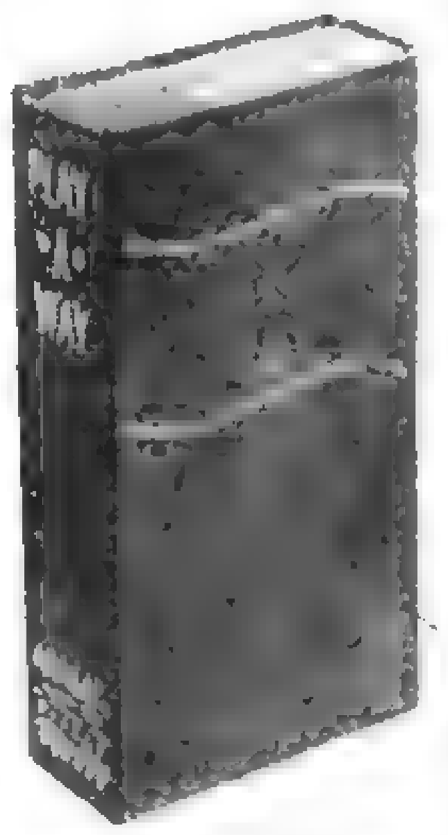

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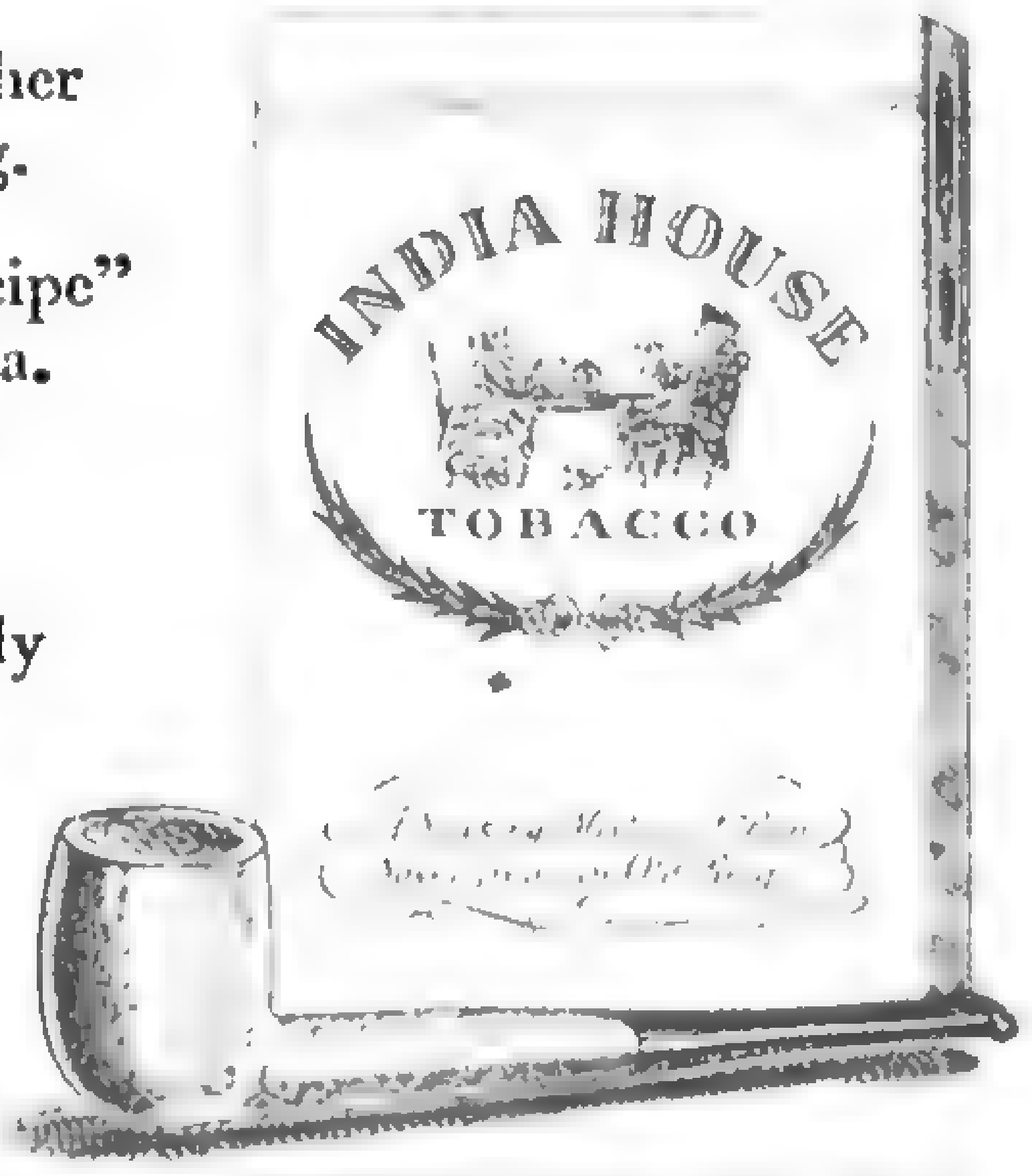

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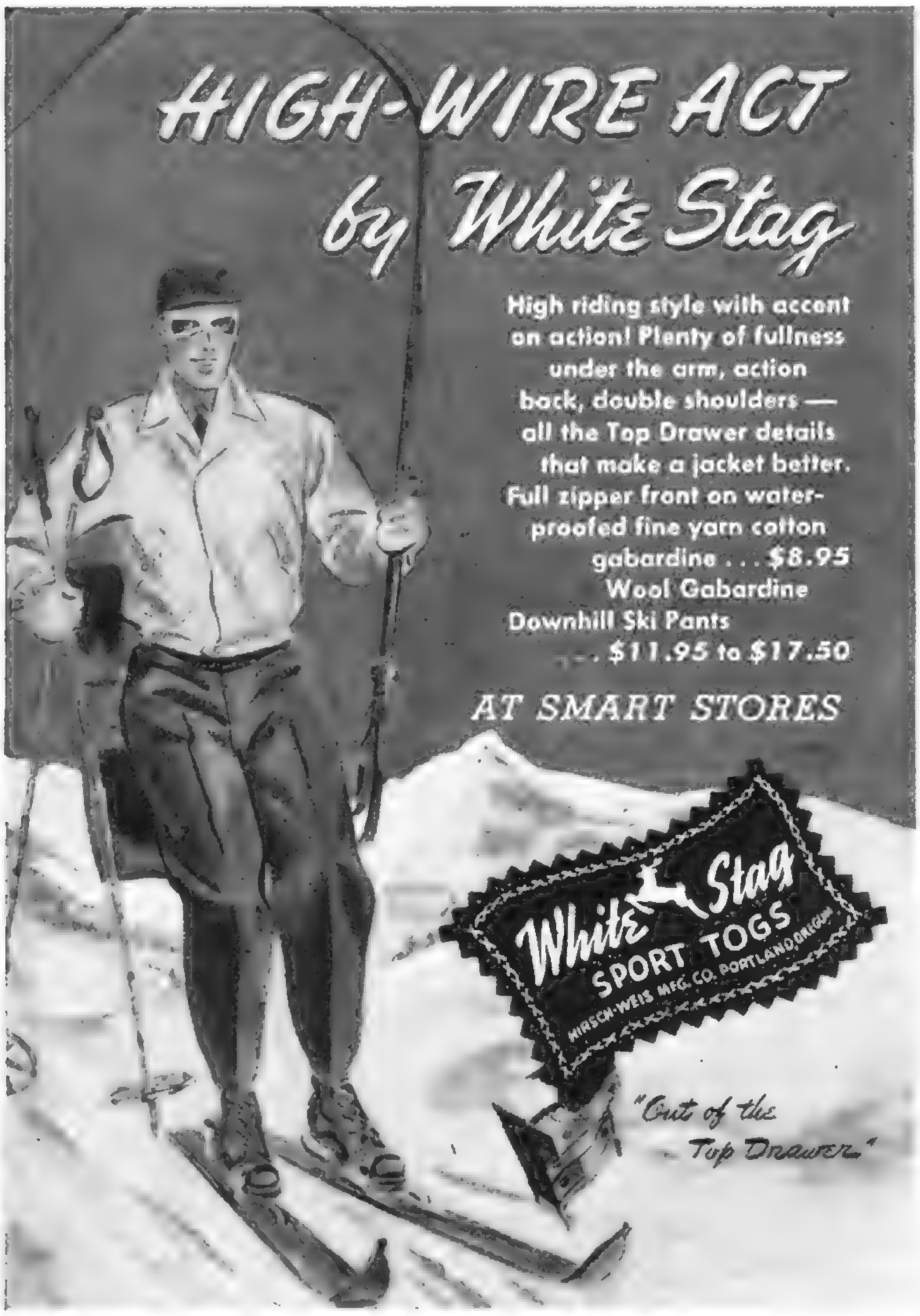
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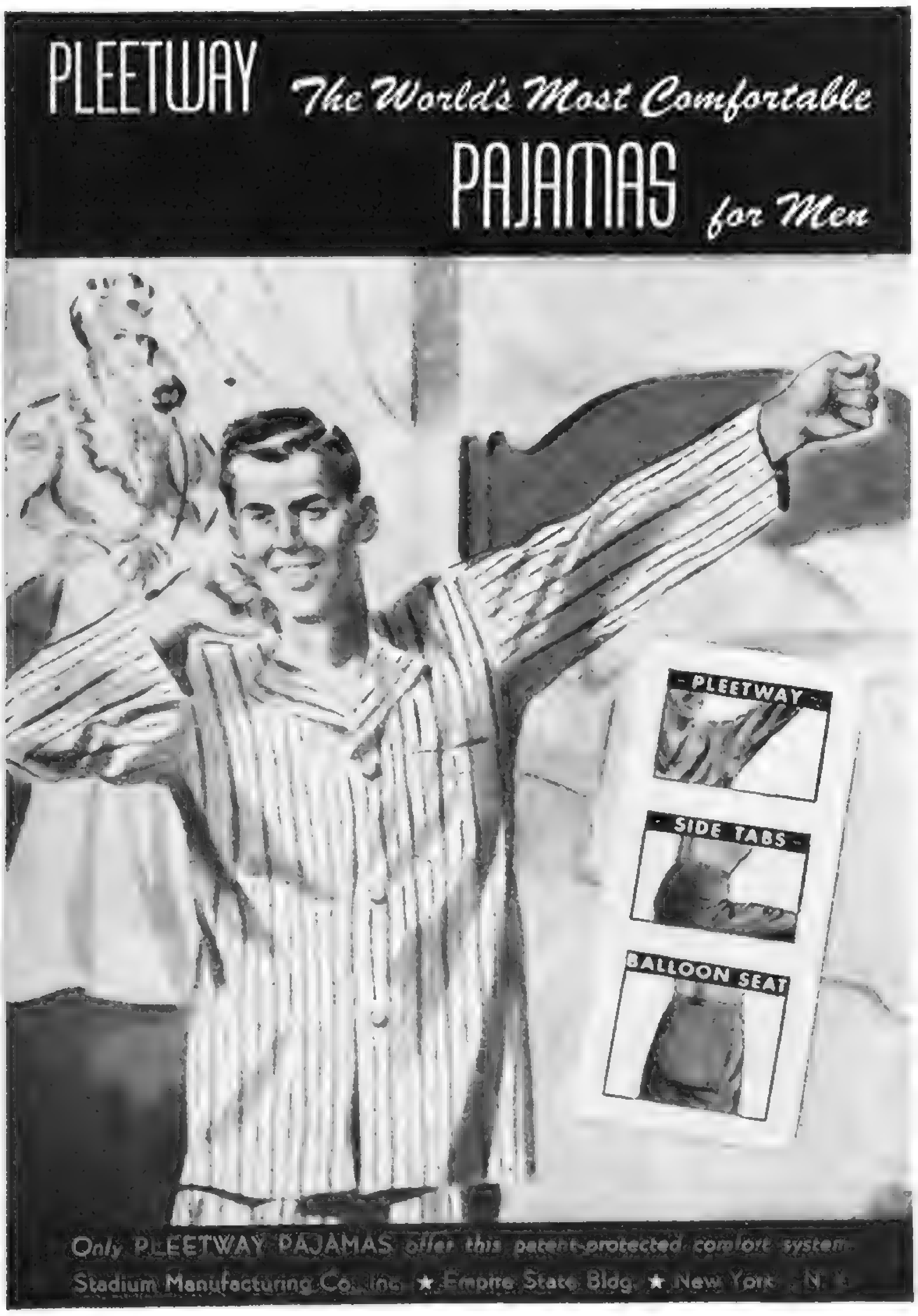
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How I Won My Psychosis

Continued from page 45

tears. "What have they done to you?"

"Nothing," I said.

"Oh," she said, disappointed. She gave me a strange look.

I drew her close against me, my senses intoxicated with the heady scent of her Night Under a Shanghai Wharf. "No, my love," I whispered, "I haven't changed. (Definitely the wrong thing to say, I learned later.) I am the same sweet, simple, unaffected boy you kissed good-bye two years ago. Let us wander down Lover's Lane together."

"Okay," she said, but her voice was listless.

I thought I would be alone with her the first night I was back, but instead she took me to a beer-and-skittles party the Stygians, a young married couple of her acquaintance, were giving. Confetti Lou introduced me around. "This is Barlow. He's a hero," she said disconsolately. Everyone looked very bored.

"How did you win the Legion of Merit?" some man asked, pointing to my European Theater ribbon.

"Oh, it was nothing," I said modestly. "Absolutely nothing. Let me start at the beginning—"

"I think I have to make a telephone call," he said. "Will you excuse me?"

"Let me start at the beginning," I said, knocking him down and sitting on him. "You see, I was morale officer for my unit. And if I do say so myself, which I do, I did a marvelous job. I was conscientious and worked hard. We lost a lot of men, but, due to my efforts, they always died happy, singing and laughing and telling each other dirty stories. I am something of a legend in my division. I—"

Mrs. Stygian interrupted me, offering me a glass of beer. "We were going to have koumiss and canapés, but we couldn't get them," she apologized. "Were you overseas?"

"Why, yes. Let me show you my angry scars," I said, taking off my shirt.

"You just can't get anything these days," she continued. "No Chippendale wing chairs, no cut glass gravy boats, no cabochon emeralds, no exotic perfumes, no sixteen-cylinder Minervas, no absinthe frappés, no Ming dynasty ceramics, none of the essentials of life. Do you know why?"

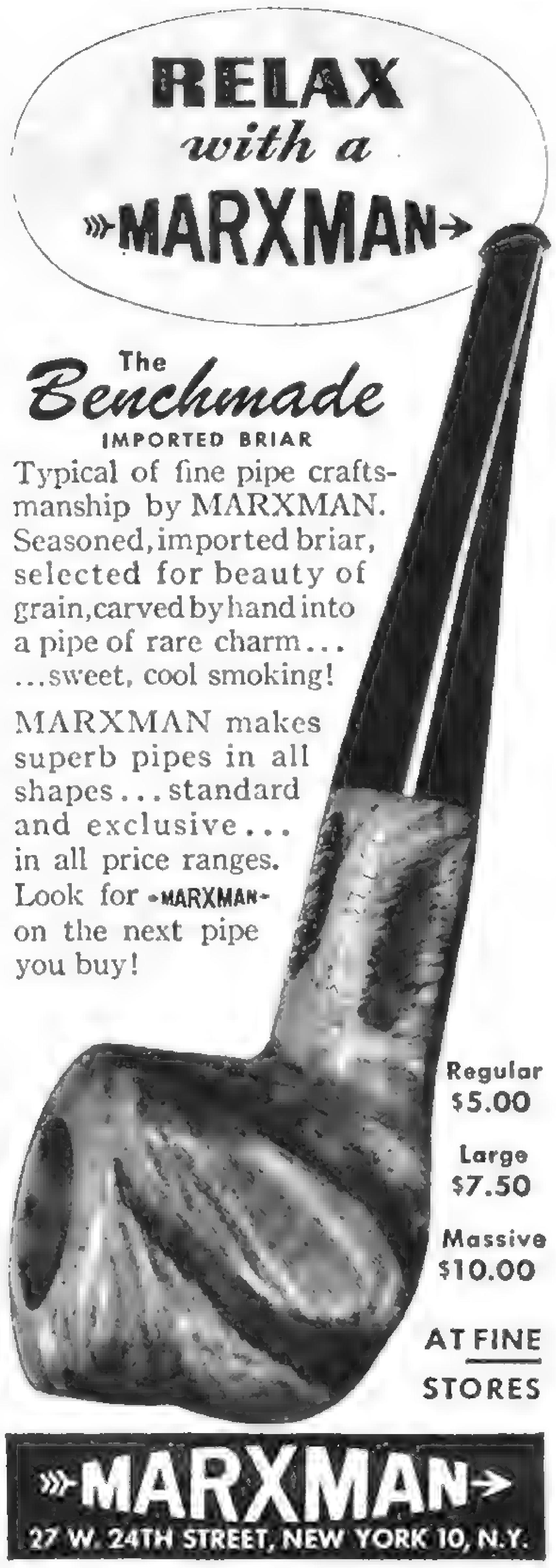
"No, I don't. Let me show—"

"All that stuff went to our armed forces at home and abroad. Don't you read the advertisements?" She walked off in a huff.

The man I was sitting on had gone to sleep. I woke him up. "Where was I? Oh, yes, as I said, I'm something of a legend—"

"We're going home," Confetti Lou said, giving me a dirty look.

The next day I went down to see Mr. Simplex. I'd heard a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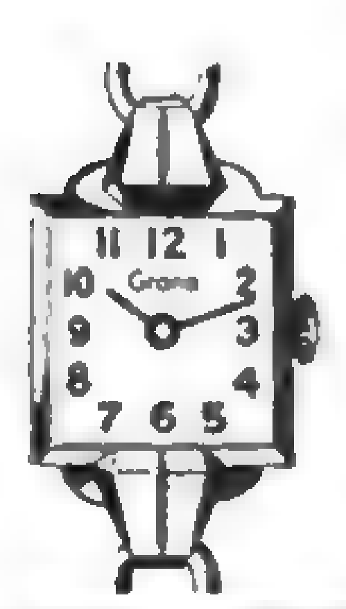
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great deal about veterans having trouble getting their old jobs back. Strangely enough, I didn't have any trouble at all. Mr. Simplex even told me I could have the same elevator I had before I left. "Nothing is too good for you boys after the splendid job you've done," he told me. "You deserve the best.

"And if you ever have any problems, just bring them to me," he continued. "I know you boys have a little trouble adjusting yourselves to civilian life."

"Not me. I haven't changed a bit. Why, I've forgotten I was ever in the Army," I said, slicking my hair back with cosmolene.

Mr. Simplex scowled.

The following Monday I went back to work. Confetti Lou introduced me to the other elevator operators. "This is Barlow," she said sadly. "He's a legend."

Tuesday night she acted very cold and distant. I consulted my dentist, but that didn't help.

Wednesday Mr. Simplex scowled at me.

Wednesday night I bought some new ribbons for my uniform, but Confetti Lou wouldn't even see me.

Thursday I overheard Confetti Lou telephoning a girl friend: "That's just the trouble. He hasn't changed a bit. He's the same sweet, simple, happy moron he was when he left. Dammit."

Friday I overheard a snatch of conversation between Mr. Simplex and Confetti Lou. He was saying, ". . . horrible thing to say, I know, but I'm afraid Barlow's normal . . ."

Saturday Mr. Simplex demoted me to the freight elevator.

And Saturday night when I went to see Confetti Lou, she was out. She came in after an hour or so, but she wasn't alone.

"Hello, darling," she said. "I believe you know Colonel Comatose?"

"Of course," I said, nodding to him. I knew Colonel Harvey Comatose very well. He'd just got out of the Army. He ran the elevator next to mine.

"Try not to hate me too much, Barlow," she said. "I am going to marry Harvey."

A disagreeable silence filled the room. I looked at Colonel Comatose again. He was one of those absurdly young Air Corps pilots, cherubic and rosy-cheeked. He was wearing a mauve and lavender gabardine uniform, with gallant silver wings and five rows of decorations, including the Air Medal with thirty or forty oak leaf clusters, the Order of Knights Commanders of the Bath, the D.F.C., the Battle of Piccadilly Circus ribbon, and merit badges for basket weaving, wood carving, canoeing, and trail blazing. He carried a swagger stick and his cap was crushed and limp, very dégagé, and flopped engagingly down one side of his face.

"I thought you were going to marry me," I said, crushed.

"Barlow, darling," she said, her

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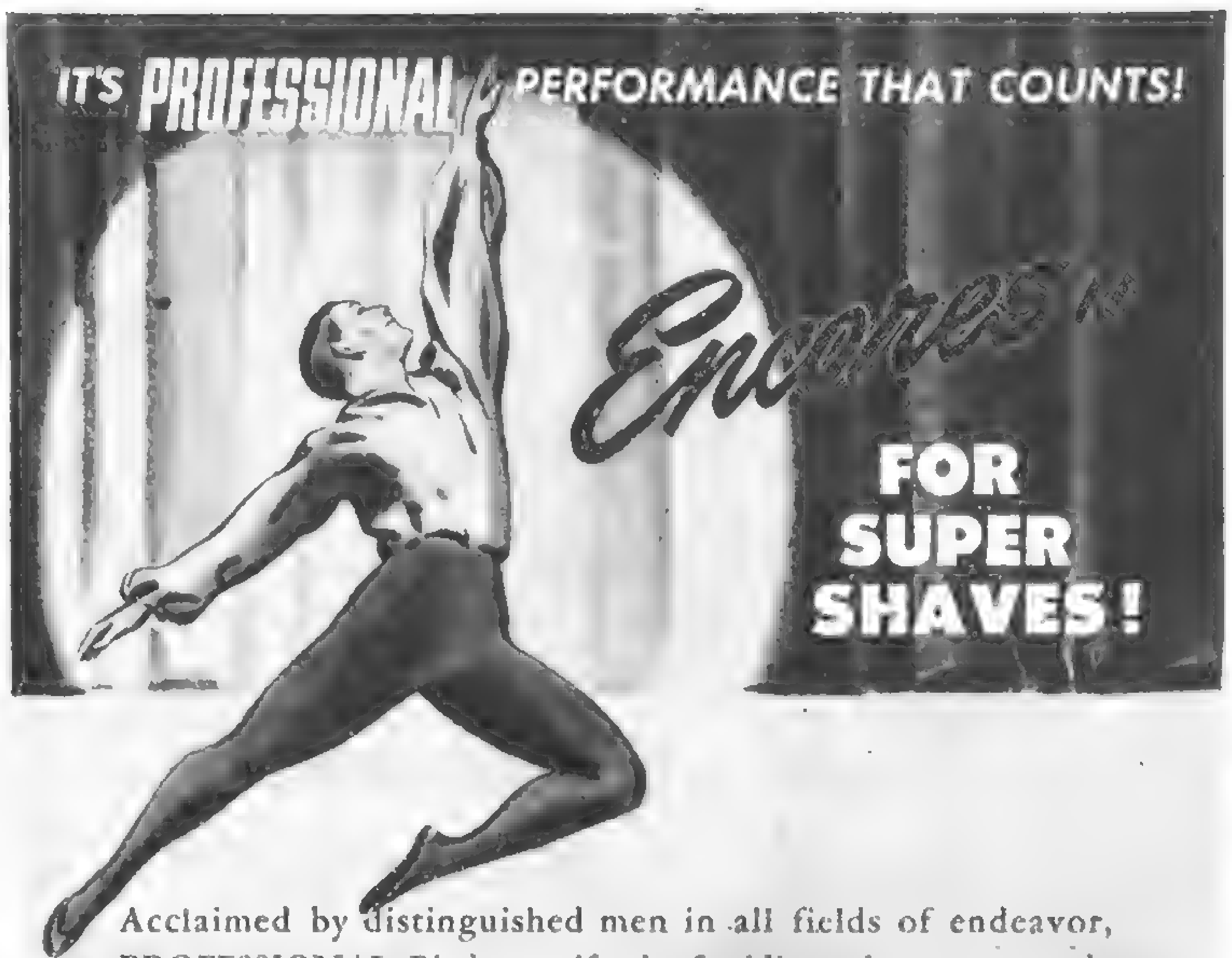
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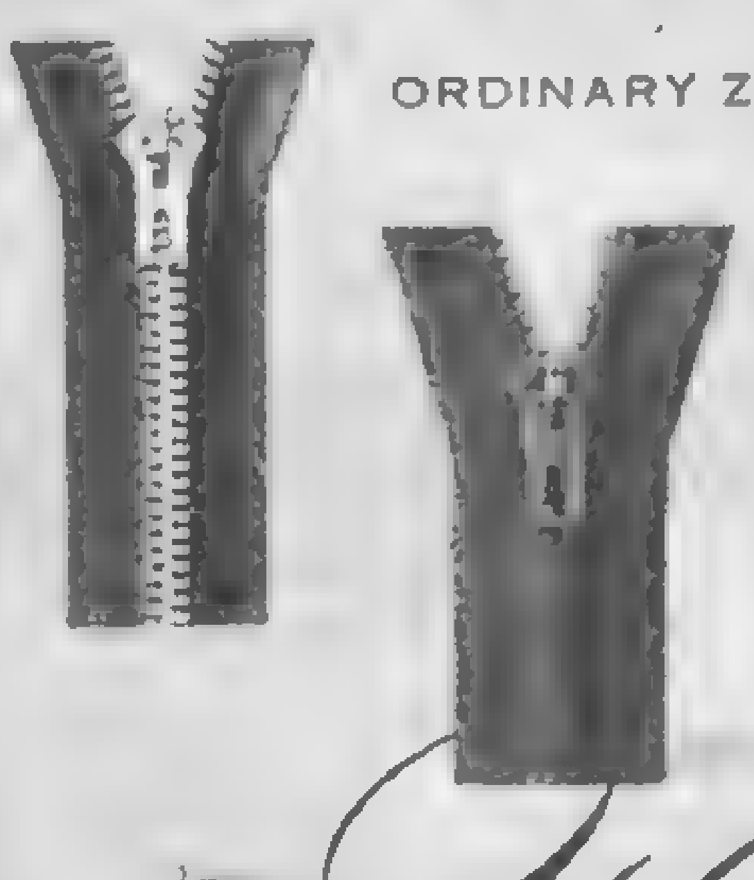
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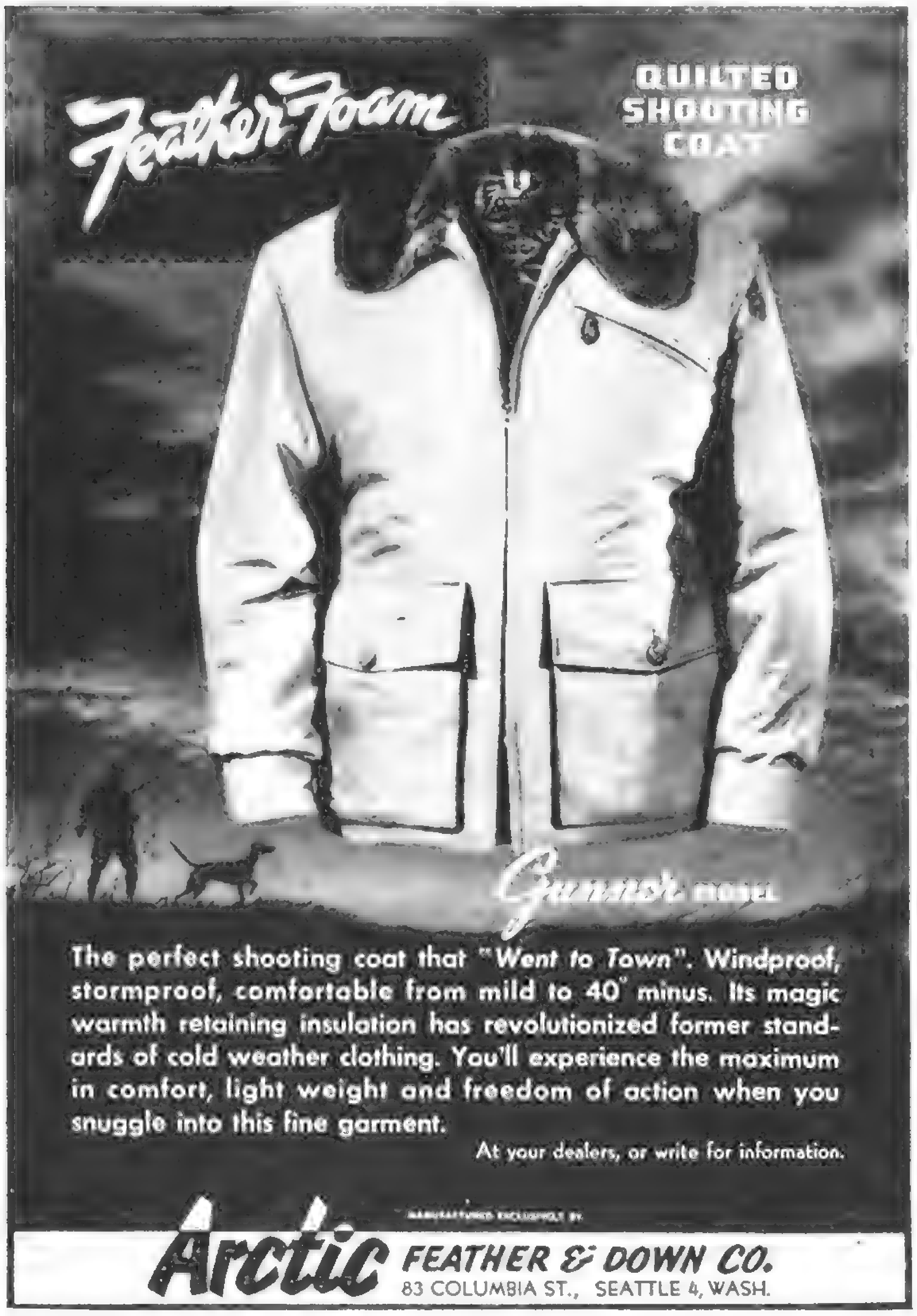

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How I Won My Psychosis

Continued from page 179

voice vibrant with passion. "I love you. You fill me with a high, singing music. But it wouldn't be fair. Colonel Comatose needs me more than you do. After all, he *has* suffered."

"But, Confetti Lou, he's practically a stranger. What do you know about him or his family?"

"Harvey's told me all about his obscure beginnings. He has no family. He was left on the doorstep of a foundling home in an unfashionable neighborhood. But that doesn't matter. He needs me, poor, dear, suffering psychoneurotic."

Colonel Comatose didn't say a word. He just stood there and grinned sheepishly.

Confetti Lou laid a gentle hand on my shoulder and kissed me behind the ear. "We're going out, darling. Can you let us have twenty dollars?"

"Oh, I suppose so," I pouted, climbing modestly into a grandfather's clock, the better to reach my money belt.

"*Dulce et decorum est pro patria* . . . psychoneurotic," I muttered to myself after they were gone.

One morning about a week later, I was sitting in Mr. Simplex's office, filling my memory with the picture on his desk, the picture which had gained nation-wide publicity for the firm. Miss Simplex Zippers, Inc., of 1945, it was inscribed, and it depicted Confetti Lou as a curvaceous steel puddler dressed fetchingly in a Simplex Zipper. She was breathtakingly beautiful. And I had lost her.

For today was her wedding day. There would be a simple ceremony here in Mr. Simplex's office, after which the bride and groom would duck out under a hail of rice and drive off in the groom's elevator for a brief honeymoon between the second and third floors.

Dejected, I munched chocolates with liqueur centers until I fell into the waste basket.

When Confetti Lou and Colonel Comatose came in, I was whirling around in Mr. Simplex's swivel chair, pretending it was a gun turret. "Bandits at four o'clock! Murder the lousy bastards!" I screamed, making like a machine gun.

"Barlow, you poor darling," she moaned, surrounding me. "Oh, what a fool I've been—I should have guessed. And how sweet of you, trying to keep it from me. I'll never leave you now, never, you poor, neurotic angel. I'll make you whole again. I'll help you to find the way back." We indulged in a little amorous byplay.

And then suddenly Mr. Simplex was there, too. "Barlow, my boy," he was saying, "better take a couple of months off. With pay, of course. Give yourself time to forget the horrible ghosts of war. Let the old scars heal. And don't

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worry about your job. As soon as you come back, I'm promoting you to elevator starter."

As we left, Confetti Lou turned to Colonel Comatose. "I'm sorry, Harvey, but I can never marry you now. Barlow needs me."

Colonel Comatose just stood there, grinning foolishly.

I spent the next few days in a Turkish bath. But I felt wonderful. Until last night.

Last night we went to a dinner party given by a young Navy couple, George and Harriet Bosun. At first everything was beautiful. "This is my fiance, Barlow Blivis," Confetti Lou announced as we entered the Bosuns' apartment. "He's a psychoneurotic."

Instantly I was surrounded by the other guests, their faces flushed and animated. "You are?" exclaimed a hot-eyed blonde, breathlessly. "Do something psychoneurotic. Go ahead, do something psychoneurotic. Please?"

I twitched.

The girls all hugged themselves and squealed. "Isn't he something?" "Isn't he super?" The men looked on with undisguised envy. The hot-eyed blonde led me into the next room, whispering something about helping me find the way back.

After I'd been plied with cocktails and passionate overtures, the party adjourned to Singapore Louie's. And, although they served a whole roast octopus, an Oriental delicacy of which I am inordinately fond, on a wooden platter with ferns and sliced pineapples, I refused to touch a thing. I was very moody, staring dully into space, sucking my teeth, and occasionally breaking a piece off the table. I was a phenomenal success. Five girls slipped me their telephone numbers under the table. Three prominent businessmen offered me vice-presidencies in their concerns. Confetti Lou rubbed her knee against mine.

Then, George Bosun turned to me. "The Purple Heart, huh?" he said, eyeing my European Theater ribbon. "What happened? Where did you get it?"

I turned white, trembling violently and greying slightly about the temples.

"Oh, I'm terribly sorry," he mumbled apologetically, "I didn't mean to pry. I—"

At that point, I'm afraid I was guilty of overacting. For I drilled him neatly between the eyes with a souvenir Luger. The headwaiter arrived hurriedly, looking alarmed. "It's all right," Mrs. Bosun smiled, waving him away. "Psychoneurotic, you know."

Excusing myself from the table, I dragged the late George Bosun to the men's room. I put a lily in one of his hands. I put the gun in his other hand, but it didn't fool the police. They're looking for me right now.

Oh, well, soon it will be all over. I just noticed that I forgot to kick over the chair I'm standing on. It will only take a moment. If you will excuse me . . . #

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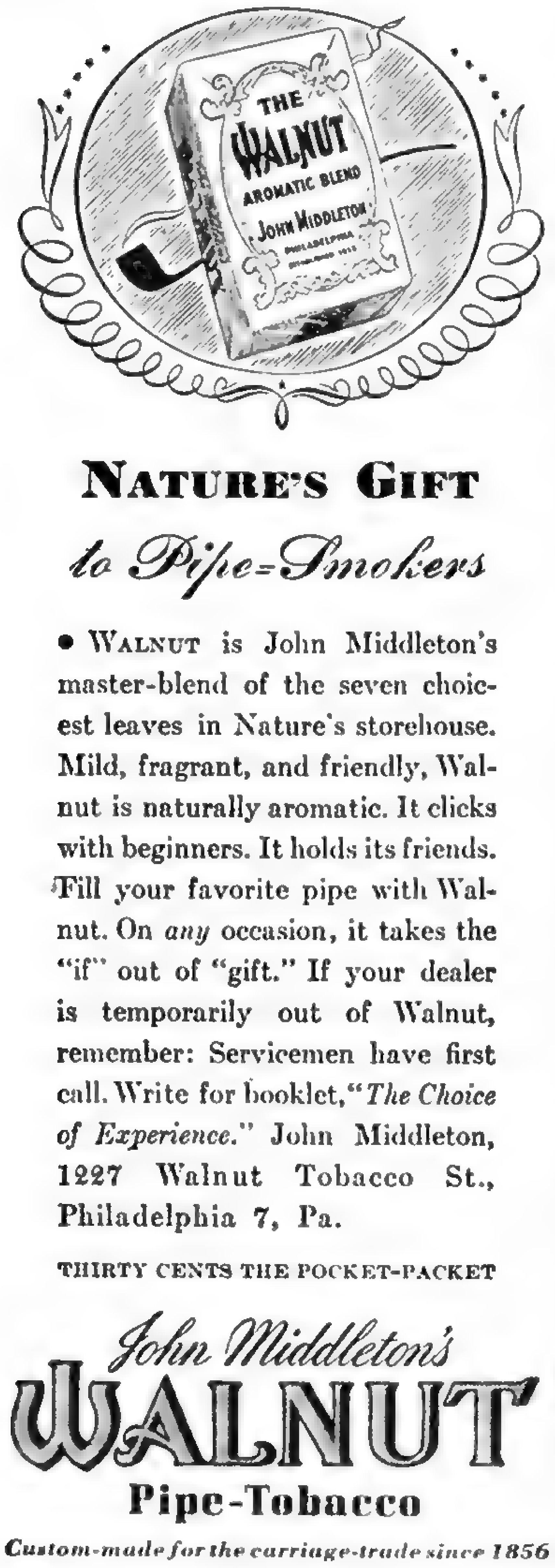
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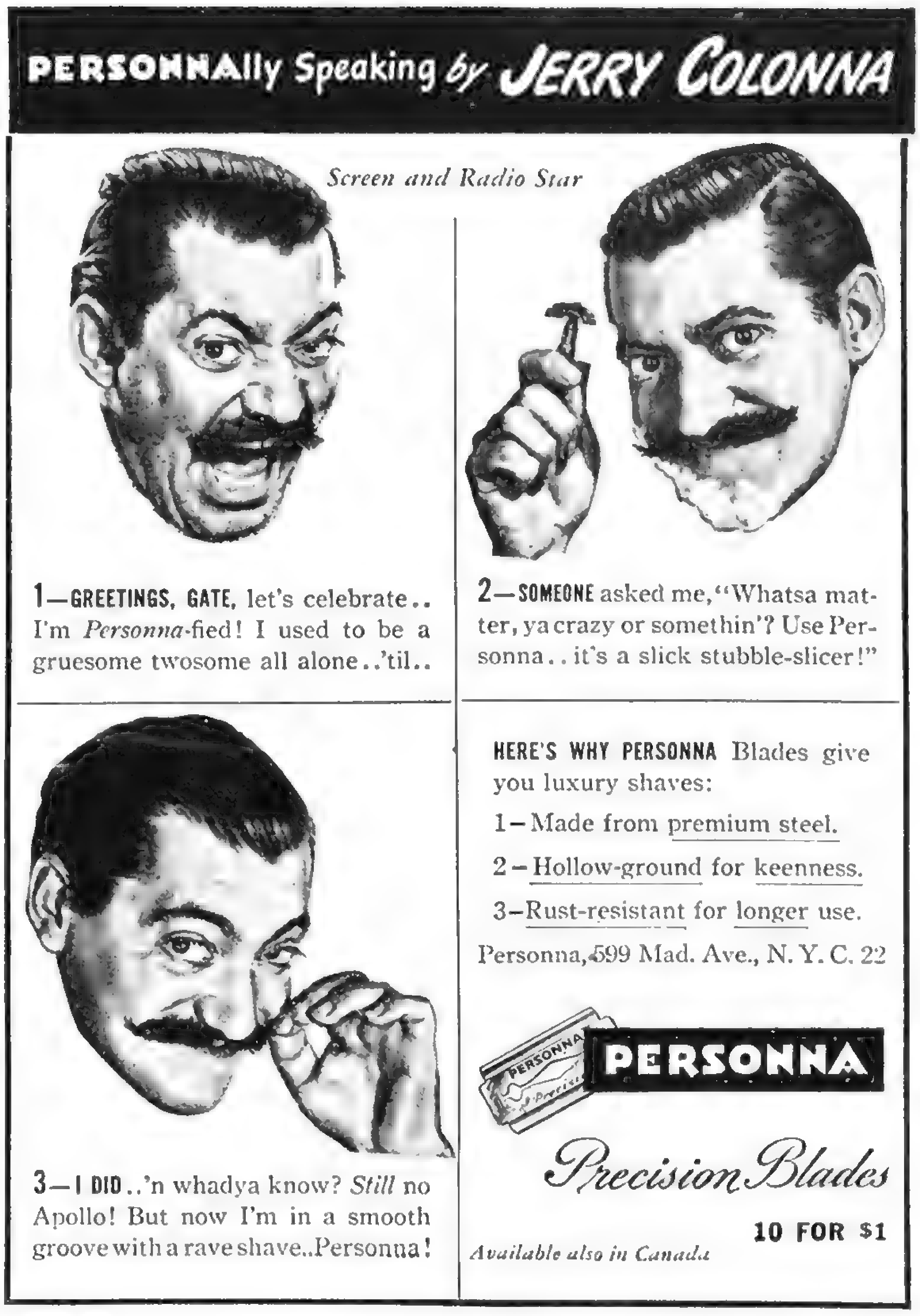
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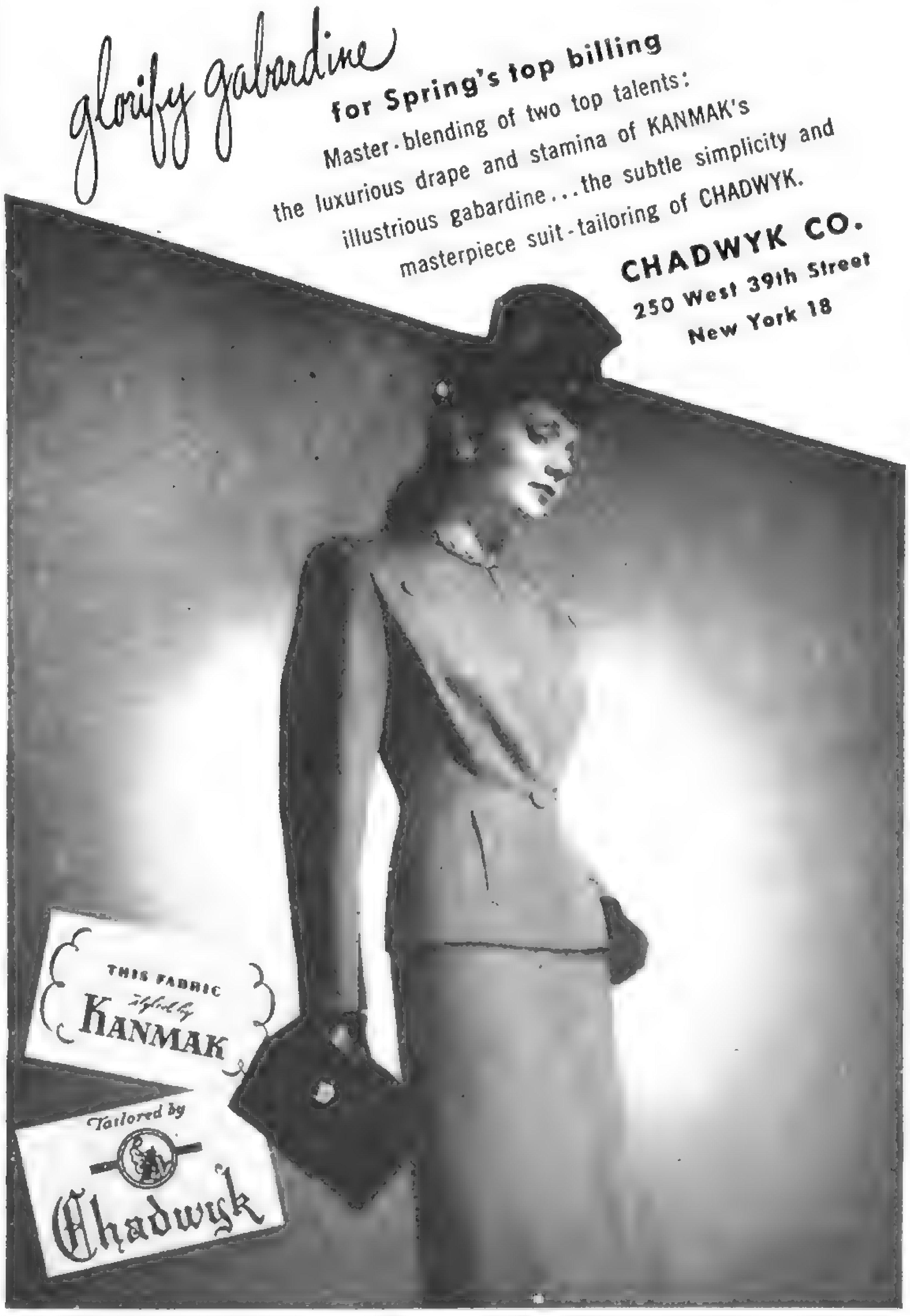
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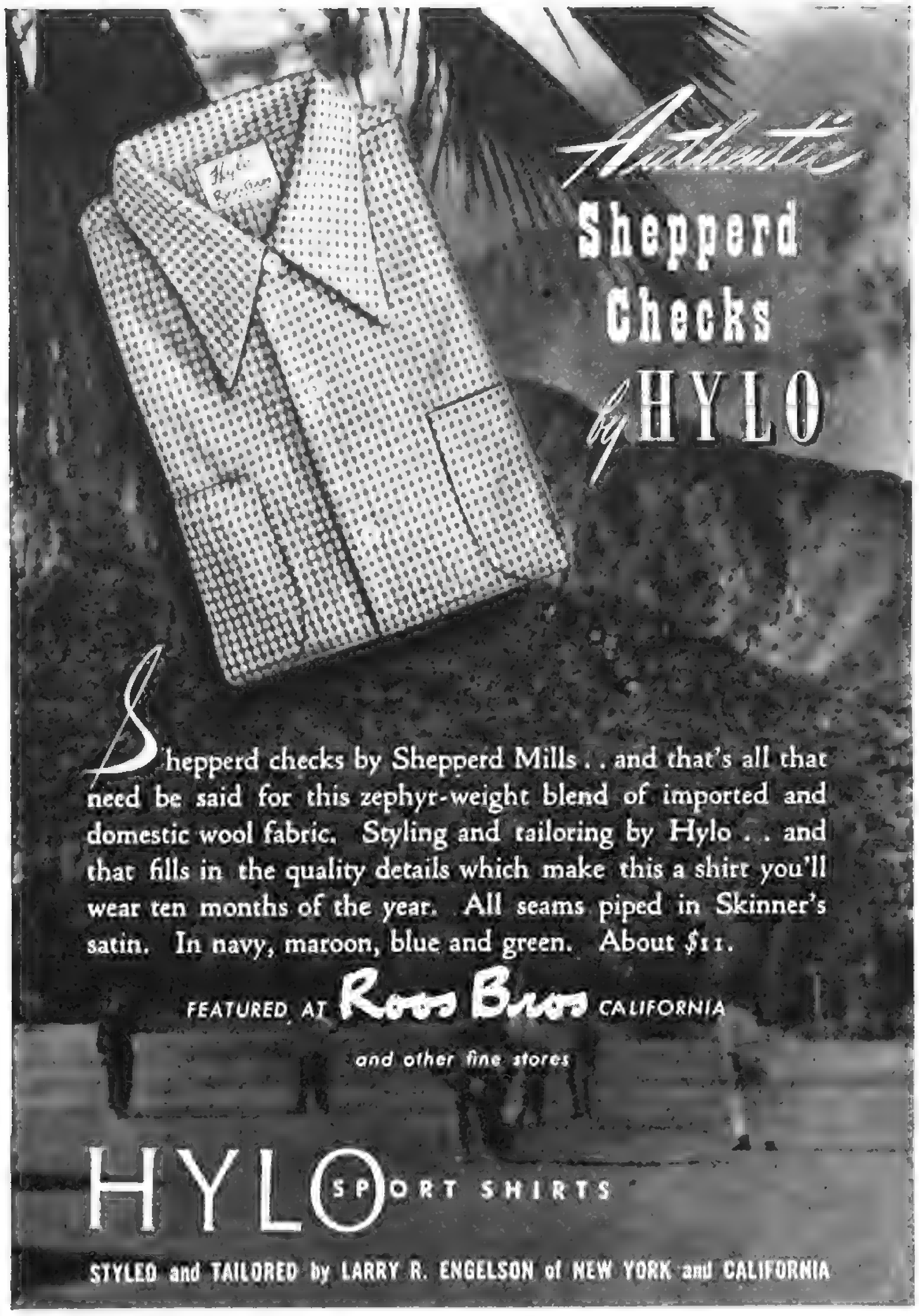

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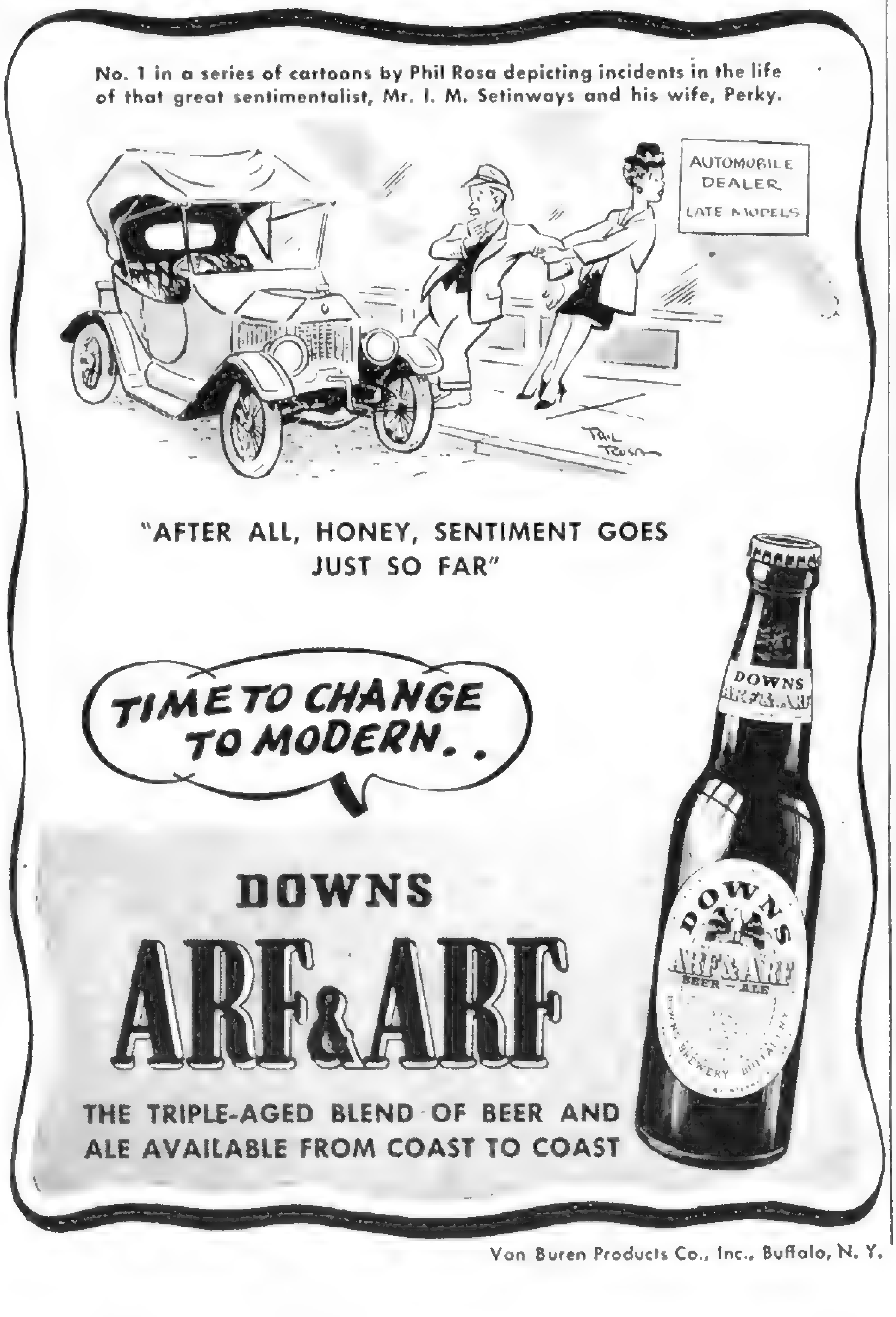

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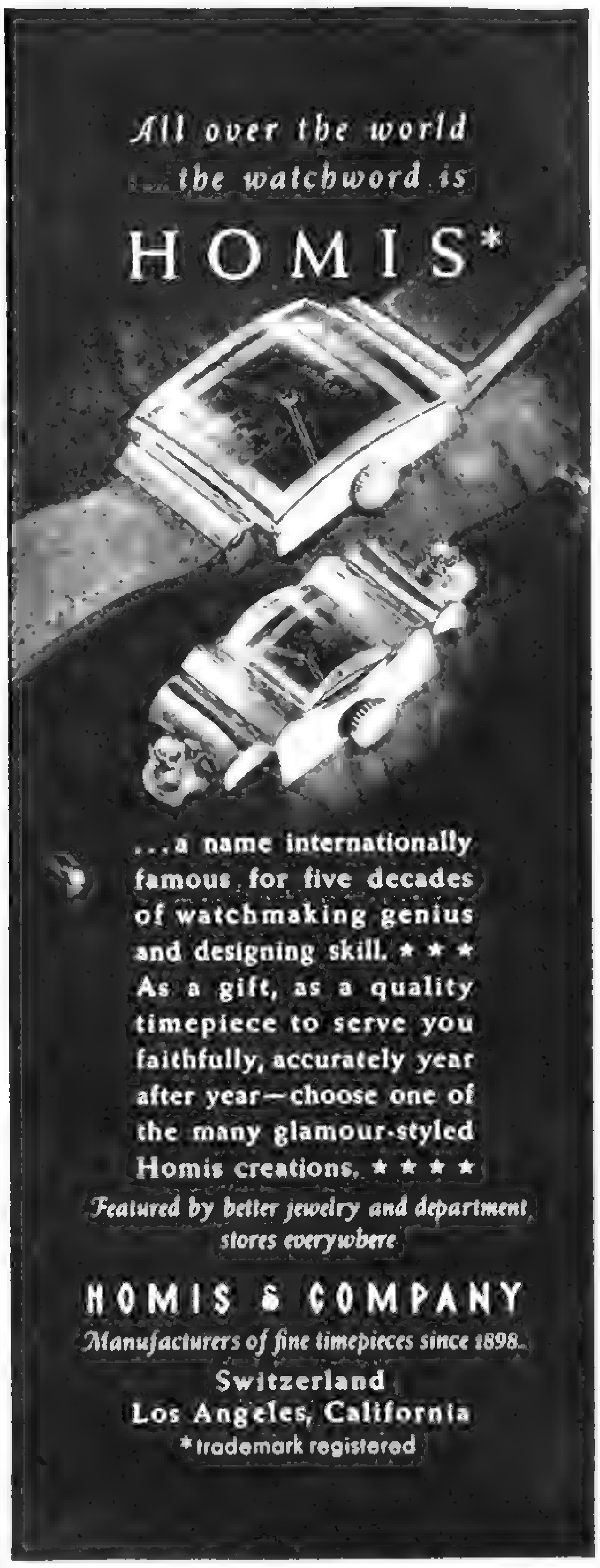

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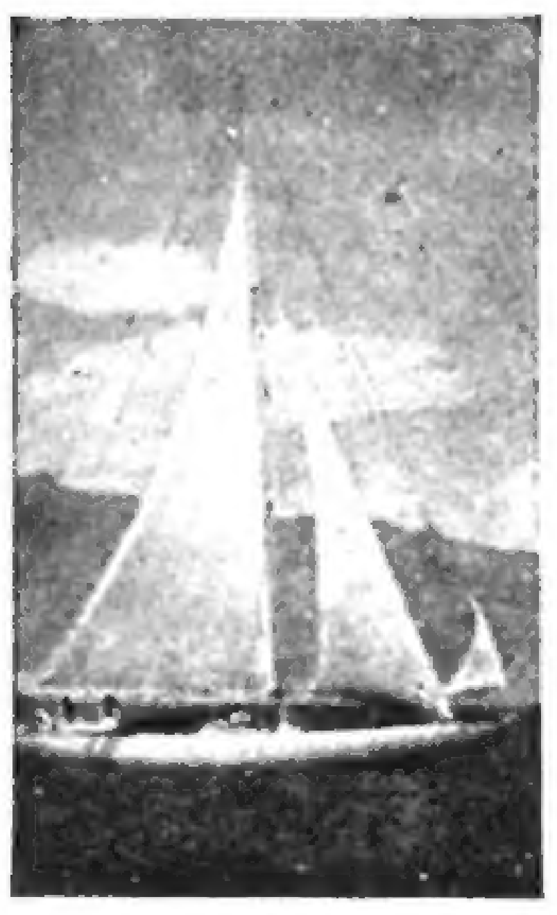
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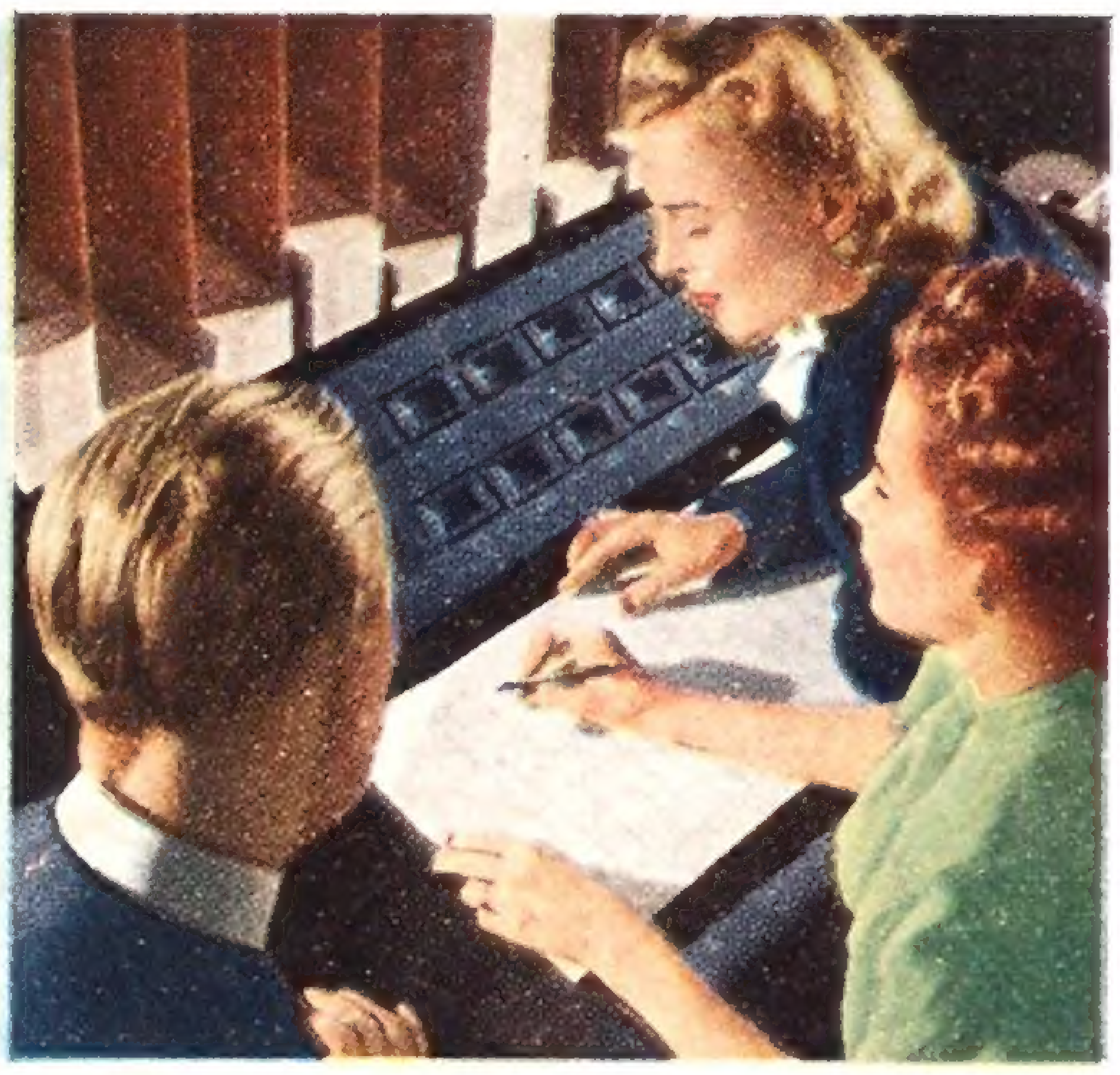

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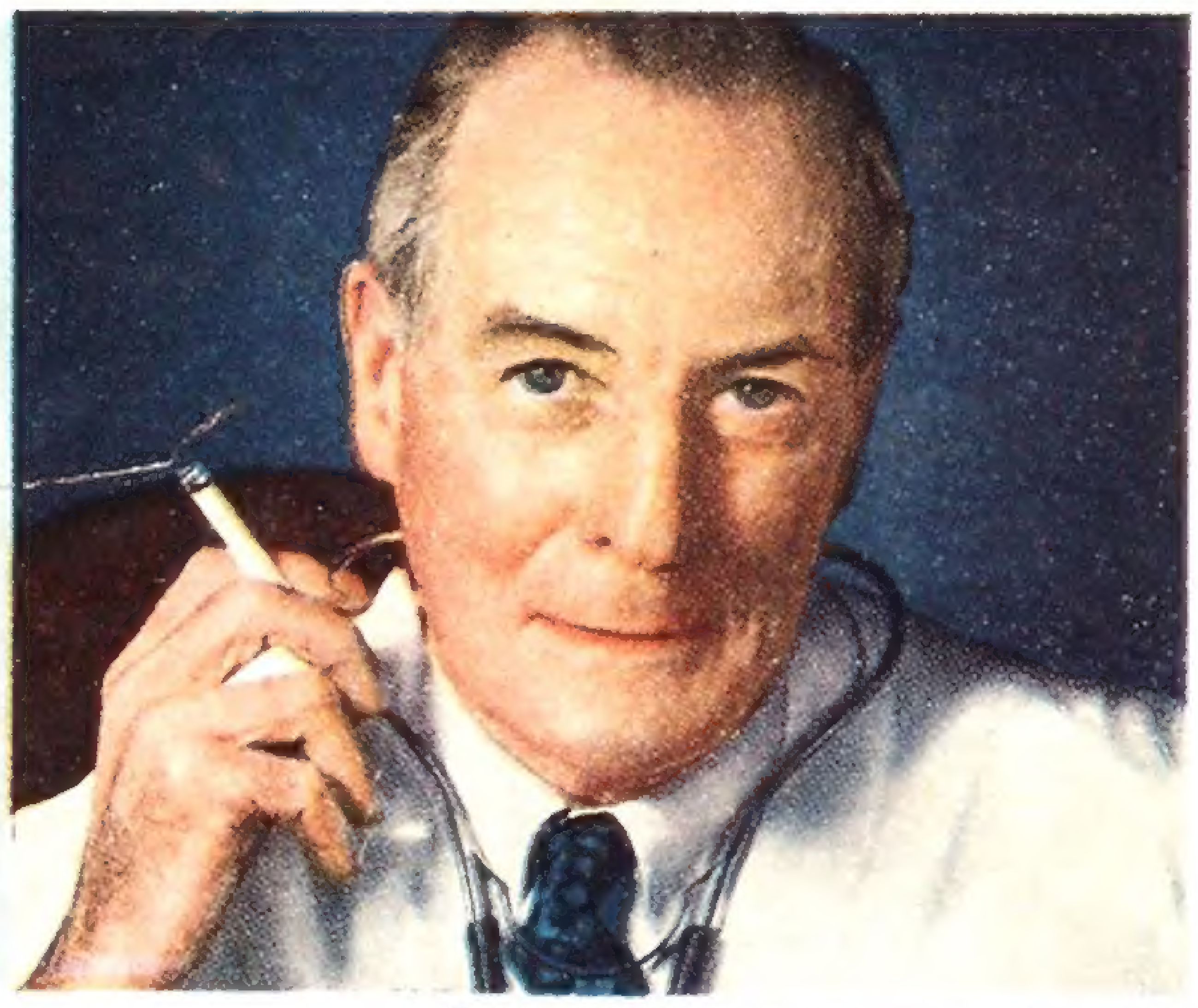

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